

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
HIS LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENT

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FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
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FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT

HIS LIFE AND ACHIEVEMENT

BASIL MAINE

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

To Anna
This study of her father is dedicated

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I. Hyde Park

QUI plantavit, curabit. These words are engraved on the eighteenth-century tombstone of an American called Rosevelt. Above the words is a coat of arms which this man had invented for himself—three red roses on a silver field. Except that they are obviously connected with his name, we cannot tell what moved him to choose these particular symbols, but we may venture to think that the Latin inscription points to the human quality which he esteemed most and thought most desirable, namely, a sense of responsibility.

This man Rosevelt was a descendant of Claes Martenzen, who in the middle of the seventeenth century settled in New Amsterdam, and later moved to the country farther up the Hudson River and farmed there. That his descendants should know whence he had come, Martenzen decided to add the name of his native village to his own name, and he became Claes Martenzen van Rosevelt. So it was that the family name was originally spelt with one "o," and, even in its present form, is still pronounced according to the earlier spelling.

The family which this man founded has provided the United States of America with two of its Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt being descended from Claes Martenzen's grandson, Johannes, and Franklin Roosevelt being descended from Johannes's brother, Jacobus. We have no way of telling how far Johannes and Jacobus resembled

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each other in character, if, indeed, there was any resemblance at all; but we may remark what a wide divergence between the two family branches was necessary to produce such dissimilar personalities as Theodore and Franklin Roosevelt.

Jacobus had a son called Isaac, and of him we can record several facts with certainty, such as, that he made money, that he became President of the Bank of New York, that he was on the Revolutionary side in the War of Independence, and that he had a son called James who married Maria Eliza Walton. This James Roosevelt was called upon to make a decision which proved to be an important one in the family history. To him it was just the prosaic question: to sell or not to sell. He decided to sell, and it so happened that, as far as wealth was concerned, the decision was unfortunate. He had sold land in Harlem and, luckily for them perhaps, had deprived his descendants of the chance of becoming millionaires. Many of them, at least, lived to bless his name for enabling them to become squires and saving them from money-hunger. Certainly, those of his descendants who are alive to-day will be grateful that he started the family movement away from the City and Big Business and so spared them the castigations of cousin Franklin Roosevelt.

James Roosevelt built for himself a house on the Albany Post Road where the Hudson River State Hospital now stands. He had a son to whom he gave his own father's name, and this Isaac brought new blood into the family by marrying Mary Rebecca Aspinwall, a daughter of John Aspinwall and Susan Howland. To Isaac and Mary was born a son whom they called James,

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so in tracing the family descent we find the sequence Isaac, James, Isaac, James.

This last James, who was the father of the subject of this biography, married twice. His first wife was Rebecca Howland. She bore him a son and, to make assurance doubly sure in perpetuating the family name, they called him James Roosevelt Roosevelt. They lived in the house that James the elder had built on the Albany Post Road, but James the younger was hoping that one day he would be able to settle a little distance north, on a piece of land from which the Hudson's gleaming Broadway could be seen for mile after mile.

Events began to change the course of his life. His house was destroyed by fire; his wife died. He was able to buy the five hundred acres which he had set his heart upon and with it a Colonial house with a fine view of the Hudson and the hills rising from the opposite bank, and there he lived, a widower.

In the long hall of this house, near the township of Hyde Park, there now hang two portraits side by side. One, painted by F. Moscheles, is of this James Roosevelt who bought the house and the surrounding estate. He is shown there as a good-looking, elderly man with side whiskers and in country clothes. He is holding a hunting-crop. It is easy to mistake him for an English squire. The type can be seen, even nowadays, at an East Anglian horse fair. A photograph taken a few years before the date of this portrait confirms that the artist had not invented his subject's handsome features. In this, the eyes especially draw attention, so well set are they; next, the mouth, in which both strength and com-

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passion lie; then the brow, wide but not high. The countenance, you would say, is that of a just man.

The other portrait is of a tall young woman, dressed in late Victorian style, and here again the eyes claim first attention, for it is from them that the face draws its distinctive beauty. The subject of this portrait is James Roosevelt's second wife, who was Sara Delano, the daughter of Warren Delano and Catherine Robbins Lyman.

To his first wife James Roosevelt had been married for about twenty years, and there was still his son to remind him of that alliance. He did not rush into a second marriage. Not until seven years or so had gone by did he decide to marry again. He was over fifty then and, as if to persuade himself that he was beginning life again, he chose to ask a young woman of about half his own age to be his wife.

He could not have made a happier choice. If there were any anxieties over the triangular situation of man, wife and step-child (that formidable problem of domestic life), they were soon forgotten when the father saw how well his new wife and his son, who was about her age, agreed. Sara Delano Roosevelt was sympathetic, of a happy disposition and even-tempered. She brought to the old house at Hyde Park just what was needed to make it a home for her husband.

Her family was of Flemish descent. They could trace it back to Phillippe De Lannoys who had settled in America even before the Roosevelt line was begun there. The sea and merchandise were the ruling elements in the building up of this house of Delano. Sara Delano's father traded in tea and other commodities and, before he

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was twenty, had been in charge of the merchandise on a sailing ship on a voyage to China. When she was a small girl she herself had sailed to China and in a great storm had been nearly ship-wrecked. A souvenir of those adventurous days is sometimes shown to younger members of the family to let them know from what kind of stock they have come: it is a small oil-painting bearing the inscription, "Clipper Ship *Surprise* on which Sara Delano sailed from New York to Hong Kong. 1862."

"One foot on sea and one on shore"—the words are apt in describing so persistent a traveller as Sara Delano Roosevelt has been through all her long life. They are appropriate too in describing her descent, from the bold seafaring man and merchant, her father, and, on the maternal side, from a judge. Her mother was the daughter of Judge Joseph Lyman (of Northampton, Massachusetts) and of Anne Jean Robbins.

Though she was proud that she had married a Roosevelt, the young Sara Delano was no less proud of her own family, for her forebears had won renown as well as wealth. She was proud too of her own already eventful life, delighted to be alive to tell the tale of that early voyage to China and, again, the story of her invitation to the French Court and of her being presented to Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie.

His second marriage brought happiness to James Roosevelt. He asked for nothing better than to be allowed to settle on his estate and to make that, and his home, his whole world. Though he was a Democrat, partly because of family tradition, partly because of his own sympathies, he had no wish to be actively engaged in politics. The wealth he had inherited he had been

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shrewd enough to increase; he was a director of several corporations and a vice-president of a railway company. He recognized the responsibilities that went with these advantages and was respected for his services to the locality in which he lived. One of these services was the building of a school. But James Roosevelt had no ambitions to become a public man in any sphere.

Sometimes he would spend the winter in New York as a business man; but always he longed to be back at Hyde Park where he could plant trees and drive his trotters and supervise his cattle. Some years earlier he had brought over some Alderney cows and a bull, which were among the first pure-blooded Alderney cattle to be transported to America. When he saw that they were not becoming acclimatized, he decided to cross the stock and imported a Jersey bull. After some years he successfully re-crossed the stock with another Guernsey bull. As for horses, he bred one which trotted a mile in record time.

When I was staying at Hyde Park, I found my mind continually being carried back to the first years of James and Sara Roosevelt's life there. Changes there have been, but what remains from that time is more influential than what has since been added. At one time James Roosevelt thought of building a new house there; but he changed his mind. As I saw it (in 1937) the house had additions, making it symmetrical, and the oldest, central part of it was faced with stucco. In the centre was a semicircular porch supported by pillars. The wing on the Poughkeepsie, that is the south, side, was taken up entirely by one room on the ground floor. The room was lofty, nearly twice as long as it was wide,



Franklin Roosevelt's Parents

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and the walls were almost wholly hidden by books. At each end was an open fire-place big enough to burn logs. The room was called the library but was used as a drawing-room.

Outside the house, I was told, things were almost as they had been sixty years before. A loggia had been built on the south side and had been wired in to keep out the insects at those times of unbearable heat which almost every summer brings to the Hudson Valley. Occasionally a tree had been reluctantly cut down. The garage was once the old coach-house. Otherwise the scene had changed very little in all those years. I saw the same forest of oak and hemlock that James Roosevelt had looked upon when he first settled there, the same graceful American elms in front of the house, the same view (from my room on the west side) over tree-tops of the hills on the farther bank of the Hudson, the same superb sweep of that great river towards and beyond Poughkeepsie (but in those first days he did not see, though he might have imagined, the bridge that now rounds off the distant scene), the same drive, with trees on either side, leading from the Post Road to the house. Except for the fine old hemlock hedge, a small orchard, a lawn and a few flower-beds, the estate, as I saw it, was almost untouched country. Though I was looking upon this scene in the mellow autumn sunlight, it was not hard to imagine its aspect in the winter months of 1881 when James and Sara Roosevelt were expecting the birth of their first child.

On January 30, 1882, a son was born to them and they called him Franklin Delano. That he was so called, and not, as the Roosevelt tradition indicated, by the name

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of Isaac, was a concession to his mother, whose uncle's name was Franklin Delano. Here were two parents, each with an honourable family name to perpetuate. It is not fanciful to regard the final choice of names as a sign of James Roosevelt's tenderness towards his young wife. The compromise was a happy one: their son was to be both a Roosevelt and a Delano.

The boy was christened in the Protestant Episcopal Church called St. James, in Hyde Park. A biographer must always be on guard against interpreting a natural incident as a portent, so let the bare fact be recorded that the child's godfather was Elliott, the only brother of Theodore Roosevelt. (Theodore Roosevelt was then at the beginning of his political career.)

When the time came to think about education, the parents decided not to send their son to school at once. Let him be instructed by a governess and let her instruction be supplemented by the parents themselves and by the surrounding country—such was their decision. And both father and mother delighted in spending time with their son, telling him of their own lives, teaching him how and what to observe and guiding his curiosity. From the trees and birds and horses and cattle much was to be learnt and the father believed that it could be turned to more useful account than knowledge which was gained indirectly and without observation, from school books. The regularities of nature were not only more exciting than the irregularities of verbs, but also more enlightening.

Near by lived some people called Rogers, wealthy people with children. With the Roosevelts they discussed the possibility of letting Franklin come over to their

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house every morning to share lessons with their children. They agreed that it was a good idea, and the boy was driven over each morning to lessons at the Rogers' house. No doubt the children played the innocent game of snobbery as nearly all children do when they are seeking a sense of values. No doubt many odious comparisons were made when the Rogers' children came over to visit Franklin and saw that the house he lived in was not so large as theirs. No doubt the usual awkward questions were asked: "In our drawing-room we've got a so-and-so, have you?" or, "Our mother was presented to that great person, was your mother?" or "We were allowed to stay up to dinner last night and we had such-and-such; don't suppose you've ever heard of it, have you?"

So Franklin, although he did not go to school until he was about fifteen, found various ways of sharpening his wits. Unlike most boys, he was able to do this under the protective influence of home life and he gained much by virtue of his parents' good sense.

This plan of education had its disadvantages, of course. An intelligent boy such as Franklin Roosevelt was could not be so much in his parents' company without expressing himself in a precocious way. Being a fond mother, Sara Delano permitted herself one indulgence: she could not resist converting Franklin's every other saying into a *bon mot* and relating it to family and friends. Many of these are still told by aunts and cousins. One is the remark which the very young Franklin made when a photograph of an aunt, famed for her beautiful figure, was shown to him. "The bosom," said the little boy, "is too ambitious."

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The boy's good looks contributed to his precocity. That can be safely assumed, for however guarded his parents may have been in showing it, their delight in his handsome appearance must often have conveyed to him, whether through word or glance, that he was well favoured among the children of his age. A photograph taken at the age of seven shows him with a remarkable head, the brow wide and tall, the round eyes eager with inquiry, the hair parted in the middle and giving the head an even broader look, the mouth a sure index of composure and self-will. Already, in the wise expression, there is evidence that the boy was often in the company of grown-up people. Though his parents are not in the photograph, there is enough in it to reveal how much they doted on him: his glossy hair has been most carefully brushed and he is wearing one of those sailor suits in which the late Victorians loved to dress their children.

Between James Roosevelt's two sons was a world of difference, the one a good-looking little boy, the other a plain young man. Rosy, as James Roosevelt Roosevelt, the first son, was called, was short, stocky, round-faced and, in walking, gave the impression that one shoulder was higher than the other. Sara Roosevelt, so far from devoting all her attention to her own son, became fond of Rosy and, by her direct, good-humoured appeal, won his affection so securely that they became life-long friends.

A recent biography of Franklin Roosevelt includes the statement that he spent a lonely childhood. Those who knew him and were children with him do not subscribe to this. A cousin of about his own age once remarked that although Franklin, as a boy, sometimes avoided

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company and liked to be alone, he was not unsociable to any marked degree. He enjoyed walks and talks with his father and with his mother; he liked to visit or to be visited by cousins or the children of neighbours; he was rarely bored, for his father was always finding for him some new interest in sport or nature study, and there were always people coming to the house, where the hospitality was appreciated because of its informality. In general, his cousin's impression was that Franklin's childhood was a good time.

His mother now looks back upon that time with pride and satisfaction. Franklin's education, for example, could not have been improved upon. It was more broad than concentrated, more closely related to life than to books. By modern standards, it might be judged easy-going, but the result was that the young mind was kept on the alert instead of being oppressed by problems just beyond its grasp.

At lessons with the Rogers' children he was given a grounding; by governesses and tutors he was taught French and German; from his own house, in which were many objects brought back by one or another of his forebears from foreign countries, he collected those bits of private knowledge which are always such a vital factor in a boy's education. Above all, he enriched experience by using his eyes in the woods and fields around his home.

Also by using his hands. In early years a bow and arrow were enough to satisfy his hunting instincts. Then came that period of longing for man's estate. A shotgun, he considered, would help to give him a standing beyond his years. He asked for a gun, and for reply

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was given a lesson which must be counted important among the factors that contributed to his education. He could have a gun on condition that he did not hunt birds merely for the pleasure of killing. Being a squire and a sportsman, his father could not pretend to be a purist in this matter of shooting birds. Then, as now, the sportsman was the decent compromise between idealism and ruthlessness. The sportsman did not pretend to be a visionary. He took life at its face value. But he wasn't fool enough to think that people could be allowed to behave as they wished. Rules had to be made; and, what was more, rules had to be kept.

Franklin was allowed to go out into the woods with a gun, provided that he kept certain rules. For instance, he must not shoot birds during the nesting seasons. And he must agree not to shoot more than one pair of each species. Also, in the hope of directing his son's instincts towards another end than that of killing, James Roosevelt encouraged the idea of stuffing and mounting the birds the boy had shot. In the end Franklin had stuffed about three hundred specimens and had taught himself a great deal about the bird-life of the Hudson Valley and of the island of Campobello where he went for summer holidays. Some of the specimens which he collected are still treasured at Hyde Park and bear witness to the boy's diligence and the skill of his handiwork.

This alert, active boy had no sisters or brothers as companions and rivals, but otherwise was fortunate in the circumstances of his family life. Because his parents did not play down to him, his vocabulary was always advanced. But if his conversation belied his years, he



*The Loving-cup in honour of Grandfather's 80th Birthday, 1889
(F. D. R. is the small boy behind the chair on the left)*

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was as spirited and energetic as any of the children of his age. During the years before he went to school he had many active interests. Already, at the age of five, he had two puppy-dogs of his own and was expected to take full charge of them. Not long after a pony had been added to his responsibilities and then he learnt to ride.

He was brought up among open-air people. When he was eight years old, his father went to the south of France for a holiday and brought back some golf-clubs in the hope of interesting some of his neighbours in the game. Though some thought it poor fun, others were attracted, not so much (I dare say) because it was the Royal and Ancient Game as because it was a new craze. In any case, James Roosevelt thought so well of the game that he laid out a six-hole course and played on it with Colonel Rogers and Samuel Colgate.

Sport of one kind or another was the subject of much of the talk when people came to visit James and Sara Roosevelt. Relatives and neighbours hunted, played tennis and polo. Franklin was eight years old when the family heard the exciting news that his cousin Ellen had won the Women's Championship in national tennis. Not only that, but with her sister she won the Women's Doubles in the same year. A few years later cousin Ellen went on to add the Mixed Doubles Championship to her honours. Franklin's interest in tennis was quickened by his cousin's achievements, and he himself, as the years passed, became an excellent player.

Then there were Uncle John's distinctions in the Ice Yacht meetings—these also increased young Franklin's family pride and his enthusiasm for competitive sport.

This was the time when ice-boating was a regular winter pastime on the Hudson River. The Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America was annually competed for at Hyde Park, and clubs from various regions came there to meet the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club. The fact that Uncle John occasionally lost to Colonel Rogers only heightened the family enthusiasm when he challenged again and won. That pennant became a kind of symbol of family honour.

The instinct that had moved James Roosevelt to settle on an estate from which the Hudson River could always be seen reappeared in his son's intense interest in the river and all that happened there. His father encouraged his curiosity and took him for trips up and down the Hudson. In the summer they saw the steamers crowded with New Yorkers escaping for a few hours from the heat of the city. Sometimes Franklin's father took him by river to Albany to see the Capitol from which New York State was governed, and to learn how the Dutch founded a colony there generations ago.

The river and the various kinds of craft he saw passing every day inspired in the boy a longing to have a vessel of his own and to be his own captain. From the earliest days, James and Sara Roosevelt knew their son well enough to be able to tell which of his longings were whimsical and which were earnest. They approved of this new ambition. Since the boy could swim well there was no reason why he should not venture in a sailing-boat. So, during one of his summer holidays on Campobello (an island opposite Eastport, Maine), Franklin learnt to sail, and when he was fourteen he was given a small sailing-boat with a cabin just big enough for two

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people. As his parents had hoped, this led to a serious study of navigation, and the boy increased his knowledge and skill by cruising along the coast of Maine. After a time he was given a larger boat, a yacht called *Half Moon*, and in this he explored all the coast between Halifax and New York.

The boy's education, in fact, was an extremely liberal one. It was composed of a minimum of theory and a maximum of practice and experience. From the earliest years he had been given pocket-money, but always with the understanding that he must account exactly for its spending. Travel was another factor in the urging of his mind's development. During these first years Franklin had often been abroad with his parents. A trip to Europe when he was three years old can hardly have contributed to his education, but at least it provided him with one of his first remembered experiences, namely, being confined to the stateroom on a liner during a first-class Atlantic storm.

Hardly a year passed without a journey. One trip to Europe left an especially clear impression. In the company of a tutor, Franklin was sight-seeing in London. He remembered that, to encourage his interest in the study of bird-life, his grandfather had made him a life member of the Natural History Museum, New York. Being that, he could not leave London without going to see the bird-collection in the South Kensington Museum. When he and his tutor arrived there, they found a crowd outside and learnt that the Prince of Wales (later King Edward the Seventh) was coming to open a new extension of the museum buildings. It seemed unlikely that they would be admitted. But

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Franklin was unwilling to go away without making an effort. He had not been made a life member of the New York Museum for nothing, and he suggested that his tutor might present his certificate of membership at the door. The tutor agreed, and they were not only admitted, but received with a great show of courtesy.

Before he was fifteen Franklin had travelled in England, in the South of France and in Germany. There came a time when James Roosevelt was compelled to go abroad to repair his health. He started annual visits to Nauheim, and on two occasions he decided to take Franklin with him and have him educated at a school there while he himself was taking a cure. It was here that Franklin's never-ending curiosity was turned towards map-reading and military studies.

Manliness—the Roosevelts never ceased to encourage that in their son. There was never any danger of Franklin becoming a mollicoddle. A sense of responsibility was most carefully cultivated in him—as, for example, when he was sent with a tutor on a bicycle tour in Germany with an allowance of four marks a day for each. By lodging with peasants and in small inns, and living chiefly on black bread and cheese, the boy and his tutor found that they could manage very well. They also learnt what it was to be arrested for such a harmless thing as wheeling a bicycle through a waiting-room.

Franklin had always been in advance of his years, but when he reached the age of twelve, the Roosevelts knew that they could not for long put off the decision about his future schooling and career. He was becoming sure of himself now. Nothing interested him so much as naval

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history. Of all the interests and pursuits that surrounded him in his daily family life—sport, bird-life, the river-traffic, the library, local politics, the occasional music-making—none was so fascinating as the story of the sea and of sea-battles. The subject gripped him more and more. This (he was convinced) he would choose to specialize in, if he were allowed any say in the matter.

His father was not so unreasonable as to permit him no say in choosing the line of his future training. No; not so unreasonable as that. But—well, the fact was that he had been giving much thought to his son's future and had entertained certain ideas. Any fond father would have done as much, especially one who was now beginning to feel his age. Since there had never been any awkwardness between them, he decided to have a talk with his son and tell him what was in his mind. So one day he spoke to Franklin more earnestly than usual, told him that in a few years he would be compelled to hand over his business responsibilities and that he would like nothing so much as to hand them over to one of his own family. He told Franklin how gratified he would be to think of these affairs coming safely into the hands of his younger son. To that end he had planned to continue his education, first at Groton, then at Harvard, then at a school where he could study law. There was no need for him to give up his interest in navigation and naval history. Indeed, such interests were much to be encouraged, since they could provide both contrast and relaxation for his mind.

Precocious though he was, Franklin was not the boy to presume to know better than his elders. This man, now talking so seriously to him, was not only his father

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but his true friend. At least he was old enough to appreciate how fortunate he was in that. He had only to accept the fact that what his father was proposing was intended for his welfare.

So it was decided that Franklin Roosevelt should go to Groton. In some respects he was well prepared to go to such a school; in others, the training of his early years was likely to prove a disadvantage. In knowledge, athletics and culture he would be able to hold his own, but life had been too smooth and sheltered to make him certain of happiness in the haphazard community of a big school.¹ When, at the age of fourteen, he left for his first term, there was no way of telling exactly what he or his parents were experiencing. They were in that confusion of emotion which descends upon all parents and children when the first big adventure is at hand, and it would have been only natural if in the confusion both the boy and his parents felt a momentary misgiving.

¹ One of the family stories relates to the Eton suit which was packed with Franklin's luggage and was to be used for special occasions. By a friend he was told that the idea of wearing an Eton suit would be laughed at by the "other boys"; so Franklin gave his advising friend a dollar, begging him not to "let on" that he had such a suit.

2. Groton and Harvard

SOME of the photographs which were taken of Franklin Roosevelt at Groton bear witness to the carefully-guarded training of his first years. These pictures show a boy who is determined and yet is not tough. At first there is that look of dumb bewilderment which comes upon almost every boy when he is first plunged into the strange remoteness of school life; but later this is displaced by a growing confidence, though never by sheer self-assertion.

By nature, Franklin Roosevelt was not inclined to be introspective, at least, not to that extent which by the majority is reckoned unhealthy. But there are few boys who do not pass through a phase of self-examining when they are first cut off from home-life. While they are adjusting their personalities and finding new values and establishing new loyalties, they are inevitably thrown back upon themselves. At Groton, Franklin Roosevelt started upon the adventure of finding himself, of learning what manner of creature he was. He considered the circumstances of his life, how that it was no revolution that had brought him to Groton; how that, on the contrary, he had arrived there as a result of the normal working of a more or less fixed order of things; how that his life hitherto had been hedged in by conventions; how that everything had conspired to make the early days of childhood seem permanent and unchangeable; how that

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everything now appeared by comparison obscure and uncertain.

To every well-favoured child there sometimes comes the thought that he is the highest person on earth, as though he were standing upon a mountain-top. There are other mountain-tops, of course, but none so high, so sacred as his. They are mistaken who judge this to be conceit in the child. People (however unknowingly) and circumstances have built up around him a world which gives him the illusion. The effect of this imagined pre-eminence varies. Of those to whom it comes in childhood, some hold on to it through life; others, discovering that it is after all unreal, lose confidence; others, hardened by experience, learn to forget it. But no human being who as a child has been lifted up by that illusion, even for a little while, can continue life as though the experience had never come to him.

Franklin Roosevelt was now beginning to find that the mountain of his childhood was not so high as he had imagined. But he was not altogether persuaded of its unreality. Surely his natural ability and culture counted for something; also the fact that he had travelled and could draw upon a fund of personal experience and could converse fluently and intelligently. And his parents, his home-life and his family blood, surely they were to be thought of with pride.

When in the company of other boys he began to measure the extent of his mental equipment and physical strength, he found no reason for discouragement. The first misgivings vanished and his spirit grew strong. He was an enthusiastic cross-country runner, he rowed, played football and baseball. He played a first-class

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game of tennis, and at one athletic meeting broke the school record for the high kick.¹

School-life, in fact, was helping to build up that mountain again. He progressed normally and easily with his studies and made friends without difficulty. That he was fast maturing now can be seen by looking at a photograph of the Groton football team in which he appears. Some of the boys, it is true, are older-looking and perhaps more self-assured. But this boy, Franklin Roosevelt, has advantages over them all, one can say. Not merely the obvious advantage of good looks, but also that which comes from being a young man of the world. The boy has judgment. He is becoming less of a romantic, more of a healthy sceptic. One can imagine that the late Lord Birkenhead had a similar appearance at that age.

Another photograph taken at this time is of Franklin Roosevelt with his parents. It brings home vividly the difference in age between his father and mother. James Roosevelt, who was nearly seventy then, looks even more than that age, and that obviously devoted young woman by his side could pass as his daughter. Standing behind them is Franklin, at that state of growth when well-fitting clothes are considered an extravagance even if they can be obtained. For this picture Franklin was wearing a suit which possibly fitted him a year before and perhaps would fit him again six months on. It is clear that he is now on the threshold of manhood. Everything proclaims his arrival—the striped tie which has slipped over

¹ To do the high kick, the competitor lifted one leg as high as possible, then, as he brought it down, he kicked, again as high as possible, with the other leg, and landed on his side.

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to one side, the awkward high collar (as ambitious as the bosom which the small boy had eyed so critically in his aunt's photograph), the watch-chain, the left hand thrust into a pocket, the other, posed by the photographer, awkwardly resting upon his father's shoulder, the unmanageable shock of hair, the dark, shapeless clothes. The photograph also reveals Franklin's remarkable likeness to his mother both in feature and expression. Again, the pride with which his old father carried himself is to be seen there, and both Franklin and his mother are leaning towards him as if their tender devotion must be expressed even at such a moment.

Nothing of the fact that James Roosevelt had temporarily over-ridden his son's will is betrayed by the picture. Yet Franklin had never renounced his first desire to enter the Navy. At Groton the desire became stronger. Every day the democrat in him was being confirmed. He was being educated with the sons of wealthy families, many of whom had not the wit to distinguish between privilege and prerogative, and Franklin Roosevelt was discovering how much he hated the snob in human nature. He had a better sense of values than most of these young men, a better sense of proportion. He was of a less wealthy family than some of them, but in experience and ideas he was far richer than they were. He learnt to despise those who were so vain and blind as to judge men's worth according to their wealth.

It seemed to him that in the Navy he would find a life more in agreement with his ideas, a state of affairs where character would count above everything. He was sixteen now, and there was no reason why he should go on dream-

ing about what he would like to do. He was old enough to know his own mind, to make decisions and to act upon them. He talked things over with two of his friends who, like himself, were at the dangerous age. They only needed a stimulus from outside, some piece of political or international news, to make them do something fine and foolish. The stimulus was supplied by the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Reading about it, Franklin and his friends became excited. The war was the news. Everyone was talking about it. What they did not learn from the newspapers, they gathered from gossip. The pie-man who came to the school twice a week was as welcome for the rumours he carried as for the pies he sold. One day he brought them a great piece of news. Did they know that the Navy was enlisting at Boston for service in Cuba? That was enough. Franklin Roosevelt and his two friends entered into a conspiracy. They planned to get a lift to a station five miles away, and from there to take train to Boston and enlist in the Navy. Franklin argued that, though his father would doubtless be upset when he first heard of it, he could hardly criticize him for showing himself so good a patriot. With this thought to ease his conscience, he continued to make plans. Sunday would be the most favourable day to make the escape, for they could then time it so that they would not be missed for several hours. But a sore throat and a bad headache on Saturday night made the adventure seem more perilous, and next day Franklin and his friends were down with measles, and at the hour when they had planned to be in the American Navy, they were lying in the school sanatorium.

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Though this ignominy mattered much to the Groton schoolboy, it is not to be reckoned important in a full account of his development. The important thing was that he had experienced a crisis. His character was forming. But for the intervention of measles, he would have been in the Navy at this time. That was certain. We who are observing his growth can now be more sure of the kind of man he will become, and as we follow him through the next few years, our opinion of him is borne out by everything we learn.

He was eighteen when he went to Harvard. If a school's influence is to be approved according to the amount of happiness it brings to a boy's life—I am reminding myself that some persist in approving it according to the amount of unhappiness it brings—then the Groton days were not altogether a blessing in Franklin Roosevelt's early life. Harvard brought a change. Not only was he less of a colt now, but he was in a more harmonious environment.

He was quartered with Lathrop Brown, who had been his room-mate at Groton. (Lathrop Brown became Assistant Secretary of the Interior in later years.) Among his teachers were some of the most impressive names of that impressive period of Harvard's history. William James, Josiah Royce, Albert B. Hart, Charles E. Norton, A. Lawrence Lowell, Nathaniel S. Shaler—not all who were at Harvard then could appreciate what a privilege was theirs to be guided by such as these. But there were some who not only were aware of the privilege, but were determined to turn it to the fullest possible account. Franklin Roosevelt was one of these. These great teachers were to lead his mind into a large new

playground in which it could stretch and exercise and be thoroughly pleased by its own activities. He still proudly looks back on those years as the first great formative period of his life.

Strongest of all the several influences at Harvard at that time was that exerted by Charles W. Eliot, whose name stood for educational reform and for unostentatious learning. As long as he was there, education was made a vital force in the students' lives, something which could be co-related with their own personal problems—the problem, for instance, of choosing a career.

If the presence of William James and Josiah Royce at Harvard stirred young Roosevelt's interest in philosophy for a while, they did not succeed in drawing him completely into their net. Fascinating though their lectures were, they were not of themselves the proper kind of nourishment for his mind and nature. The abstractions they posed did not give him enough to bite on. He needed to be interested in something more closely related to action, and in the end he chose history and government as his special studies.

Franklin Roosevelt looks back on his Harvard days with real gratitude. I have heard him speak of his education there with the greatest enthusiasm. "Are there teachers to-day to compare with the men who taught at Harvard then?" he asked me; and then added, "Those were men who got us really excited about art, politics and literature." Especially was he excited by Professor Lowell's lectures. Of all the enticements of learning that surrounded him at Harvard, none drew out his mind more successfully than a course of lectures in which the various governments of the world, of

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prominent countries and less prominent, were described and compared.

That Roosevelt's mind was interested and fascinated by the lectures of learned men is not to say that it displayed that degree of brilliance which demanded academic recognition. Though he completed his course in three years, he gained no formal distinction of learning. This is easy to understand. He was not a born scholar. The time that the more scholarly among his contemporaries devoted to extra reading, to viewing the context of their subject as well as the subject itself, he spent in running college affairs and in talking. He was becoming a great talker, a provoker of great argument. In setting forth his ideas on this and that, he found more often than not that he was in the minority. For his views were unexpected. To say the least, they were radical; and if the discussion was on a political or social topic, there was no way of keeping it on a dispassionate level if Franklin Roosevelt was present.

He was becoming a talker; and in his talk he was showing himself a fighter. Much of this impulse to do battle was directed towards athletics and games. An inch or so over six feet in height, he had still to develop in muscle and weight. But he was healthy and vigorous, and football and rowing served as an outlet and a discipline. No singular achievement marked these activities. He was content to keep fit and, in general, to pull his weight.

But in Roosevelt's view sport and lectures were not enough to make a full life for an undergraduate. For his part, he must have something else to do, something practical. Journalism attracted him, as it has attracted

many another undergraduate with surplus energy. It would provide yet another outlet for his fighting instincts and for that sense of justice which had come to him straight from his father.

He became interested in an undergraduate newspaper called *The Crimson*, and began to consider how he might express pent-up feelings in its columns; and from that thought was begotten the ambition to become editor of the paper. One way of attaining this end would be to discover and publish an attractive item of news which had been missed by the more prominent newspapers. (The English reader will have difficulty in picturing such a feat. To supply a nearly parallel case in English journalism, he must imagine a state of affairs in which *The Isis* could compete with *The Daily Express* in the scooping of news.) Good fortune and his own initiative helped Roosevelt to achieve the feat. He had heard that his relative, Theodore Roosevelt, was coming to Cambridge to pay a visit to Professor Lowell. Franklin and a cousin who was at Harvard with him telephoned Theodore Roosevelt asking if he would see them. He told them that he was going to lecture before Professor Lowell's class in Sanders Theatre and would see them after the lecture. He also told them that his lecture would be on his experiences as Governor of New York. Franklin straightway carried the information to the Editor of *The Crimson*, who was delighted to make a big show of it on the front page next morning, the more so since Theodore Roosevelt had just become Vice-President. The result of this was that at the time announced for the lecture, Sanders Theatre was crowded with people the majority of whom had not been invited.)

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The incident is related to show how Franklin Roosevelt was gradually emerging from the chance group of men in which he found himself at the University. Not by virtue of some striking intellectual achievement did he show his head above the crowd; nor by unforgettable athletic performance; but by virtue of his unquenchable desire to be of some use to his fellow-men. Also by virtue of his originality. Those who knew him best at Harvard noted how instinct was always leading him to do the unexpected thing. He had the gift of taking people by surprise, so that they were compelled to agree or disagree with him with their whole being.

There was, as a typical instance, the surprise he sprang upon his friends and acquaintances when the Boer War began. The more easy-going at Harvard declared themselves anti-Boer, or perhaps it would be more precise to say pro-British. They did not so much form an opinion on the subject as repeat and elaborate the opinions of their families and the majority of their class. Family influence also played its part in the forming of Franklin Roosevelt's opinions on the war, but in his case it stirred more deeply. The fact that the war did not directly affect his life did not alter another fact, namely, that he himself was of Dutch origin. That and his impatience with the snobbery he found at Harvard impelled him to come out into the open and express sympathy with the Boers. He shocked his fellow-students still further when he supported a movement for the purpose of helping the Boers with funds.

The gesture was a sign of the boy's character, a sign, too, that some of his father's qualities were being settled and shaped in him. His mother once said to me,

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"Franklin has a great deal of his father in him. His father was always just." In her memory of her husband, it was his sense of justice that was put as the keystone of his character. Franklin learnt to honour and love him for that quality.

His affection for his father was deep-rooted. He had never forgotten that he owed to him the pleasant prelude of his sheltered boyhood and the better part of his early education. When his father died, at the age of seventy-two, Franklin Roosevelt realized that everything that had happened hitherto in his own brief life was unimportant compared with this. It brought home to him how well favoured he had been to have a father who was a true and understanding friend; also how hard it was to find such friends among the people of his own age.

He had not been at Harvard very long when he suffered this loss. It was a natural effect that he should now be drawn closer than ever to his mother and she to him. All the interest of Sara Roosevelt's life was now concentrated in her son, Franklin. The following summer they travelled together to Europe and went sight-seeing in France, Switzerland, Germany and Scandinavia.

When Franklin returned to Harvard, he found relief not in meditation and introspection, but in increased activity. Most of his energy was released in journalism, and when success came to prick on ambition, his zeal could not be held. The editorial chair of *The Crimson* was still his goal, and when, competing with members of his own class, he gained a position as one of the three assistant managing editors, he encouraged himself to

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believe that it would not be long before he was in full control.

From the moment when Roosevelt took a part in its production, *The Crimson* became a newspaper that rival editors were compelled to watch. It began to force the pace. The story of the several feats that were accomplished under Roosevelt's management would be of small interest to any but minor journalists, and of no interest at all to the average man to whom the gossip of the news-gatherer is as tiresome as the gossip of the golf-player. For the present purpose the story need only be summarized. While Franklin Roosevelt was managing its affairs, *The Crimson* made its mark both by increasing its efficiency and by promoting reforms. The following items stand to the paper's credit during this period: a special edition reporting the Harvard-Yale football game and leaving the rival *Yale News* five minutes behind; a naïvely earnest editorial (written by Roosevelt) advocating better cheering from the crowd for the encouragement of the football team; another editorial criticizing University education for stressing athletics at the expense of learning; another protesting against the manoeuvres of "the select clubs" in the Senior Class Day elections; yet another boldly accusing the authorities of indifference in the matter of adding fire escapes to the buildings.

The last two of these editorials (all were written by Roosevelt) are illuminating because of the reforming temper which they consistently display. This temper in Franklin Roosevelt grew stronger with enlarged opportunity. From assistant editor he moved to the position of managing editor and president. It seemed that he had been given leave to speak his mind, and in

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those last two articles he did so fearlessly. That on the subject of elections was a presage of things to come. From this distance the young reformer's indignation seems out of proportion to the matter in hand; but set in its context and period it agrees with everything we have since learnt about him. The Class Day elections were the means by which cliques imposed their wishes upon the more independent members of the community. (They have their counterpart in every university and college, for wherever twenty-five young men have assembled to live a common life, five of them, sooner or later, will find a way of separating themselves from the rest, and a way of asserting or implying their essential difference and therefore, so they reason, their superiority.) At Harvard, the officers who were elected included the Orator, the Poet and the Odist, offices which obviously could only be held by men of talent. To elect a man an Orator merely because he was popular with a small set of people who had formed themselves into a club, struck the President as being unjust. Perhaps it also struck him as being absurd, but in his editorial he was not so much concerned with the absurdity of this practice as with its injustice. The plain fact was that the thing was all wrong. It was all wrong to speak of "an election" when a large number of undergraduates had not even voted because they knew they were powerless against the organization of the clubs. In his editorial Roosevelt reminded his readers that two things were necessary for the proper conduct of an election, first, that each man should realize his responsibility and cast his vote with absolute fairness, second, that the poll should be large enough to be representative. The high moral tone of

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the whole article is reflected in this opening phrase: "There is a higher duty than to vote for one's personal friends, and that is to secure for the whole class, leaders who really deserve the positions."

The particular point of interest here is that the article was written, not by one of the Great Excluded, but by one who was himself a member of the select clubs. Franklin Roosevelt was challenging his own set of people, was, in fact, revealing that in spirit he did not truly belong to them at all.

The same note of moral indignation was sounded in the editorial on the "fire escape scandal." When I first read the article it did not impress me as being remarkably outspoken. On the contrary, it seemed guarded and respectful. But having since learnt more of the conditions and customs at Harvard at that time, I can now appreciate the radical spirit which was fretting behind the cautious writing. By tradition *The Crimson* was conservative and in general allowed the authorities to go undisturbed on their way. When he demanded that "the University authorities should at least make some attempt to insure more safety to the buildings," Editor Roosevelt, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was making a bold gesture. It became clear that he was not the young man to respect the authorities if they did nothing to gain respect.

Life at Harvard stimulated Roosevelt's interest in politics as well as in journalism. That a relative of his was one of the most talked-of men in American politics must of course be taken into account as a factor. The great man's visit to Harvard also served a purpose in focussing the younger Roosevelt's attention on the

political life of his time. But these coincidences would not have availed had his mind and temperament not been drawn towards politics. The bias is seen in his choice of history, international law and government as his subjects when he returned as a graduate to Harvard for a fourth year; also in his enthusiasm as a member of the Political Club.

One of the objects of the Political Club was to help Harvard undergraduates to keep in touch with public affairs by inviting well-known men to give talks and lead discussions. But for Franklin Roosevelt it was not enough that these benefits should be granted only to members. His inborn aversion to anything in the nature of a privileged group drove him to advocate that the Club's discussions be thrown open to the whole University. This was the subject of one of his articles in *The Crimson*, and he continued it by suggesting that the Political Club should make it its business to see that undergraduates were given "a practical idea of the workings of a political system—of the machinery of a primary, caucus, convention, election and legislature. With such a large city as Boston close at hand it would be easy to send in parties under the guidance of some experienced man which in one day could learn more than through the means of lectures. There must be many among us who, whether or not of a voting age, would be more than glad to gain knowledge by actual experience of the intricacies of federal, state and municipal politics."

The words tell us something of the writer's state of mind at that time. They betray a feeling of frustration. He had taken all he could from the instruction offered

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by the University. Such a nature as his could not be wholly satisfied in the lecture-room. He must go out and see things for himself, must learn in his own way. Political theories were all very well. The really exciting question was: how did people manage to work the theories? If he could see this for himself, in Boston, New York, in London, when he went there again, in Paris, Berlin, anywhere, the professors' lectures would be so much the more profitable to him.

He conceived the idea of forming a club for the study and proper understanding of current events. There was no lack of tough material for members of a serious-minded club to get their teeth into. The Panama Canal problems, the war in the Far East, the coming Presidential election and the labour disputes, all these were current events and would provide matter for discussion for many terms to come. Roosevelt was as earnest as ever about this club, and when the idea was criticized by a correspondent who appears to have deemed it a display of excessive zeal, the letter drew from Roosevelt a tentative essay in sarcasm.

Another enthusiasm which was born in him during the Harvard years was book-collecting. It began when he was made librarian of two of the clubs to which he belonged. He had a little money at his disposal for buying books for these clubs, and from this responsibility was begotten a live interest in the books themselves. His was the true passion of the collector, in that he regarded these books as objects not so much to be read as possessed. In the course of his treasure-hunting in the bookshops of Cambridge and Boston, he met with the very man who was needed to keep alive the new-born

passion, and some will be disposed to regard as an additional coincidence the fact that the man's name was Chase. Franklin Roosevelt found Chase "a rare and delicious man," who was delighted to find a young man sharing his own keen interest and was willing to give him advice in choosing books for the club libraries.

It occurred to Roosevelt that with so sympathetic an expert at hand he would be well advised to start collecting for himself. The hobby was expensive, of course, but Chase would always see that he got value for his money, and there was always a chance that his collection would one day be reckoned valuable. Chase encouraged him, and advised him to choose a subject and specialize. "Everything about America" was Roosevelt's confident decision. He was not long in discovering that he had been over-ambitious. His allowance seemed ridiculously small when he began to consider the cost of covering so wide a field. He consulted Chase again and was persuaded that "Something about America" would be a wiser choice than "Everything." The decision was easy now. Nothing in his country's history had attracted him so much as the story of the Navy. In choosing that as his subject he would be increasing his knowledge as well as his catalogue. So began a pursuit which ended in the finest private collection (so it is considered) of books, pamphlets, paintings and lithographs on the subject of the United States Navy. In the catalogue nearly seven thousand books are listed, about ten thousand pamphlets, about seventy paintings and four hundred and fifty lithographs and etchings. Some of these he picked up for two pounds or so and have increased in value twentyfold.

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Under Chase's influence Roosevelt became a confirmed collector. During his holidays in Europe he continued his search for out-of-the-way items. In London he was always certain of reward, especially if he went to the second-hand bookstalls around St. Paul's. He once told me of his delight in obtaining a copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs* and of the disappointment that followed when he found that it was incomplete. But the set-back made him the more determined to possess the work in its complete form, and when after several years he succeeded in his quest, he regarded it as one of the outstanding triumphs in his career as a collector.

In these early adventures, both as book-collector and journalist, the spirit of the man we now know as President Roosevelt is clearly manifest. Indeed, in tracing the unfolding of Franklin Roosevelt's character, the biographer meets with few surprises. The fortunate, happy little boy, the Harvard student and the eminent man have been remarkably consistent in all their doings. Those who were with him at Harvard remember him for his practical common sense, his healthy outlook, his energetic manner, his endless resource in conversation and, above all, his enthusiasm which was always welling up and flooding those who happened to be near him in outlook and opinion. Some remember him, too, for the persuasive charm of his manner, and quote as an instance the fact that the printers of *The Crimson* were always willing to put themselves out to assist Editor Roosevelt in carrying out his latest idea, even when they privately thought little of its merit. Some thought him prodigal in the spending of energy, believing that some of the reforms he effected were not worth the effort he

had made. But even these had to admit one fact: Roosevelt could get things done. He had the qualities of the born reformer, qualities which attracted some and repelled others, a hatred of everything unfair, for example, and the power to sustain indignation, whether through the spoken or written word, until it was turned into eloquence.

At Harvard he began to perceive how many unfair advantages there were in life, and how many unfair disadvantages, and it was this perception that drove him in upon himself to discover that he did not *belong*—did not belong, that is to say, to the sort of people to whom conventions had attached him. Nearly all his exploits and adventures during these first apprentice-years can be interpreted as attempts to break away from such attachments and to find himself anew. Seen in that light, they explain both his popularity and his unpopularity as a university student.

3. Eleanor Roosevelt

LONG before the thought of politics had entered Franklin Roosevelt's head, there was a Roosevelt party which played a considerable role in his life. The party was an annual event at which all the Roosevelts who were within call gathered together to celebrate the Christmas season and to reinforce the spirit of the clan. For most of the guests the occasion was a happy one, but there was at least one, a girl in her early 'teens, for whom it was a time of discomfort and extreme self-consciousness. For her the party was more pain than pleasure. It only served to make her aware of her plain appearance and her lack of accomplishments. She thought of herself as a gawky creature whose elders were perverse enough to dress her in a short frock and so to call attention to her long legs, the one feature she most wanted to hide. She was only too conscious of her inexperience in conversing with boys of her own age, for except at this annual affair she was never allowed to meet any. Most of the children at the house-party were good at winter sports, but she, with her weak ankles, had no hope of ever being able to skate even tolerably well. Worst of all, she was a poor dancer, and by most the dance was reckoned the most exciting part of the occasion.

But, being a Roosevelt, she could only believe that she owed it to the family name to suffer this annual

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agony. She was called Eleanor and was the daughter of Anna and Elliott Roosevelt and a niece of the man who later became President Theodore Roosevelt. Her mother, whose maiden name was Hall, belonged to a society family in New York City. Her father's people, on the other hand, were more democratic in feeling and cared little for the prescribed social round. The facts are mentioned here as having at least some bearing upon the conflict in this young girl's nature and upon its final settlement, for it was to her father rather than to her beautiful mother that she was drawn. Indeed, she idolized her father and when, soon after her mother's death, he also died, she was still able to think of him as her living companion, so profound an impression had his devotion made upon her. Thereafter she was brought up by her grandmother, Mrs. Valentine Hall, who if she believed in keeping her young also believed in keeping her warm. From the first of November to the first of April, whatever the temperature, Eleanor was required to wear the warmest possible clothing, which meant that from neck to ankles she was swathed in flannels. Through winter and summer she wore long black stockings, and whenever she sought relief by wearing these stockings rolled down, she was ordered to fasten them up again and sternly informed that no true-born lady ever allowed her bare legs to be seen.

All these and several other circumstances help to explain why Eleanor Roosevelt was "out of it" whenever she attended that dreaded family party at Christmas-time. She did not know the guests very well, for, after her father's death, her grandmother did not allow her to make frequent contact with his family, possibly because

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she feared that her Roosevelt cousins would have a maturing influence upon her and help her to become accustomed to manners and habits which were distasteful to older people. Eleanor was completely surprised, therefore, when at one of the annual gatherings her cousin, Franklin Roosevelt, asked her to dance with him ; and when she found this distant relation anything but distant, she felt towards him a warm gratitude which became one of the high-lights of her earliest emotional experiences.

Except for a glimpse of him one summer when she was coming home from school, Eleanor Roosevelt did not see Franklin again until her coming-out year when she met him at occasional dances and was sometimes invited to a house-party at Hyde Park.

The frankest people have their reticences. Nothing that either of them has recorded throws any light upon the growing affection that Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt felt for each other at this time. We only know that Franklin's mother, observing their increasing mutual interest, was disturbed, not because she disapproved of Eleanor, but because she considered that neither was old or wise enough to think about marriage. She talked to her son and begged him to think things over, and, in doing so, unintentionally offended Eleanor. But her son was all-important to her, and at the risk of hurting Eleanor still more, she decided upon a drastic remedy. She would take him with her on a winter cruise to the West Indies. She would invite his school and university friend, Lathrop Brown, to come with them. A change of scene would help Franklin to see sense. She would claim a fond parent's prerogative, for it would not long be hers to exercise.

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But the remedy failed. Or rather, her son insisted that there was no malady in him to be cured. In the West Indies he did not mope and pine. On the contrary, the holiday delighted him and he came back declaring that the West Indies were the only possible place to winter in. But his mother's hope had been that this enthusiasm for a new country would displace the enthusiasm for his cousin, and in this she was disappointed; for Franklin was beginning to show that he was capable of sustaining several enthusiasms at the same time.

Franklin persisted in the conviction that he wanted to marry his cousin, Eleanor, and in the autumn of 1904 their engagement was announced. Franklin was now at a law school at Columbia University and his mother had taken a house in Madison Avenue, New York, where the winter was spent in gay anticipation of the coming wedding. That this was to be one of the events of the New York season was assured when it became known that President Theodore Roosevelt, Eleanor's "Uncle Ted," had promised to give her away. Uncle Ted, in fact, was to be the central figure in the event. St. Patrick's Day, 1905, was chosen for the wedding, because on that day Uncle Ted would be coming to New York for a parade.

About a fortnight before the wedding the engaged couple were asked to stay with one of Eleanor's aunts for President Theodore Roosevelt's inauguration ceremony. Eleanor Roosevelt's memories of this event convey the excited and confused state of her mind at that time. Thus, she remembers her aunt remarking that her coloured coachman stayed in her service only

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because he was so proud to find himself placed high up in the traffic queue on important occasions. She also remembers going into the Capitol where only members of the President's family were admitted for the ceremony, that she and Franklin had seats on the steps behind the President, and that she was extremely impressed by the events of the ceremony. But of her uncle's inauguration speech she remembers nothing, only that it was delivered with great force ; for she had no knowledge of politics and so had no way of appreciating why he should speak so forcefully. She remembers lunching at the White House and seeing the parade, and telling herself all the time that she was witnessing an historical event. In her recorded memories, these various items are set down, but she is silent as to her cousin Franklin's impressions of the occasion. That in itself is evidence of her confused preoccupation during those too eventful days.

Confusion continued until the wedding-day when it became almost chaos. It was not hard to tell that the majority of guests were there chiefly to see the President. The uncle who had come to give away the bride became the chief attraction, and the two cousins took second place at their own wedding.

These are some of the bare facts of the occasion: the marriage took place in the house of Mrs. Henry Parish, Jr., a cousin of the bride. This house in East 76th Street had a drawing-room which opened into the next house where the hostess's mother lived. In the latter house an altar was set up and at this temporary construction the head of Groton School performed the ceremony. Lathrop Brown was best man. After the ceremony the

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bride and bridegroom began to receive the congratulations of the guests. President Theodore Roosevelt escaped from the crowd and went to the library, only to find that the crowd had followed him there. The bride and bridegroom were soon left standing alone, although there were still many guests who had not yet offered congratulations. The President was telling some of his famous amusing stories and no one there wanted to miss *that* performance. Franklin and Eleanor were not in the slightest put out. It seemed to them quite natural that Uncle Ted should be the lion of the party, and they modestly joined the guests that had gathered to hear him roar.

Before the ceremony began the crowd in the street was so big that the whole block was closed and seventy-five policemen were put on duty there to keep order. Inside the house, there was such a crush of people that many were unable to get near the rooms in which the ceremony was to be held. When the President arrived the crowd in the street and in the neighbouring houses welcomed him with cheers. He was in an open landau. When the house was reached he rose a little from his seat and waved his silk hat. He was in excellent humour. Two of his jovial remarks are still echoed by some who were present. They report that when he saw the bride and bridegroom, he greeted them, saying, "I am glad that you are keeping the Roosevelt name in the family." And again they report that when the parade music floated in from Fifth Avenue and mingled uneasily with the music in the house, the President exclaimed, "A double event!"

it was in consideration of the President's

safety that the wedding took place in a private house and not in a church; and it was due to the rigid police arrangements as to the crowds that were gathering for the parade that some guests were late for the ceremony and others failed to arrive at all.

These, then, are some of the facts concerning this remarkable wedding. Having disposed of them, we are at liberty to turn curiosity in another direction. More interesting than all the external events which have stuck in people's memories about the wedding of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt is the question: what effect was the union likely to have upon the subject of this study? For the coming together of these two distant cousins and the motives that brought them together do not appear to constitute, at least at first sight, one of the great love-stories of history. Looked at from a distance of forty years, these two eager young people leave the impression, rather, of having been drawn to each other by affection, sympathy, family pride, a certain harmony of mind and, as far as they knew, by an agreement of temperament—by the qualities, in fact, from which many a fine friendship has grown. The point is made here as a possible explanation of the understanding and good sense which the two were to show to each other in the years when each was finding the true self. For at the time of their marriage neither was mature as a personality.

If Franklin Roosevelt was earnest in all his ideas (those, for example, concerning social justice), Eleanor was gravely and heavily so in hers. Her upbringing had made her excessively introspective. She had no light relief. Her childhood had been lonely and

restricted. Between the ages of ten and fifteen she lacked friends among children and, resorting to books, read more than her mind could assimilate. She became serious and solemn and inwardly was inclined to question all conventions. There were so many things left unexplained. Her father, for instance. There had been a mystery about him which had never been made clear to her. Later she learned that he had given way to the weakness of drinking, but as a child she thought it abominable that his dear memory should be clouded by any doubt or suspicion. He had been the greatest person in her life. For years after his death he was still a living person in her imagination.

At the age of fifteen she encountered another who was to influence the course of her development. This was Mlle. Souvestre, to whose school in England she was sent for a finishing education. At this school, which was in Southfields near Wimbledon Common, the young girl began to shape her ideas about life; Mlle. Souvestre, rather, shaped them for her. This short, stout, white-haired head-mistress impressed her American pupil, first because of her beautiful and strong-featured head, and then because of her independent thoughts and opinions. As an instance, she dared to be anti-English during the time of the Boer War, and was outspoken in expressing her feelings on the subject. While she allowed the English girls to celebrate English victories, she felt it a duty to talk privately to her foreign pupils on the rights of small nations. The substance and spirit of these talks chimed with all that the Roosevelt girl was dimly feeling and trying to make clear to herself; so much so that some of Mlle. Souvestre's words

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on the subject of national freedom were to live in her mind for many years to come.

Mlle. Souvestre's influence on Eleanor Roosevelt was continuously exercised at a time when the girl was most impressionable. Not only did it work powerfully during school-terms, but also during some of the holidays when the two went sight-seeing in Europe together. It was during these tours that Eleanor found the courage to challenge some of the ideas and customs which had been wrapped round her mind like wool through all her childhood years. She began to tear off these protective coverings and to enjoy the first sensations of experiencing things as they really were. At least, she enjoyed some of these sensations, for there were others that were painful and disturbing. She had new opportunities of learning how incalculable were the manifestations of human character. Because she was thought to be docile she was put with one other girl, a tempestuous creature, for German lessons. Her example, it was considered, would be good. But it was the flamboyant, insubordinate girl whose example was the more potent. Not that Eleanor Roosevelt ever became openly rebellious; but the result of their association was that the quiet girl, bounded by conventions, wholly admired the other, so courageously irregular.

In her thoughts, Eleanor Roosevelt was becoming critical of her upbringing. Surely it had been unnecessary to grow up in quite so rigid and regular a manner. She was wishing that she had some of the bold lawlessness of that other girl. She herself would never have gone so far as to throw an inkstand at a teacher as her friend had done, but something in her applauded even this

violent act and moved her to plead for her with bitter tears when Mlle. Souvestre announced that the girl was to be expelled. And even Mlle. Souvestre showed her how much happier life could be when it was unencumbered with rigid prearrangements, for when they were touring Italy together, the school-mistress sometimes surprised her always impressed pupil by suddenly and capriciously changing plans and sometimes landing them in a not altogether comfortable situation.

During this formative period, in brief, Eleanor Roosevelt's true nature was slowly asserting itself and revealing that the veneer of her earlier education had been in many ways at variance with her disposition. Self-critical, self-conscious and observant, she was forming conceptions and opinions some of which were to remain almost unmodified through the years of her adult life. This was the period during which her mind was brightly taking account of things. She noted that Mlle. Souvestre, at midnight mass in an Italian church, was not so much an atheist as she had led her to suppose, and that she was also more sentimental than had appeared at school. She noted that her own mind and temperament were not so matter-of-fact as she had imagined—that, for example, she could appreciate the points about a Botticelli as well as any other tourist when they were pointed out, and that she was different from other tourists in that she preferred to concentrate upon a few pictures in the Florentine galleries rather than hurriedly attempt to view them all in order to give satisfactory reply to the eternal test question, "Have you seen?"

But if she is to be differentiated from the crowd on

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this account, it is important to bear in mind the probability that she was conscious of what she was doing in acting, whether in a picture-gallery or elsewhere, unlike the majority. She had not been born a Roosevelt for nothing. The true-born Roosevelt was above all else original. What might appear odd if said or done by an average person was permitted to him, was, indeed, expected of him. A Roosevelt was a law to himself.

Theodore Roosevelt, with his boisterous joviality, was the very embodiment of what was meant by this legend, and through him it became fixed in people's minds. At the period which we are now considering, Eleanor, his favourite niece, was discovering something of what it meant to be a Roosevelt; and, not unnaturally, seeing that Uncle Ted was becoming more and more the great man, she was a little proud of being marked off from all who happened to bear other family names.

In no way did this mean that she was aloof towards those from whom she was so different. Nor did it produce in her any sign of condescension in her relations with other people, however ordinary. On the contrary, this awareness of being different became the base upon which her slowly forming democratic notions were built. These ideas and the sense of duty which had been highly developed by her early training led her to assist in good works even before she was twenty; and good works have been her chief interest ever since. She joined a group of girls who thought, or whose parents thought, that they should do something helpful in the city where they lived. They started work in the Junior League. Eleanor and another girl undertook to take children's dancing classes at the Rivington

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Street Settlement House. She now recalls that the other girl came and went in her carriage, while she herself took the elevated railway or the street car and then had to walk through streets "filled with foreign-looking people." Is there not, in the very vividness of this memory, a hint of her self-consciousness in helping a worthy cause?

Not that this would be surprising in a young woman who hitherto had found no proper outlet for self-expression. The point is made in order to suggest that in the intervening years she has not altogether thrown off that self-awareness in doing good, that any cause to which Eleanor Roosevelt puts a helping hand is endowed with worthiness. For that reason, in her own country, where there is so much room for worthy causes, her activities have been of great importance. For all the worthiness of her work, it is not priggishly done. It springs from true sympathy and from that high-minded devotion to duty which is ingrained in her.

In the young woman it was natural that duty should be a stronger motive than sympathy. Before her marriage Eleanor Roosevelt had become interested in various social organizations. One was the Consumers' League of which Mrs. Maud Nathan was president. Of this venture she writes: "Luckily, I went with an experienced older woman to do some investigation in garment factories and department stores. It had never occurred to me before that the girls might get tired standing behind counters all day long, or that no seats were provided for them if they had time to sit down and rest. I did not know what the sanitary requirements should be in the dress factories, either for air or lavatory

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facilities. This was my first introduction to anything of this kind, and I rather imagine that by spring I was quite ready to drop all this good work and go up to the country and spend the summer in idleness and recreation."

But as experience grew, sympathy was quickened, although it was a long time before she could be said to be a fully equipped social worker. She looks back upon the time when Franklin asked her to marry him, and remarks that she was a curious mixture, being extremely innocent and unworldly, and at the same time having a great deal of knowledge of some of the less agreeable sides of life. For several years she added to this knowledge, without becoming any more sophisticated.

It was probably this lack of sophistication that appealed to Franklin Roosevelt. He, too, was interested in social problems, but he was able to regard such evils as poverty, slums and sweated labour as objective facts, and even though he desired their removal and would work to that end, he could do so in an optimistic frame of mind, feeling confident that, with the estate he had inherited from his father, his own life was not likely to be directly touched by those evils. Because so many vital things had yet to be explained to her, his cousin Eleanor was more troubled and confused, less free and easy. Her serious-minded innocence awakened the chivalrous instinct in him. No tempest swept him towards her. He was not the young man to fall madly, hopelessly in love. The affection which drew him to her was essentially sane. He knew his mind and was master of his feelings.

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The fact that she was distantly related to him was not, in his eyes, without advantage. To say that he was pleased by the prospect of being brought into closer touch with Theodore Roosevelt is not to imply that he was coldly self-centred or calculating. It was no remarkable thing, after all, that this young Roosevelt should be moved to admire the towering achievement of one whose name he bore, and when he found himself affectionately attached to the famous man's niece, that admiration and pride naturally found a place in his feelings.

As for Eleanor Roosevelt, we have her own testimony as to her state of mind when the time came for her to decide. "I had a great curiosity about life," she informs us, "and a desire to participate in every experience that might be the lot of woman. There seemed to me to be a necessity for hurry; without rhyme or reason I felt the urge to be a part of the stream of life, and so. . . ."

And so she consented to marry her cousin Franklin. It seemed a natural thing. The curiosity, the urge, the hurrying, always active spirit did not permit her to entertain a moment's doubt on the score of her inexperience.

4. The Tilting-ground at Albany

FRANKLIN and Eleanor Roosevelt's first home was in an apartment of a New York City hotel. They lived there for the rest of the spring while he continued his law studies. She was thinking herself fortunate to be living in a hotel, where her husband would hardly notice how little she knew about house-keeping. She was fortunate again in the summer when they both went to Hyde Park and lived for a time with her husband's mother.

This was the mother's opportunity to see that her son was well started in the new life. To interfere was far from her intentions; but it was plainly her duty to guide and advise these two young people who daily were revealing how much they had to learn.

It was to the young wife's credit that no jealous rivalry resulted from these motherly counsels. She was sensible enough to appreciate the kindness which prompted them and to acknowledge her own shortcomings. By nature extremely dutiful, she was learning during these 'prentice years that dutifulness in a wife, still more in a daughter-in-law, must be enhanced by tact if it is to be a virtue and not an annoyance.

As always, Franklin was being carried along by his happy, confident disposition. Only one thing was irksome—the fact that he had still to complete his law studies. When the university year ended that summer,

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the two went to Europe for their second honeymoon, and after that Franklin returned to Columbia to complete his course in law. This done, he joined a prominent firm of city lawyers called Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He worked as a managing clerk in the municipal court, and a few cases came his way to defend. He could not persuade himself that the work was a proper outlet for his natural enthusiasm, and began to consider whether it might not be advisable to specialize in one of the fields of law. Because it would keep him in touch with a subject which had always deeply interested him, he decided to concentrate upon maritime law, and in this subject became a representative of his firm.

Some of the photographs of this period show how a sense of responsibility was setting the young lawyer's expression. The handsome features were now being lent an air of firm authority, an impression which is borne out by the easy upright manner of his pose for a photograph, by his way of planting his feet wide apart as though he had been challenged and were standing his ground, and even by the cigarette which was sometimes brought into the picture as a token and confirmation of manliness. One photograph in particular helps us to see him in clear relation to the man of a later period. Into this picture we can read nearly all that we know about him and his life at that time. Here we can see the young lawyer, hard-working, ambitious, careful to keep fit, fond of the open air and happy to be responsible for his father's estate and to play the benevolent squire. There is even a hint of that Olympian quality which H. G. Wells

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discerned in him at a later time, and more than a hint of his wilful realism. He is with his wife in this photograph, and the attitude of both suggests that the romantic element is the lesser part of his make-up; for he is standing at a distance from her as if to make plain his dislike of demonstration and his self-reliance, while she, dressed in a three-quarter-length coat and wide skirt, fur and exaggerated hat, and showing her wedding-ring a little self-consciously, looks shy and awkward and unsure of her next movement.

All that can be seen in these photographs of Franklin Roosevelt at twenty-four is confirmed and extended by the impressions which his wife formed of him during the first years of their marriage. The impressions were always clear and proportionate. One would say that in receiving them she was always standing a little distance away in order gradually to compose her judgment. His was not the temperament to dazzle or overwhelm her. Day by day she was watching him, seeing him whole and no more than life-size, and from him learning something about the nature of a man, knowledge which was wholly new to her, for the only other man in her life had been her father, and him she had always translated from reality into romance.

She seems first to have observed and enumerated the details of evidence. Thus she formed the opinion that he was vain about his card-playing and that, whereas she considered him a lucky player, he was sure that his success was due to skill. On their second honeymoon she remarked what a lover of London he was, and how much he delighted in exploring strange corners and hunting for books and prints. In Paris his passion

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for book-collecting increased. She accompanied him while he rummaged in the second-hand book-stalls along the Seine, and all the dutiful time was learning more and more about him. She admired his French but was pleased to find that when they came to Italy her better Italian gave her a temporary advantage. It was in Italy that she began to learn that it was sometimes tactful to let her husband go off alone on his book-hunting expeditions. He had been a little critical of her readiness to accept the bookseller's word for everything, and he had told her that, in spite of his poor Italian, he could bargain more effectively when he was alone. She did not demur. It was wiser, she saw, to give way on such a point. If any compensation were needed, it was given when they were in Venice and their gondolier honoured her by addressing her in swift Italian, some of which she was able to understand and translate to her husband. Two young people who have undertaken to go on a sight-seeing tour together are bound to learn something new about each other's characters. During this European tour, each of the Franklin Roosevelts was daily gaining knowledge as to what kind of person the other was. She continued to regard her husband objectively, noting, for example, that whereas he became tired of looking at churches, he never wearied of sitting in the sun at one of the tables around the Piazza in Venice and musing upon the history of the place; noting, too, how remarkably clear was his memory of places, for when they came to look through his many snapshots he was never at a loss as to exactly where each was taken, even those which were much alike in showing nothing but snow-capped moun-

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tain-peaks; noting also, with alarm, that he was sometimes disturbed by nightmares and sometimes walked in his sleep.

But these items were merely attributes. When they continued their tour, leaving Venice and going through the Dolomites to Cortina, she discovered something more fundamental, namely, that she could be jealous. Her husband had a great desire to do some climbing. She herself could not climb, but there seemed no reason why he should not go with someone else. It happened that they met there a charming person called Kitty Gandy. Mrs. Roosevelt recalls the experience in these words: "She was a few years his senior and he did not know her very well at that time, but she could climb and I could not, and though I never said a word I was jealous beyond description and perfectly delighted when we started off again and drove out of the mountains."

These early weeks were apparently more like an engagement period than a honeymoon. The two were closer in mutual understanding by the time they had returned to New York, but even then his wife still had much to learn about Franklin Roosevelt. It was a long time, for example, before she could bring herself to have a serious talk with him about religion. Indeed, two children, Anna in 1906 and James in 1907, were born to them before she was bold enough to inquire as to the precise nature of her husband's religious beliefs, and then she learned that actually his beliefs were anything but precise and clearly defined. She was solemn on the subject: he was, in her opinion, casual. She came to him inquiring how much religion he thought they should teach their children. Or did he think (she

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asked with a look of heavy responsibility) that they ought to leave the children with free minds and allow them to make their own decisions in later life? He looked amused (and she was a little hurt by this) and then told her that he thought the children had better go to church and learn what he had learned. If it did not benefit them it would not harm them. It annoyed her that he should adopt a *laissez-faire* attitude on a subject so seriously important, and she challenged him with "Are you sure that you believe in everything you learned?" Then he confessed that he never really thought about it, and indeed that he considered it just as well not to worry too much about such things. That he should refuse to discuss this angered her into a long silence on the subject, and for several years she nursed a secret grievance which grew sturdier each time she thought of him playing his Sunday round of golf while she went to church with the children. Later still a sense of humour came to rescue her from the unhappy situation, but this, too, having been delayed in birth, was necessarily something of a religious cultivation.

These years, in fact, were a period of adjustment, and Franklin Roosevelt's wife was not of that temperamental build which could make light of her several problems. She has described herself as being at this time of an excessively serious and conscientious disposition. "A certain kind of orthodox goodness was my ideal and ambition, and I fully expected that my young husband would have these same ideas, ideals and ambitions. So much sweetness and light could hardly have been expected of an older and more disciplined person, but what a tragedy it was if in any

way my husband offended against these ideals of mine." Then she adds, "Amusingly enough, I do not think I ever told him what I expected!"

What if she had? Can we not draw a conclusion from his aloof and rather disdainful answer to her inquiry about the religious upbringing of their children? Is it not probable that if she had confided to him these ideals and ambitions that he would have again looked at her with his amused smile and said, "I think it is just as well not to worry too much about such things"?

This is not to say that he cared for none of the finer feelings, but rather that he was refusing to take too seriously his wife's emotional confusions. He considered that they were of such a nature that they could safely be left to time for their resolving. He disliked the idea of tying his mind up in knots over things that he was clear-sighted enough to see would matter less and less as the weeks passed by. So it was that when he left her to go on a hunting holiday or to do some property surveying, he wrote to her letters in which no shadow of an introspective thought ever appeared, letters which could not have gone far in satisfying the misty idealism with which he, unknowing, was surrounded in her eyes. The following passage, taken from a letter dated June 15, 1908, is typical of many which he wrote at that time in that it shows him entirely preoccupied with the outside world: "If you can imagine a succession of ridges, each fifteen hundred or so feet above the valleys, running up at a very precipitous angle and covered with marvellous trees and an undergrowth of rhododendrons and holly, you can get a general idea of the country—the path was just about the steepest

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kind that I would care to take a horse up, following generally a watercourse filled with boulders and ledges of rock. We formed a cavalcade of five—Mr. Whiteley, Mr. Wolf, the superintendent of the Boone's Path Iron Co., Uncle Warren, Mr. Lewell, W. D.'s local attorney, and me. My horse is small, but wiry and sure-footed. Uncle Warren rode a mule, as the horse intended for him had a sore back.

"We got to the top of the Cumberland Mountains about 10 o'clock and had one of the most magnificent views I have ever seen, looking to the south over the angle of Virginia almost to the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, and to the northward over the Harlan County, Kentucky, section that Uncle Warren and Davis are interested in. We continued along the ridge for a mile or so, got lost, came over the top and started down into the valley over what they thought was a trail. I thought otherwise—for half an hour we slipped, slid and fell down the slope, the horses slipping, sliding and almost falling on top of us, and ended up in a heap in the stream at the bottom. Uncle Warren said it was about the roughest ride he has ever had here."

In these lines, and occasionally between them, can be discerned the sublime independence of Franklin Roosevelt's spirit. He took it for granted that his wife would be interested in every half-mile of his trip and, fortunately for him, she also took it for granted that it was her duty to be interested. In this their marriage was typical of their own and an earlier generation, being a partnership in which the man was all dominating and always on guard against the temptation

(if ever it beset him) of showing too much sympathy, and the woman was the complacently admiring child-bearer. But Eleanor Roosevelt, though it was some time before she could pluck up courage to make it known, was far from being complacent by nature. For the first few years of their marriage she continued to follow the narrow, high path of duty, never for a moment asking herself whether her daily tasks were the things she really wanted to do. Then came a change. Her husband's eminently reasonable attitude towards every single thing that cropped up in their lives began to irk her. There had been the question of the children's religious training. Then there was the recurring problem of where they should live. They had lived in that hotel apartment; then had gone to a house in East 36th Street which his mother had taken and furnished for them; later they were in a house in East 65th Street which again had been chosen by his mother and built next to her own; then, for the benefit of the children's health, they moved temporarily to Seabright, New Jersey, and lived in a house on the boardwalk, with neighbours so close on either side that they could be heard every morning ordering their food for the day. It was when they returned to their New York house that he first discovered that this roaming, dependent life had caused in his wife a profound dissatisfaction. He had no way of understanding the peculiarly feminine difficulties, and when he came in one day and found her sitting at her dressing-table and weeping, he was entirely unprepared and could only ask in awkward exasperation, "What on earth is the matter?"

Her reply only increased his bewilderment. She

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told him that she did not like the idea of living in a house which was in no way her own, one that she had had no hand in preparing and that did not represent the way she wanted to live. Obviously, this situation resembled the one which had resulted from their discussion on religion, and both affected him in a similar way. That is, he was puzzled and a little annoyed. Gently he told her (and it was his being gentle that seems to have rankled) that she was quite mad, and, as he left the room, offered for consolation the opinion that she would feel different in a little while.

These were no more than the serious-seeming misunderstandings over trifles that every man and wife encounter in the first years. They are recorded here as evidence that Franklin Roosevelt was anything but worldly wise where feminine instincts were concerned. Keen map-reader though he was, it did not occur to him to study the map that lay open before him in his wife's character. Or rather he failed to see that a map *was* lying there, a woman's nature appearing to him to be an uncharted country without boundaries and without logically running roads. This blindness helps to explain the still more complicated emotions which were stirring in his wife for some time after the death of their third child at the age of seven months. How vividly she remembers that time can be perceived in her own account of it: "I was young and morbid and reproached myself very bitterly for having done so little about the care of this baby. I felt he had been left too much to the nurse and I knew too little about him and that in some way I must be to blame. I even felt that I had not cared enough about him, and I made myself and

all those around me most unhappy during that winter. I was even a little bitter against my poor young husband who occasionally tried to make me see how idiotically I was behaving."

Harassed though he was during this period, there is no reason to believe that Franklin Roosevelt was profoundly unhappy. La Rochefoucauld's opinion was that there were good marriages but none that could be called delicious, and the opinion fairly expresses what Franklin and his wife were tardily coming to understand. But there were more distractions in his life than in hers and so he had less time to luxuriate in self-searchings. Also less inclination. He was, after all, at the beginning of a career, and although he was still undecided as to which path he most desired to follow, ambition was already strong in him.

In this connection, I believe that too much can be made of Theodore Roosevelt's influence upon him. But this point can be more profitably considered after his several occupations at this time have been remarked. After his graduation from the law school, his work in the old and honoured City firm of Carter, Ledyard & Milburn was considered good and Mr. Ledyard himself liked him. But the work did not wholly absorb him and he began to hanker after some more direct form of public service. The opportunity came when he was asked to accept the Senate nomination for his district, which had failed to elect a Democrat for thirty-two years. It was a difficult decision to make. Some of his family attempted to dissuade him and he himself was unwilling to throw up his legal work, especially when he found how disturbed Mr. Ledyard was at the

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prospect of his leaving. On the other hand, it was obvious that success in the election would lead his life into the channel of public service and deepen his knowledge of men and affairs.

A brief comment upon the state of the political parties in the Hudson River counties will help to make real the first important problem that Franklin Roosevelt was called upon to solve in connection with his career. The Republican party could always be sure of carrying the villages and farming regions of this area, in spite of the Democrats being strong in Poughkeepsie, the small town near the Roosevelt estate at Hyde Park. Nomination was usually offered to someone of a good and respected country family, someone who would be willing to pay his own campaigning expenses and who might make a strong personal appeal to independent minds. Someone was wanted, in fact, who would give tone to the Democratic party.

The Mayor of Poughkeepsie and some other Democrats of the town concluded among themselves that Franklin Roosevelt was their campaigning man. But he himself was still unsure. To accept the Senate nomination would mean a month's hard campaigning with small hope of being elected. The ultimate decision, however, was inevitable, for the fighter in him had been roused. The giant task appealed to him, and at last he accepted and in the speech which made the acceptance formal, said, "As you know, I accept the nomination with absolute independence. I am pledged to no man; I am influenced by no specific interests; and so I shall remain. If elected I will give my entire time to serving the people of this district. In the coming campaign

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I need not tell you that I do not intend to sit still—we are going to have a very strenuous month.”

The local Democratic Press welcomed the new-comer, commenting that he was “a young man of high ideals and lofty impulses,” and that he had “the character and ability to take a place in the legislature of the state.” One journal highly commended the almost unknown candidate as “an exceptionally bright young man,” while another, belonging to the opposite party, was content to surmise that the new candidate’s contribution to the campaign funds was in all probability well above four figures. Such were the first tin trumpet-calls to tell that Franklin Roosevelt had entered the political arena.

He had told the party leaders that he had no intention of sitting still, but he had not told them that he was proposing to tour the constituency in a motor-car. The boldness of the idea astonished them. Having no car of his own, Roosevelt hired one from a character called Hawkey who took him and the other candidates to every part of the constituency. Though there was no top to the car, they went out in all weathers, and even welcomed a rainy day for the advantage it gave them in displaying their enthusiasm. A campaign of this kind, in which every village, every remote district was visited, was a new thing, except to those who had heard Theodore Roosevelt deliver a speech from horse-back. Some of Franklin Roosevelt’s friends thought it inadvisable to go round in a car to visit farmers, for the farmers of 1910 disliked the new road-machine and all that it represented. Perhaps his friends would have been justified in their caution had Hawkey’s car

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been efficient. Fortunately for the Democratic candidate it was continually breaking down, and he was able to turn the farmers' derision into good humour and use that as a means of approach. With its polished lamps and gleaming brass fittings, Hawkey's car was as ugly a composition as an automobile of that period could be, and whenever it broke down, they could nearly always be certain of a small gathering, and often a large one, of wide-eyed country folk. While the car was being repaired Franklin Roosevelt used the time to make a speech. Not even the time taken for filling up with petrol was wasted. Sometimes he made twenty speeches in a day, and after every speech he shook hands with everyone in the audience while one of his companions, with a conjurer's air, produced the American flag from the depths of the automobile.

During all this bustle, Eleanor Roosevelt was quietly standing aside waiting for the birth of another child. Though she was interested in her husband's activities, it did not occur to her that she had any part to play. Her attitude was one of acquiescence. If her husband were elected, then she would consent to go to Albany to live and make the necessary plans for moving there. Apart from that she felt that she could be no more than a spectator. The situation encouraged her to picture herself as a neglected person, and if she sometimes indulged in this thought, she was no more to be blamed than any other wife of an ambitious young man.

Before the end of the campaign she did attend one of her husband's meetings and while he was speaking was extremely nervous on his account lest he be at a loss for words. This was the first political speech she had ever

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heard him give and she was chiefly impressed by his slow delivery and by the long pauses that he made. She remembers that he looked thin, highly strung and, at times, nervous; she also recalls his white skin, fair hair, deep-set blue eyes and clear-cut features, and that, although there were as yet no lines in his face, there were times when "a set look of his jaw denoted that this apparently pliable youth had strength and Dutch obstinacy in his make-up."

The end of it all was that this highly strung, obstinate-looking young man was elected to the New York State Senate, the first successful Democrat in that State since Thomas Jefferson Newbold had been returned about thirty years before.

The campaign had been a rich experience for Franklin Roosevelt, especially in that it had brought him into direct contact with new people of all classes and conditions. That, he was beginning to realize, was his chief need—always to be meeting people and to be knowing their minds. During the election campaign he made several new friends. There was, for example, Thomas Lynch who was firm in the belief that one day there would be a President Franklin Roosevelt; there were Mr. Newbold, with his great knowledge of local politics, John Mack, an old-fashioned type of politician-philanthropist who by his example and advice was a guiding influence in these early days of Roosevelt's career, and Dick Connell, who impressed upon him the importance of oratory. It was said of Connell that he could make a grand speech even though it was always the same one. From him Franklin Roosevelt learned that a speech was none the worse for being presented with a certain

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amount of showmanship; but when he began to acquire some of the theatrical tricks and gestures of Theodore Roosevelt, he was advised to drop them and to stay content in being himself. Thenceforward he aimed at developing a more natural manner of addressing audiences, watching himself to permit only those gestures that came unforced from the nature of his utterance, and making better use of his voice. But it was to be a long time yet before it could be said of his oratory, as it has been remarked of La Fontaine's writing, that "*la sonorité vient en aide à la morale.*"

As for Theodore Roosevelt's influence upon him in other respects at this time, this, as I have already remarked, can be easily exaggerated. The temptation to draw parallels between the Roosevelt who was then President and the Roosevelt who was to become President has been too strong for some commentators. One of them has remarked, for example, that in the technique of his election campaign, Franklin Roosevelt immediately began to imitate the older Roosevelt, and in support of this opinion cites the occasion when Franklin, after he had been invited to be a candidate for a seat in the New York State Senate, turned up in riding-boots to discuss the matter with the party leaders. But Franklin Roosevelt as a young man was always unconventional enough to do such a thing without a famous relation to prompt him. The same writer also sees in Franklin's automobile campaign an imitation of Theodore's campaigning on horseback; but is there any need to interpret this as anything but a sign that the younger Roosevelt had already gained a little knowledge on the subject of "human nature in politics"?

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When the same commentator reads into Franklin Roosevelt's first entry into politics the motive of jealousy, he looks as absurd as Pierrot chasing with his hat what he conceives to be a butterfly, and nearly as absurd as the German musicologist who professed to find the inspiration of a composition by Beethoven in one of Goethe's works, by the fantastic method of selecting sentences from the latter and attaching them to some of the phrases in the music. For there is no particular reason why Franklin Roosevelt should have been jealous of a man so much older than himself. It is true that Eleanor Roosevelt was a great admirer of her uncle, but there is nothing to lead us to believe that her husband did not share her admiration. It was natural that a young man who had only just begun to experience the rough-and-tumble life of a politician should closely study the career of an eminent relation, especially one so eminent and original as President Theodore Roosevelt. But to be an interested student is one thing; to be a conscious imitator is another.

How brazen a face speculation can sometimes show is exemplified in the following passage: "Thus Franklin, stirred by the career of his politically opposed uncle, began to revise the views handed on to him by tradition. He recognized that he called himself a Democrat only because his father had remained one in the Civil War, while he heard his uncle openly admit that he had become a Republican because in his home neighbourhood the Republicans were a majority and therefore offered better prospects of success. *It is thus*, between curiosity and family pride, between party enmity and jealousy, *that he must have looked* upon the stand taken by his

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uncle. Then, suddenly, within a year of his uncle's election, President McKinley was shot down by an assassin, and the whole country looked to the man designated by the law to take his place; in a few days the one was dead, the other was President. This happened shortly after the death of Franklin's old father, and it would not be difficult for psychoanalysts to weave together, out of these two incidents, Franklin's dreams and their own."

And to show what child's play it can be, this writer continues to draw upon his own dreams (a superb example appears in the words I have put in *italics*) and without a qualm presents these as the dreams and ideas and motives of Franklin Roosevelt at the beginning of his political life.

It seems reasonable to suspect that the motives of imitation and jealousy are the invention of rashly speculative minds which are making too much show of wisdom that could never have come into their possession before the events. Until someone who knew Franklin Roosevelt well in those days comes forward with clear evidence to the contrary, we can safely assume that the young State Senator's attitude towards his famous relation was one of curiosity, admiration and natural respect. Such an attitude would not be inconsistent with the free-tongued criticism which young men always release in discussing the politics of the elders.

The winning of his first election was the first of several surprises that Franklin Roosevelt gave to his party leaders. They soon discovered that they had been mistaken in regarding him as a wealthy amateur who would be content to lend his name and some financial assistance

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to the party. Having been elected, he let them know that he was bent on becoming a full-time politician. He already gave an indication of this when he took a house in Albany, the capital of New York State, and so departed from the custom followed by most of the members of the Legislature, which was to come to Albany for the Monday night sitting and stay in a hotel there till about the middle of the week.

Not only that; the Roosevelts also decided to give a reception to the constituents without waiting to settle down, with three children and nurses and servants, in their new house. This was on New Year's Day, 1911. The door of the house was left open and for three hours people from all parts of Dutchess County were coming and going. When the reception was over and the clearing up was finished and the caterers gone, Eleanor Roosevelt, with the help of her mother-in-law, started on the business of converting the house into a home. The order of events was a presage of how these Roosevelts intended to work.

The next surprise for the Democrat Party came when Franklin Roosevelt decided to wage a fight in the Senate. Whether we regard this as a foreshadowing of the mightier challenges to come or merely as a slightly more mature manifestation of the moralizing spirit which prompted his editorials at Harvard, it is exactly the kind of decision that we, looking back over the years, would expect from a man of Roosevelt's training and temperament. But to his contemporaries the challenge was an uncomfortable shock. Some of them tried to regain composure by mocking him as "the college kid"; others sent round the word that the boy was bidding for pub-



Bust by Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, 1911

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licity. But Roosevelt had set his mind on carrying out a reform and would not be turned back.

The fight was over a man called William F. Sheehan, who had begun life as Democratic leader of Buffalo and was now a rich lawyer, and counsel for and director of several public utility and railway companies. He was in a position, that is to say, to combine wealth with politics. In 1911, when the Senators of the United States were elected by the State Legislatures (and not by the direct vote of the people), Sheehan was chosen by the Democratic Party as a candidate for the Senate. To elect him 101 votes were needed. On the night when the caucus was to be held in the Capitol, Franklin Roosevelt and eighteen Democratic members of the Assembly issued a manifesto giving their reason for not attending. Their belief was that "the votes of those who represented the people should not be smothered in the caucus; and that the people should know just how their representatives voted, untrammelled by any caucus action; and that any majority secured for any candidate should be credited to the representatives in the Legislature and not someone outside the body."

What was not announced in this declaration was that this group of men, of whom Roosevelt was the youngest, had vowed to stand together until Sheehan's name was withdrawn. They held up the election for ten weeks while every sort of political ruse was employed to bring them into line with the rest of the party. They were threatened, accused of being secretly backed by Wall Street, libelled and after a time were forced to hold secret meetings. Franklin Roosevelt, leading this revolt, became more and more obstinate, more and more

lofty in his defiance. Moreover, he was enjoying the fight.

Eleanor Roosevelt was watching the encounter from a distance, so to speak, and had only a confused idea of what was going on. But there came a day when the contest was brought under her very nose, and very great was her perturbation. Her husband announced that Mr. Sheehan and his wife were coming to lunch and that after the meal she must entertain Mrs. Sheehan while he in another room would attempt to come to an agreement with Mr. Sheehan. She recalls the awkward time when, after the meal, she and Mrs. Sheehan played a long game of small talk while each knew that the other's mind was on the struggle which was then going on in Franklin Roosevelt's study. She remembers the immense relief when at last the two men came out from the study. When their guests were gone, she turned to her husband and asked if they had come to any agreement.

"Certainly not," he answered.

The fight continued. Not because of any personal grudge against Sheehan, not because of any hope of immediate reward, but rather because Roosevelt's upbringing had moulded his character in such a way that any suspicion of corruption or unfairness was abhorrent to him. Sheehan was known as "Blue-eyed Billy," the implication being that his eyes belied his real self, just as his trained moustache helped to screen the shape of his mouth. Young Roosevelt's appearance was so contrasted as to be in itself a challenge, for at this time he had that straightforward, high-minded, self-assured look which is associated in my own mind with the best type of ordinand.

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beginning of 1911 a long article in the *New York Times* was devoted to him. The heading was "Franklin D. Roosevelt, Chief Insurgent at Albany," and below this was printed the hearty description, "He's the son-in-law of the Colonel, and he stepped into the spotlight on the first day he took his seat as leader of the Independent Democrats." The writer of the article described that occasion when Roosevelt took his seat as follows: "Franklin D. Roosevelt stepped lightly into the Senate Chamber on the opening day of the present session. He had a certificate of election entitling him to a reserved seat, and he had come to claim it. Softly he made his way up the carpeted aisle. Unobtrusively he sank into the big leather upholstered chair behind a desk marked '26' in white lettering. It was the seat of whoever happened to represent the Columbia-Putnam-Dutchess district in the Senate. . . .

"That desk and the man behind it have been in the glare of the limelight ever since . . . Tom Grady was the only man in the Senate Chamber to whom this was the second coming of a Roosevelt into the legislative halls and into public life at the Capitol. A generation ago he was on hand to assist in the welcome to Theodore Roosevelt when, as a boy just out of college, he came to Albany to begin the career that was crowned by seven years in the White House."

We can be grateful to this journalist for his so conscientious report; also for handing down some of Franklin Roosevelt's opinions of Theodore at the time of the fight against Sheehan. When he was asked if he admired his uncle-in-law, Franklin Roosevelt replied, "Why, who can help but admire him? I differ with him on a

great many questions, but they are the differences between men who are both seeking to do their best for the public good. Only he is doing it in the Republican way while I am trying to do it in a Democratic way. It is a difference in method growing out of fundamental differences in party faith, that's all. My uncle-in-law will come back all right, no matter what some people believe. It is only a question of time before people generally will appreciate what he has done in arousing the public conscience and in driving corruption out of politics."

But this was not to say that Franklin Roosevelt was lukewarm in his support of party principles. On the contrary, he declared himself to be "a Democrat, first, last and all the time." Only he did not allow party feeling to blind him to the fact that a Republican and a Democrat could be at one in opposing venal practices. The circumstances of his life favoured the development of this high-mindedness in him, for by inheritance and by marriage he was a man of means and could pursue his course independently and without asking favours. The admirable quality of his character was unfolding like a flower in the morning sun.

The long-drawn-out battle with Sheehan tested him thoroughly and proved him a born fighter. He enjoyed every day of it, enjoyed it so much that he could be embarrassingly generous in his tribute to his opponents. The struggle would probably have lasted even longer than it did but for the inconvenience caused by a fire breaking out one night in the Capitol. Members of the Senate and the Assembly, already exhausted by weeks of unprofitable argument, were now irritated by having to

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assemble in makeshift rooms. Many of them were now in a mood to agree to anything if only they could escape from Albany. The party leaders had no alternative but to surrender and to nominate another candidate. Franklin Roosevelt became the man of the hour in New York State. His victory empowered him to bring forward an amendment to the Federal Constitution providing for the election of United States Senators by a direct vote of the people. It was, in fact, one of the more important incidents in the movement which resulted in an amendment of the National Constitution to the same effect. And Roosevelt's success can be related to another important movement, namely, that Progressive movement in the Democratic Party which brought about the nomination of Woodrow Wilson.

5. Routine and Adventure

“**I**T was extremely hot. I understood little about the fight for Woodrow Wilson’s nomination, though my husband, I knew, was deeply interested and was spending a great deal of time trying to bring it about. Finally, I decided my husband would hardly miss my company, as I rarely laid eyes on him, and the children should go to Campobello, so I went home and took them up there and waited to hear the result. I received a wild telegram of triumph when Mr. Wilson was finally nominated. It read: ‘Wilson nominated this afternoon all my plans vague splendid triumph. Franklin.’ . . . Bob, who had been a Rough Rider, and Isabella were working for Uncle Ted, who was running for President as a Progressive; and Franklin, of course, was helping the Wilson campaign, but that never disturbed Isabella or me!”

In this frank manner Eleanor Roosevelt reveals, clearly enough, how little the politics of that time meant to her. But more than that, she is allowing us to overhear the plaintive note of the neglected wife. Further than that we need not go, for it would involve a search between the lines to discover any resentment against her husband for taking part in a campaign against her admired uncle, and what need is there to read between lines so plainly written as these? Two points may be remarked. First, her description of the telegram as “wild” (even allowing for the fact that the account was

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written in later years) suggests aloofness, a detached amusement in her attitude towards her husband's role of politician; second, the wording of the telegram betrays that he was wholly enthralled by politics and could not now be called back.

For Franklin Roosevelt, Wilson represented the progressive type of Democrat to which, in his opinion, the whole party must conform to be a force in the land. If power came to him, such a man (Roosevelt thought) would help to restore to the word "politics" an honourable meaning, so that a politician could be accepted without question as one who sought the good of his fellow-creatures. Wilson's influence as Governor of New Jersey convinced Roosevelt that he was the type of man needed in American politics.

But Wilson, as we now know, was handicapped as a politician just because he was so upright, so lofty in all his theories, so smooth in his logic. To be completely great, he needed the spur to action or else someone, of like mind, to bring down his ideas, without damaging them, to the plane of practical politics. When Franklin Roosevelt visited him one day in the autumn of 1911, Wilson was impressed by his fervour. Something in him responded to this man, twenty-five years younger than himself, telling him that through such zeal and turbulence, his own ideals could be made a living reality. Roosevelt, for his part, was flattered that his own ideas should coincide with those of so deep a thinker as Woodrow Wilson. It was as if the older man had suddenly and unaccountably found in his hand a weapon, and as if the younger man, in the midst of battle, had come upon a fortified retreat.

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The deplorable level of American politics at this period was such that a politician of Franklin Roosevelt's disposition could not but be hated by those who liked the game all the better for not being too clean. It was natural that such as these should look upon him as a kind of Malvolio, a figure inviting dislike and ridicule because he was so obviously letting them know that he was not of their element.

But, though Roosevelt was conscious of his advantages, he did not withdraw so far as to lose touch with the game. Indeed, there were incidents showing that he could be very much of their element when he wished. The game is more than the player of the game—that is an aphorism which, in politics, loses its high tone and still remains true. There was, for example, the organized hullabaloo when Champ Clark had been brought forward as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. Ever since he had visited Wilson on that autumn day, Franklin Roosevelt had worked hard for him, and had succeeded so far as to form an organization for publicity, the name of which, incidentally, should not be overlooked by those who collect examples of the “dragooned epithet.” It was called the New York State Wilson Conference.

The convention for deciding upon the nomination was to be at Baltimore, and Franklin Roosevelt went there to supervise manœuvres. He heard that the leaders in favour of Clark had planned to storm the convention hall during the session. The doorkeepers were told to admit no one who was not wearing a button showing him to be a supporter of Clark. Roosevelt communicated with a friend who had a standing in political life at Baltimore, and this man promised to

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rally a hundred men to help carry out Roosevelt's plan. From New York Roosevelt gathered another hundred men and handed out to them buttons like those which were being worn by Clark's party. He instructed these to keep close behind Clark's real supporters and enter the hall as part of their contingent. Clark's men, receiving their signal, invaded the hall like a conquering army, waving banners and roaring, "We want Clark." But at that very moment when it seemed impossible that a single voice could be raised against Champ Clark, Roosevelt's men entered the hall crying, "We want Wilson." Clark's men paused in dismay, then turned upon the tricky ones to rout them. But they were not to be routed. They resisted so strongly that a most uncivil fight would have followed had not a third group, standing for law and order, turned them all out.

Here was evidence that Franklin Roosevelt was not above resorting to the cunning that is commonly associated with politics. He was realist enough to admit that, if he would lift politics to a higher level of conduct, he must occasionally consent to use the primitive weapons that politicians had been using since the political world began. The trick played upon Clark's supporters was certainly primitive, but it was a factor in securing the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency.

These events help to explain, and perhaps to excuse, the wildness of the telegram in which Franklin Roosevelt sent his wife the news. There could be no doubt about the fact that the man's whole life was politics. Ambition and a passion for justice together pricked him on, and he was apparently not at all in need of the spur which a wife's understanding can give. In any case, he was

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working without that prompting influence during these years, and the fact was partly due to his wife's pre-occupation with maternal and domestic duties, partly to his own assumption that politics could not profitably be discussed with women. So it was that Eleanor Roosevelt was slow in becoming fully alive to what exactly it was that Franklin was so excited about all the time.

But if she failed to grasp the meaning of it all, she was staunch in carrying out everything that seemed to be her duty. And when typhoid fever laid her husband low at the very time when he was seeking re-election, she had more opportunity to understand the motives and forces by which he was being driven. The illness also served to bring a new character to the front of the scene. His name was Louis McHenry Howe. He was a journalist, living in Albany with his wife and daughter, and the Roosevelts had first met him soon after they had moved to Albany.

The attack of fever on the eve of the election campaign reduced Franklin Roosevelt's chances of being returned as State Senator. He could count on the loyalty of the organized Democrats, but would need more Republican votes in the country districts to make certain of victory. He himself could do nothing; he was miserably ill. It was then that it occurred to the Roosevelts that Louis Howe might be willing to help them. The idea of running a campaign instead of writing about it appealed to Howe and he consented. He had been one of those who believed that Franklin Roosevelt would be re-elected, though there was a feeling that none of those who had fought against the nomination of Sheehan would have a chance.

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Howe obtained leave from his newspapers and ran the campaign so successfully that Roosevelt was re-elected. The election proved the strength of his hold on the farmers and the Progressive Republicans; it also revealed the campaigning skill of Louis Howe, the quiet little newspaper man from Albany. Eleanor Roosevelt describes this man as gnome-like, as an astute politician and a wise reader of newspapers and of human beings, and playfully tells this story of him: "A cheque book was one of the things Louis did not understand very well. My husband gave him a cheque book and a certain amount of money in the bank. Each time Louis came to see my husband, he insisted that he still had money in the bank. Finally, the bank notified my husband that the account was overdrawn. Louis still insisted he had money on hand, and when Franklin looked over the cheque book he found that Louis always added the balance instead of deducting it, so, of course, the amount always went up instead of down."

For all the help that Howe gave to her husband, she was critical at first. She did not approve of his smoking cigarettes in her husband's bedroom, and the smoke seems to have clouded for a time her perception of his real qualities. She looks back on that period and recalls how disapproving she was whenever Louis Howe came down to report on the campaign. "I simply made a nuisance of myself," she confesses, "over those visits and his cigarettes. I often wonder now how they bore with me in those days. I had no sense of values whatsoever."

After the election, she and Franklin decided to take two rooms at the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany and to

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leave the children in their New York house. She arranged to go to Albany each Monday and to return to the children each Thursday. Then, during the winter, there was talk of Franklin being invited to join the Administration in Washington, but Eleanor was too busy with the nursery administration to give it much attention.

As soon as Franklin Roosevelt heard of the possibility of an appointment at Washington, he knew in his own mind which post he wanted above all others. It was the post which Theodore Roosevelt had held in early life, that of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The fact that his uncle-in-law had filled this post was one side of the attraction, but this would have counted for little but for his continuous and live interest in ships and seafaring. A few days before President Wilson's inauguration, Roosevelt went to Washington and was given a choice between two appointments. He was told he could be either Collector of the Port of New York or Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Neither interested him. Later the same day he met Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, who asked him if he did not want to be his assistant. "I do," said Roosevelt.

Wilson's approval was quickly obtained and Roosevelt, having sent in his resignation as a State Senator, made arrangements to move to Washington. He took his oath of office on March 17, 1913. It was the anniversary of his wedding-day.

The association of two such contrasted men as Daniels and Roosevelt might have led to troublesome disagreements but for the kindliness of the former and the generous temperament of the latter. Some accounts of Daniels, especially those which came from naval officers, left the

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impression that he was all at sea in dealing with Navy affairs. It was true that he had had no previous connection with the Navy, that he was unfamiliar with naval etiquette and that he made the mistake of preaching too much in discussing the moral tone of the Service. It was also true that he was tardy in coming to a decision and was unduly fussy in the eyes of the men of action with whom he had to deal. But Josephus Daniels was no fool; and Roosevelt was clever enough to appreciate his chief's qualities, even though he knew very well that many preferred his own quick way of doing things. He even went so far as to declare that Daniels ranked with the greatest of the Navy Secretaries, in that his keen business sense and his organizing skill brought the American Navy to a peak of efficiency before the United States entered the Great War. This opinion is borne out by another commentator who regarded Daniels as one of the few available men having the precise qualifications needed to reform the American Navy of 1913, and among those qualifications he put foremost the facts that he was of puritanical mind and that he had no personal friends in the Navy.

The Navy disliked Daniels because he was a reformer. They laughed at his black tie and his habits of thinking things over. They disapproved of him because they knew that he was bent not only on improving the morality of the Navy (as if that had been a matter for outside interference!) but also on removing the corrupt business practices which had been reducing the Navy's efficiency. They preferred the new Assistant Secretary. He was more amenable, swifter to act, more of a man's man. They tried to win him over to their side.

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Now this was a test for the thirty-one-year-old Assistant Secretary. Some in his position would have been flattered by his comparative popularity with the officers, would have curried favour with them. Franklin Roosevelt was at heart too much of a puritan himself to go that way. Although the experience of working under a chief was new to him, he admired Daniels too much to permit himself a word of criticism against him. His reward was that Daniels trusted him completely.

So it was that Franklin Roosevelt, in a comparatively obscure post, began to attract attention in Washington circles. His particular value was that he was able to treat with two parties which otherwise would have made little progress in their dealings with each other. There were occasions when a less wisely good-natured man than Daniels would have considered his assistant to be acting in a high-handed way; but even when he did not entirely agree with him, he respected Roosevelt's judgment, and was glad to be relieved of some of his responsibilities so that he could concentrate upon the two matters that most concerned him, namely, the personnel and the operations of the Navy. During the Great War additional appointments in the Navy Department were suggested; but none were made, and Daniels and Roosevelt, unaided, shouldered the increasing responsibilities all through that testing-time.

That he was in the Navy Department at the time of the Great War was a coincidence that helped forward Roosevelt's development as a politician as much as anything else in his life. He was speaking to audiences now not only with a more mature judgment but also with more skill in marshalling his facts. The undergraduate

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editor and the amateur orator were no longer in evidence. In his numerous speeches and articles on the subject of "a bigger Navy," the Assistant Secretary impressed people as a man who knew his subject. A few months before the War, he was telling Americans that though they need not fear invasion, yet, in time of war, they could not be content with watching an enemy supersede them in every outlying part, usurp their commerce and destroy their national influence throughout the world.

"Our national defence," he continued, "must extend all over the western hemisphere, must go out a thousand miles into the sea, must embrace the Philippines and over the seas wherever our commerce may be. To hold the Panama Canal, Alaska, American Samoa, Guam, Porto Rico, the naval base at Guantanamo and the Philippines, we must have battleships. We must create a navy not only to protect our shores and our possessions but our merchant ships in time of war, no matter where they may go."

He was the lone voice, crying out against a nation's apathy, and it was a role that brought out the best of his qualities. No other suited him so well. A commonwealth of supreme bliss, a flawless political order—in such a world Franklin Roosevelt would have been an unhappy misfit. There would have been nothing left to fight against, no crying shame to denounce, no corruption to inspire indignant eloquence. The observer standing at a later point in time can already see that the Roosevelt of that period is a man destined never to enter the promised land even if he were granted a glimpse of it. For in the fair promised land, a man of his fighting calibre could not find a place. He is destined, one would

say, to be an instrument, not an inheritor. One cannot picture him in old age sitting, like Job, in the sunrise of prosperity, surrounded by his family and bestowing his blessing upon all fellow-creatures, friends and enemies alike, as they join in a pastoral dance.

No, this live young politician must have abuses, evils and enormities to combat if the world is to have the best of him. If these evils grow big enough, there may come a moment when we shall exclaim, "How much a man of our time he is! He was destined to come at this hour!"

Something of the destiny-man was already showing at the time when he was in the Navy Department. Something of his bold challenging spirit was already manifest, as, for example, when he declared, "The Navy is not fit for war. We have to-day only sixteen ships we can send effectively against the first line of the enemy. I made a test a few days ago. I asked twenty officers in the Navy which they would rather do in case of a fight between ten battleships of the *Oregon* class and the *Wyoming*; command the ten *Oregons* or the one *Wyoming*. The answer of nineteen of those officers was that they would rather command the *Wyoming*."

His speeches and articles were the more impressive in that they were free from jingoism and revealed a sound knowledge of naval strategy and, still more important, a feeling for the traditional spirit of the Navy. The War itself gave point to his warnings, and after the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Congress began to take heed and to act. So it came about that Roosevelt, occupying only a minor post, gained a reputation for constructive and reforming action, a reputation which was causing politicians to wag their heads knowingly and speak of him as a coming

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man. He checked the police court judges' practice of sentencing boys to naval service, with its implication that the Navy was a reformatory or a penal institution; having discovered that a large number of men in the Navy were unable to swim, he decreed that every recruit before being sent to a ship must pass a swimming test; he reformed some doubtful methods of promotion; he co-operated with Daniels in speeding up routine work; he began to find new uses for the obsolete navy-yards, converting some of them into industrial centres for the production of naval equipments; he struck at the abuse of "collusive bidding" for naval contracts by sending a contract to England when a Sheffield firm quoted a figure which was about a third of the lowest figure offered by American firms.

During the summer and autumn of 1915 Roosevelt's speeches reflected the conviction that, in spite of President Wilson's reluctance, America would sooner or later be drawn into the War. He gave all his time and thought to preparing for this event on a big scale. He asked for an increase of thirty thousand men for active service in the Navy and for a strengthening of the Naval Reserve and Militia. If there was any disagreement with Josephus Daniels on this question, no sign of it was given. One result of Roosevelt's "drive" was that a number of private motor-boats reported for mobilization and took part in the naval exercises. Roosevelt also started on a tour of the yacht clubs on the Atlantic coast, stirring up interest in the formation of a coast patrol. And all the time he was impressing upon his audiences the Navy's need of increased fighting-power.

Not till several years later was the fact made public

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that the American Navy at that time was woefully unprepared; and during later election campaigns Franklin Roosevelt was repeatedly blamed for the scandal. He did not then reveal that his reforms were hindered by President Wilson himself.

On one occasion (in the autumn of 1916) Franklin Roosevelt talked with Wilson on the subject of an increased and improved Navy. He was astonished to find the President unimpressed by his enthusiasm. He could not believe that the head of a State could be so blind to the fact that America was on the verge of war. It was to be understood, perhaps, that ordinary people, having no idea of the country's peril, should consider his zeal mistaken and excessive, but that the President himself should throw cold water on what was, after all, the merest common sense—that was almost beyond belief. Moreover, to one who had so whole-heartedly supported him, it was a deep disappointment. It seemed useless to argue, so Roosevelt prepared to go. But Wilson, perceiving how unwise it would be to leave his attitude unexplained, called him back, bade him sit down and then gave him a short, last-minute lecture. It was the don talking to a student of whom he thought well, straightening out some of his ideas on the eve of the examination. The professor urged his over-eager pupil to take a longer view of things, to look upon present events as though they were already past and the historians were already interpreting them. Yes, probably the United States would be dragged into the War (and the student could now feel how stubbornly his lecturer had set his face against that probability), but it must never be said by any impartial historian of the future that

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America was preparing to fight or that she had been coldly calculating as to the exact moment of her entry into the conflict.

At the end of the talk, Roosevelt went away with a greater understanding of Woodrow Wilson's mind but with a diminished admiration for his theories. He realized now that Wilson's ideas and his own were on different planes. Not long before he had paid homage to Wilson with hardly a thought of criticism; now he was beset by doubts and in his heart was lamenting that so great a man should be so miscast for the part he had been called upon to play. For after that discussion Roosevelt was beginning to think that Woodrow Wilson lacked the essential stuff of the born politician, at least according to his own idea of what a politician should be.

That Wilson should have troubled to explain himself to an assistant secretary is of some interest. To say that Roosevelt's family name commended him as a confidant is an insufficient explanation. Nor is it likely that Wilson singled him out for this favour merely because of his earlier political support. The interview was clearly a sign of Wilson's recognition of Franklin Roosevelt's qualities. He was hoping to draw some of the young man's flooding energy into the remote and dry channel where his own ideas were waiting to be floated into action. It would be going too far to deem the gesture of that interview prophetic, but it was at least a discerning compliment.

Roosevelt has since shown how well deserved was that compliment, but they are few now who hold Woodrow Wilson in esteem. In a world where every day we are compelled to face some new unpleasant fact, it is easy

in retrospect to mock him and call him dreamer. But would it not help us to make a fairer estimate if we regarded him as a man who credited human nature with too much decency and goodwill? Woodrow Wilson will always have his detractors. There will always be people to criticize his theorizing because it was too far removed from the human world. Such people forget that if a politician is to be an idealist to any degree, he must be aloof almost to that same degree. He must have something of the universal mind, and that in itself is enough to make him as unpopular as a *Musterknabe*. It was this quality in Wilson that made him look ridiculous in the eyes of such a realist as Lord Esher. When he heard that Wilson was coming over for the Peace Conference, Lord Esher could not believe that so god-like a man would consent to leave his temple, and he laughed at the idea of Buddha walking up the War Office steps in a frock-coat. It is worth while quoting from one of Lord Esher's letters in this connection.

"The people," he writes, "who are in the inner ring tell me that Wilson is a hopeless failure in Council. His own people—or some of them—who came over with him and are on their way home say that he has 'sold the pass.' It is not his fault, poor devil. He was 'done in' the moment he quitted the temple of Buddha. Of course he had no conception of the strength or trend of the forces he would have to contend with in Paris. His philosophic head must be by this time in such a whirl that it will be a marvel if when he gets back he does not see the White House pea-green."

There speaks the representative of the ordinary "sensible" man on the subject of Woodrow Wilson.

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His opinions bring to mind the views of the ordinary "sensible" critic on Milton's verse. There was Addison who remarked that the English language sank under Milton's weight; and there was Dryden who criticized Milton because he looked at Nature through the spectacles of books, because his images lacked the freshness of immediate observation and because he delighted too much "to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind." There is, of course, something to be said for this kind of criticism, but to feel the full force of it, one must first of all accept the realistic view of life as the only possible one.

The reader must not expect me to go on to draw Milton and Woodrow Wilson together in a comparison. That would be even more far-fetched than Lord Esher's picturing of Wilson as Buddha! The poet was mentioned because his detractors reveal the same kind of reactions towards him as Wilson's show towards *him*. In each case the same observation can be made, namely, that ideology is not gladly suffered by the ordinary man. It will be noted that those criticisms of Milton apply in part to Woodrow Wilson; for of the American President also it can be said that reality was a scene too narrow for the play of his mind; also that his ideas lacked the energy and freshness of immediate observation, or at any rate of immediate experience; and, again, that he looked at human nature through the flattering spectacles of book-learning. And, with later events in mind, we can adapt Addison to our purpose and say that the cause of Peace sank under the weight of Woodrow Wilson.

The pitiful thing about President Wilson was that in his loftiness he was wanting in the power to captivate

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men. Perhaps he himself was aware of this, and perhaps it was this awareness that prompted him to bid for Franklin Roosevelt's sympathy in the hope that through this young man, who was both realist and idealist, he might keep in touch with human affairs as they were while still exploring ideal possibilities.

The contact with Wilson was a considerable influence in Franklin Roosevelt's development. It helped him towards a clearer knowledge of himself. It also brought him into a situation which required of him the exercise of self-restraint. For all his disappointment at the President's unpractical and stubborn attitude, Roosevelt to this day is loyal to Wilson's memory, in that he insists rather upon his strong than his weak points. In comparing Woodrow Wilson with himself, for example, he points out that, in making and carrying out an important decision, he acts with a less acute sense of historical context than Wilson did.

Not until 1916 did Wilson give his consent to an increased Navy. Congress then passed a bill which enabled Roosevelt to let loose all the enterprise which hitherto had been so strictly checked. He began ordering guns and ammunition so freely that some thought he had lost his head. What would they have thought had they known some of the real facts—for example, that he had placed orders for guns, ammunition, depth charges, and so forth, amounting to forty million dollars, several weeks before Congress had given consent? Some years later Roosevelt confessed that he had taken this extraordinary step because he was confident that Congress would sooner or later give consent. It was a time for swift action, not for the observing of minor

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regulations and laws. During that period, he said, he had broken enough laws to warrant imprisonment for nine hundred and ninety-nine years.

Many stories of the dynamic Franklin Roosevelt of this period are told. One comes from a New York contractor, who describes how Roosevelt pressed him into his service the morning after America entered the War; how he commissioned him to find a site for a receiving-ship cantonment for three thousand men in New York City; and how the work, which was to cost four hundred thousand dollars, was started two months before the contracts were officially granted.

That was a typical example of the fever of optimism by which Roosevelt was possessed during the War. There were some who wondered whether Josephus Daniels had any idea of the extent of the undertakings which his subordinate was sanctioning day by day; and Daniels said nothing to make them any wiser. In the Navy itself there were various opinions of Roosevelt's political equipment—on the one hand, it was thought that he was too devil-may-care as regards political consequences; on the other hand, he was criticized for being too courteous to Congressmen. But admiration for his diplomatic skill was general. Officialdom was his enemy, but he was clever enough to side-step the obstacles that were put in his path.

The U-boat campaign made it necessary to draw up an entirely new Naval programme, based on strength in destroyers. The new plant which was required for helping to carry out this programme was negotiated for and erected in double-quick time. Like many others, Roosevelt was enlightened enough to realize the serious menace

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of the U-boat, but, unlike some of these, he refused to believe that the danger could not be met. His knowledge of naval history had brought him to the view that each new weapon resulted in a new method of defence. He sought to confirm that opinion in a magazine article in which he pointed out the various devices which were being developed to combat the submarine—the aeroplane, the net, the mine-field, the destroyer, the new type of armed patrol boat. He was confident that submarine signals would also play an increasingly efficient part in meeting the danger by giving accurately the distance and direction of a moving submarine. Armed with these enlightened ideas, Roosevelt was able to lend valuable assistance in making possible that remarkable achievement, the laying of the great mine barrage in the North Sea, a conception which at first was met by an almost equally effective barrage of conservatism both in the British Admiralty and in Washington.

These were the years in which Franklin Roosevelt, as the phrase goes, was making a name for himself. Only in his case the words have a special meaning. That is to say, he was showing himself to be a man of mark in his own right, quite apart from the fact that he bore a famous surname, and the coincidence of his holding the post that Theodore Roosevelt had once held. During a later election campaign Theodore Roosevelt's son, fighting for the opposite party, spoke in a derogatory way of Franklin, saying that he lacked the Roosevelt brand. The remark was uttered as though it were a final judgment on the man, as though it were impossible for Franklin to achieve a reputation which, though differing from Theodore's, might equally enhance the name of Roosevelt.

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At this period that reputation was growing fast. In several journals articles were published in appreciation of his qualities. One observer took trouble to differentiate him from "the Washington type," and wrote of him as being young "but not too young," as having a natural manner and that particular virtue so beloved of Americans, and called by them, poise. He composes a picture of Franklin Roosevelt working in one of the thousand square, high-ceilinged rooms in the State, War and Navy Building, surrounded by maps of Europe and ocean routes, with a bronze bust of John Paul Jones on the mantelpiece, and his commission from President Wilson framed and hanging on the wall. The photographic description draws attention to the comparatively tidy desk, to a vase filled with fresh flowers, to a little book-stand near his chair and even to the title of one of the books—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*; draws attention, too, to the subject's head as being long, with firm features and, in the way it is held, giving an impression of self-confidence. Wrinkles are faintly showing on the high forehead—Roosevelt is now in the middle thirties—and the mouth has that expression which suggests that it can move swiftly and easily from a serious air to hearty laughter. This precise writer also remarks that his subject "doesn't disdain shedding his coat on a hot afternoon," and by noting such a detail reveals how much he is impressed by Roosevelt's manner and reputation; else there is no particular reason why an American journalist should be surprised at the sight of an assistant secretary working in shirt-sleeves.

This was typical of a number of articles which were then appearing and indicating that the coming man was

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about to arrive. But it required a voyage to Europe to bring about the actual arrival.

In June, 1918, Roosevelt had word that he was to go on an inspection tour of the American Navy's war bases. He himself wanted to be in active service, even though he knew that this meant doing less important work for the Navy than if he continued to hold the post of Assistant Secretary. Previously he had been approached with a request to run for the Governorship of New York and had refused. When he received the orders to go overseas he sought and obtained a promise that when the job of inspection was done he would be allowed to return to Europe as a lieutenant-commander under Admiral Plunkett. On July 9, 1918, he sailed on one of the new destroyers, the *Dyer*. Since he was sailing under secret orders, neither his wife nor his mother could see him off. Eleanor Roosevelt recalls the ordeal which his mother suffered then, for of her life he was the centre.

He was not long in London before he began to make his presence felt among the people who mattered. We hear of him calling on Sir Eric Geddes at the Admiralty, lunching with Mr. Balfour, being fêted by the Anglo-American Club, meeting Lloyd George, making speeches and so forth. His letters tell that his self-confidence was being reinforced all the time and, occasionally, that he was a little flattered at finding himself *persona grata* with so many big-wigs.

"Last night one of the famous Gray's Inn dinners—a really historic occasion—in honour of the War Ministers. Lord Curzon spoke—a defence of the War Cabinet, or rather a review of what England had done."

"I had a very good talk with Lloyd George . . . just

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like his pictures, thick set, not very tall, rather a large head and rather long hair, but what impressed me more than anything else was his tremendous vitality. There is no question that the great majority of England is standing loyally behind him on the sole issue of winning the war."

"A dinner at the House of Commons by Sir Ian Malcolm. Mr. Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, Dawson of *The Times*, Lord Londonderry, Sykes, M.P., who drew a picture of me on the dinner card, Sir Auckland Geddes, the First Lord's brother and Minister of National Service, and two others. A long talk with Mr. B. afterwards while we walked up and down the terrace in the dark. . . . Mr. B. said that everyone understood that it was the American second division with the brigade of Marines which stopped the rush at Ch. Thierry and which again opened the definite counter-offensive at Soissons which has pinched the salient into untenability. He had discussed with the cabinet the advisability of my going to Italy in a further attempt to get some action, and they had heartily approved."

These few extracts from Roosevelt's letters show how much he was appreciating the release from that thousand-roomed building in Washington and the extension of his sphere of influence.

Of his audience with King George the Fifth he wrote: "The King has a nice smile and a very open, quick and cordial way of greeting one. He is not as short as I had expected, and I think his face is stronger than photographs make it appear. This is perhaps because his way of speaking is incisive. We talked for a while about American work in general and the Navy in

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particular. He seemed delighted that I had come over in a destroyer and said his one regret was that it had been impossible for him to do active naval service during the war. . . . He was a delightfully easy person to talk to, and one got going so well that part of the time we were both talking at the same time."

At the end of July Roosevelt crossed the English Channel on a British destroyer and travelled by road to Paris where he had conferences with the French Admiralty and met, among others, President Poincaré and Clemenceau. He was also taken to see Foch and came away greatly admiring the Marshal's clear-sightedness and simplicity. He spent a few days in the fighting zone, and after complaining that he had seen enough of the back acres was taken on to the battle-field itself. Later he went to Rome to urge the Italian Cabinet to carry out a naval expedition with the assistance of the American Navy or Army. Nothing came of this and he returned to France for an inspection tour. He was in Paris for a time and on one occasion was asked by a newspaper man if it was the custom for members of the American Cabinet to answer questions put by the Press. They did so twice a day, he told them, and in saying so, unwittingly started an agitation by French editors for similar privileges. When he saw Roosevelt a little later, Clemenceau mockingly accused him of nearly wrecking the French Cabinet and losing the War.

Before leaving Europe Roosevelt paid visits to the southern part of the British front, to the Belgian front and, in Great Britain, to Plymouth, Liverpool and Glasgow; also to Invergordon and Inverness where he saw operations in connection with the North Sea barrage.

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He sailed back to America on the *Leviathan* and during the voyage fell ill with double pneumonia. When the ship docked at New York his wife was there with a doctor and an ambulance to meet him. He was carried ashore on a stretcher and then driven in the ambulance to his mother's New York house.

Shortly after the Armistice, this feverish, fast-moving period was followed by a brief and more agreeable episode, which, in effect, was a winding-up of this phase of Franklin Roosevelt's career. He was sent again to Europe, with some others, to sell as much as possible of the American Navy's plant and to settle claims for damage. Because it seemed risky to face a winter's journey so soon after his illness, his wife was allowed to go with him. During the voyage they had news of Theodore Roosevelt's death. "I knew," Eleanor Roosevelt records, "what his loss would mean to his close family, but I think I realized even more keenly that a great personality had gone from active participation in the life of his people. The loss of his influence and example was what I seemed to feel most keenly.'

This most telling tribute epitomized the national as well as the personal sorrow. In setting an example, "Uncle Ted" had never failed. When America entered the War, he had immediately come to Washington to offer his services to President Wilson. Already he had raised a large number of men who wanted to go to the front with him. He maintained that the drawback of his advanced age was counteracted by his experience of active service in the Spanish War. Since he had urged the American people to join the Allies he felt that he must be among the first of his people to leave for the

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battle-front. He was confident of being able to raise a division including some of the old Rough Riders and some of the best officers in the Army. And that was the very reason for the refusal of his offer. The War Department decided that it would be a mistake to attract too many first-class officers to one division. That was the end of the ebullience which had always made T. R. so beloved and so exasperating a zealot.

The Franklin Roosevelts and their companions arrived in Paris just before the informal beginnings of the Peace Conference. Once again Roosevelt was required to confer with the French and British Admiralties and, in doing so, he put to good use the knowledge of European people and affairs which he had acquired during the earlier visit. By selling to the French Government for twenty-two million francs the radio station which the American Navy had built near Bordeaux, he gained the enviable reputation of being a man who knew how to handle the French.

His work done, he sailed from Europe with his wife on the *George Washington*. On the same ship was President Wilson who, after his gratifying European tour, was bearing home the first draft of the League of Nations. During the voyage Wilson occasionally broke his seclusion to discuss the subject with Roosevelt, emphasizing how earnestly he desired America to be included in the Covenant. To call this period the heyday of Woodrow Wilson's success would be to imply too much of the care-free spirit in his enjoying of it. Rather was it the bright Sabbath noon of his high-minded, benignant life. Franklin Roosevelt and his wife shared in the joyful welcome which was given to Wilson in

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Boston when the ship arrived there, and on the subsequent journey through New England; shared also in the prevailing, fond belief that men everywhere were at last ready to live together as good neighbours.

6. Descending Scale

THIS is not to say that Franklin Roosevelt had forgotten the sharp chuck of the reins that Wilson had given when he had wanted to run the Navy into big-scale preparations for war; or that he had revised his general opinion of Wilson as a politician. Simply, it was that while the realist in him could appreciate Wilson's limitations, the idealist in him could still admire his exalted purpose, and even could distantly follow the lonely pursuit of his mind. Moreover, Roosevelt was not only an unfailing generator of enthusiasm, but also was sensitive to the warmth of enthusiasm in others; and he could not but be greatly affected by the acclamation with which Wilson was being welcomed home.

It may be thought a small and sentimental sign of his feeling for Wilson that Roosevelt should have acquired for his study at Hyde Park the desk which Wilson used on the *George Washington* and on which he wrote the first draft of the Covenant; nonetheless it is a sign.

How strong that feeling had now become appeared in the fervent speeches which Roosevelt began to make in support of the League. In one address he stressed the importance of approving the general plan before the document was examined in detail. He reminded his audience that the same arguments that were being brought against the League of Nations had also been brought against the Constitutional Convention, and that, in the

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end, had proved to be a very satisfactory operation. Without the United States, he visualized the League of Nations as a new form of European Alliance. The idea, in fact, could not be completely realized if America stayed outside. The remainder of this speech gives a good example of the realism and idealism which then co-existed in Roosevelt. At one moment the realist is uttering these words: "But if we do come in, I take it for granted that the League will not demand what the United States does not want. I take it that they will have some common sense." Then the idealist, like a quick flame, leaps up: "This covenant is not dependent upon itself, but upon the spirit in which it is accepted by the United States. . . . We must prevent a recurrence of the horrors of the last four years." Finally, both realist and idealist speak together, saying: "The League may not end wars, but the nations demand the experiment."

In another of Roosevelt's speeches, delivered during this period, the influence of Woodrow Wilson is plainly apparent, especially in this passage: "In our world problems we must either shut our eyes, sell our newly built merchant marine to more far-seeing foreign powers, crush utterly by embargo and harassing legislation our foreign trade, close our ports and build an impregnable wall of costly armaments and live, as the Orient used to live, a hermit nation, dreaming of the past, or we must open our eyes and see that modern civilization has become so complex and the lives of civilized men so interwoven with the lives of other men in other countries as to make it impossible to be in this world and not of it. We must see that it is impossible to avoid, except by monastic seclusion, those honourable and intimate foreign relations

which the fearful-hearted shudderingly miscall by that devil's catchword, "international complications!"

In this inspired, prophetic mood he proclaimed to his countrymen that America's hour was near, that they could, by high example, lead the world, that they could show their nation to be a living, growing thing; and, with that greater America in mind, he attacked the petty bitterness of party politics. The nation's industrial, fiscal and social problems, he was convinced, could be faced and overcome only by the co-operation of all wise and able Americans, irrespective of politics.

But politics could not be so easily brushed aside. In 1920 the national elections were in everyone's mind, and in June a Convention of the Democratic Party was held in San Francisco. By this time Wilson's popularity had waned and the Party nominated as his successor James M. Cox, Governor of Ohio. Now came the question of nominating a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Franklin Roosevelt, who had come to San Francisco for the Convention, was surprised to hear his own name put forward, still more surprised, and delighted, when the Convention agreed that he should be their candidate. It was thought that he could be of service to the party by linking the Cox group and the Wilson group. The nomination continued the parallel between the careers of the two Roosevelts, Theodore and Franklin, for T. R. had also been a nominee for the Vice-Presidency. But it was a source of some pride to F. D. R. that the honour had come to himself at an earlier age, by four years. He was then thirty-eight.

At first, Cox was inclined to put the League of Nations in the background as an election issue. But after a

meeting with Wilson, then a sick man, at the White House and after hearing him summon all his remaining strength to declare that the fight for the League could still be won, Cox, much moved, told Roosevelt that he was ready to make the League the chief issue of the campaign; and Roosevelt fell in with the decision.

The Democrats' prospects had never been rosy. Now they seemed hopeless, for the League of Nations was likely to lose them many votes. But this was not the first time that Franklin Roosevelt had been engaged in an apparently losing fight. Always he had relished that kind of situation. This time, because of what he had seen of war and its horrors and because a part of him had always been strongly attracted by Woodrow Wilson's humanism, he summoned his whole reserve of energy and hurled himself into a whirlwind campaign.

If he did not actually create a record in the number of speeches he made and the amount of ground he covered, he came near to it; and everywhere he left the impression of being a man of boundless strength and enthusiasm. There were older voters who gave the lie to the taunt that he lacked the Roosevelt brand. Confused by the names and thinking that this Franklin must be Theodore's son, some of them assured him that they had voted for his father. "You're just like the old man," they said, and, for all his being a Democrat, the compliment was not altogether unpleasing.

Through confusion such as this, Franklin Roosevelt gained a certain amount of support; also, because he had fought under Wilson for women's suffrage, and because of his personal appeal, he could rely upon large numbers of the women voters.

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The part that women were to play in the election was a factor in bringing Eleanor Roosevelt into the political scene. She accompanied her husband on a month's campaign which took them as far as Colorado, and during that time had many opportunities of learning how the game of politics was played. She and Franklin and five or six helpers and advisers—she was the only woman among them—travelled from state to state in a private railroad car. The whole revolution in woman's status seems to be reflected in the picture of this strictly brought-up American woman, travelling through the country with a group of politicians, discussing politics with them in her room, attending political meetings and being twitted by the journalists when the women voters crowded round her husband and commented on his charm and good looks.

One of the party was Louis Howe who was not only a co-worker but had become a family friend. Franklin had brought him to Washington to help him when he had been appointed to the Navy Department, and since that time Howe had shown that he had the secret of making himself indispensable. He played a part in breaking down some of Eleanor Roosevelt's more hardened prejudices and in helping her to adapt herself more readily to circumstances. At first, he did not find her well disposed towards him. She resented his influence over her husband. She also disliked his carelessness about his clothes and his apparent indifference to cleanliness. It was some time before she began to look beyond these accidentals to discover the true key of the man's mind and being; and still later before she knew that, in spite of her having been difficult, he had always liked her and thought her worth educating.

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During this campaigning trip Louis Howe made an effort to learn more about her. He realized that, as a candidate's wife, she was not clear as to what was expected of her. He took it upon him to give her advice in these and other matters. A good pressman himself, he interpreted for her the ethics and general standards of the newspaper brotherhood so that she began to gain confidence in this strange assortment of men and to take a lively interest in their work.

So it was that this campaigning trip could be counted as an important forward step in Eleanor Roosevelt's development, for, although she was as yet wanting in knowledge of social problems, she was preparing a background for her future enthusiasms by extending her experience of her country and her fellow country people. And always there was Louis Howe, with his widely informed mind, to supplement her own observations. In her record of this journey she wrote: "Louis proved to be a very pleasant person with whom to sight-see, silent when I wished to be silent and full of information on many things of which I knew nothing. I think one of Louis's great bonds with my husband was the fact that both of them had such a fund of general information and had done so much reading on various subjects. They had apparently retained all the knowledge which they had acquired through books on travel or from any other source."

But it was not yet known to any of them how strong that bond would prove to be.

Meanwhile, the campaign was becoming more and more strenuous. Franklin Roosevelt worked from early morning until the small hours of the next day, speech-

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making, holding conferences, meeting delegations and so forth. Sometimes he spoke twenty times a day. Especially did he concentrate upon the farmer audiences, telling them again and again of the desirability of cutting out the middle man. But all the time he was learning that thousands who might be voting for himself would not vote for Cox and the League. Nonetheless, he carried on the campaign with more heat and eloquence than ever.

He was prepared for defeat, and when he heard how big a defeat it was, he took refuge in that comforting thought (which, in politics, is always available), namely, that he had gone down fighting for a good cause.

Harding was the new President, and the office for which Franklin Roosevelt had run was held by Calvin Coolidge. Roosevelt sent a telegram of good wishes to Coolidge, then made preparations to go on a hunting-trip to Louisiana.

7. Desperate Rally

DEFEATED on an issue which had never been safe, Roosevelt retired from the political scene with a good grace and good humour. He reminded himself that he was a father of five children and had affairs of his own to attend to. He was offered a choice of several appointments, some of them having a connection with that unloved thing, "big business." But these were not what he wanted. He was waiting for a position that would be in no way involved with politics, and when he was offered a Vice-Presidency of the Fidelity and Deposit Insurance Company of Maryland, the appointment seemed to meet his case. Though it carried less salary than other offers he had received, he accepted it and was put in charge of the Company's New York office. Perhaps there was some consolation in the fact that he had become a Vice-President after all.

He also resumed his law practice. He had always planned his private affairs so that he could return to this in the event of his being out of political affairs and in 1921 he became an active partner in the firm of Emmet, Marvin & Roosevelt. His surplus energy found its way into various channels; for example, he became Chairman of a Peace movement which later became the Woodrow Wilson Foundation, and again, knowing how much it needed a helping hand, he undertook to reorganize the Boy Scout movement in New York.

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It would be easy to misconceive the Franklin Roosevelt of this period by portraying an easy-going, altogether cheerful man. Good fortune, it is true, had done much to broaden the benevolence of that smile. But his nature was not all optimism, or there would be no explanation of the remark he made when he was asked to comment on the result of the Presidential election. "I felt," he said, "that if we could be beaten on such an issue, there was something rotten about the world." Such words could hardly have been spoken, even by a smiling man, without an undertone of bitterness.

But the lucky circumstances of his life saved this bitterness from turning into sour resentment. He was too active a man, too interested in life to be tempted to let disappointment rankle. In many things he was an exceptionally fortunate man, in having an assured income, in having for his setting an eventful family life, in having in the background, and often in the foreground, a proudly doting mother, above all, in having reliable good health.

His only problem was how to find enough outlets for his uproarious energy. When, in the summer of 1921, Mr. Van Lear Black asked him to come with him on a yachting cruise, Roosevelt was delighted to accept, and suggested that they should make for his summer quarters at Campobello, where his family were then staying. This was a chance of combining holiday-making with business, for Mr. Black was a leading member of the board of that Fidelity Company in which Roosevelt had just accepted an appointment. On the way, the yacht ran into bad weather and Roosevelt, with his intimate knowledge of that coast, was able to persuade the captain to allow him to take the wheel. He was on the bridge

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for several hours on end and brought the yacht through the adverse weather, including fog, into harbour.

(This, incidentally, is one of several instances bearing witness to Franklin Roosevelt's excellence as a pilot. His wife recalls an occasion when he brought a destroyer through the Narrows. Through this passage, between Campobello and the mainland, the tide runs very fast. No big ship can be taken through at low tide, and even at high tide only an expert pilot could do it. As a matter of fact, Roosevelt has taken a destroyer through that passage on several occasions to the surprise of some on board who thought that the ship was certain to run aground.)

Having arrived at Campobello, Roosevelt joined his family and said good-bye to Mr. Black and his yacht. He had there a small sailing-vessel of his own, the *Vireo*, which had been bought, as successor to the *Half Moon*, so that he might teach his sons to sail. One afternoon when they were out sailing they spied a forest fire and went ashore to help fight it. Their toiling made them grimy, hot and weary and Franklin suggested that they should go for a swim in a land-locked pool on the other side of the island. After this, Franklin took another dip in the very cold open water of the Bay of Fundy and then ran home. He found some letters and newspapers waiting for him there and, with his bathing-dress hardly dry, sat down to read them. He began to feel slack and chilly and decided to go to bed before supper and get warm again. Next day he was unwell; indeed, he had never felt quite like it before. In getting out of bed, his left leg lagged. The family friend, Dr. Bennett, came in from Lubec to see him and decided that he had caught a chill. Eleanor Roosevelt sent the children off on a three

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days' camping-trip in the hope that her husband would be himself again when they returned and be able to take them on some more sailing-trips. But by the time they came back he was worse. Both his legs were badly paralysed. Bennett called in another doctor who could go no further with his diagnosis than to say that it was some form of paralysis, unknown to him.

No one yet had said that it was infantile paralysis, though all of them feared it, knowing that the disease was then raging in New York. For some days there was no improvement, and it became clear that they must engage a trained nurse. Meanwhile Eleanor Roosevelt took care of her husband, sleeping at night on a couch in his room. His uncle was begging them to send for Lovett of Newport, a doctor who specialized in the diagnosis and treatment of the disease they all were dreading, and at last they took his advice. Lovett carried out a careful examination and after consultation told Eleanor Roosevelt that her husband had infantile paralysis.

They were in the midst of a tragedy which was only made bearable because the central figure refused to play the tragedian's role. He held on to the belief that he would recover. Did he not have half a lifetime of vigorous health behind him? No one could persuade him that a grown man of his physical resource could not defeat a child's disease. In his presence, family and friends felt themselves charged not to be glum and despairing. It was almost as if they had been commanded to be cheerful. They came into his room and comforted him with cheerfulness that in the first place had been borrowed from himself.

Lying there, he was helpless in the physical sense, yet

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in every other sense wholly self-reliant. Gradually he began to acquire new knowledge of himself. And new knowledge of his friends. *Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*. He began to discern how fortunate a man he had been to have around him people upon whose loyalty he could depend. Foremost among these loyal ones were his mother and his wife. His mother was abroad when news of the illness reached her. She hurried back, came up to see him, then returned to New York to make plans to move him there. Her devotion to her son led her into disputes with Eleanor Roosevelt, especially over the matter of doctors and their orders. Her view was that doctors existed by virtue of human beings' toleration and that the medical profession was at least as fallible as any other. There were times, she held, when a mother's insight and intuition were far more reliable than a doctor's speculation.

Eleanor Roosevelt differed on this not unimportant point. She was for following out the doctor's suggestions and treatment without criticism. Yet in later years she perceived that, for all their differences, her mother-in-law's motive and her own were the same. Both were actuated by their devotion to Franklin, only whereas his mother's was born of innate understanding, her own was being newly acquired through the strict exercise of duty. All the more striking, therefore, are some of the things which Eleanor Roosevelt afterwards set down in recording the troubles of this time. The following, for example: "His mother was really very remarkable about this entire illness. It must have been a most terrific strain for her, and I am sure that, out of sight, she wept many hours, but with all of us she was very cheerful."

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Franklin's mother, however, had made up her mind that he was going to be an invalid for the remainder of his days and that he could retire to Hyde Park and live there. She was so anxious over his general health that she was fearful about his making the slightest effort and wanted him to have complete quiet.

But after he had been moved to the Presbyterian Hospital, New York, it became apparent that so live and vitally interested a man as Franklin Roosevelt could not be kept quiet, in spite of the pain he had endured in being moved from one place to another. There were friends who wanted to visit him, and, of course, he wanted to see them. All his life he had relied upon social contacts for the impetus they gave, and now more than ever he was in need of them.

His need, as it happened, was supplied by several friends, but by one, especially, who was from now on to show himself a most rare man. The blow which had so swiftly brought crisis into Franklin Roosevelt's life brought crisis also into this man's life. Louis Howe at this time was considering a new appointment which had just been offered to him, an appointment with bright prospects. When the bad tidings came, he plainly saw where his help would be needed and decided to give up all idea of the position he had been considering. He made up his mind to return to "his old boss."

From the moment of his decision he gave his whole heart and being to the building up of a future for Franklin Roosevelt. It is a strain to speak of good fortune in so tragic a context as this, yet it *is* true that the man who had hitherto been so favoured by fortune was once again smiled upon at the very moment when his whole world

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had gone dark. Roosevelt's fortune now was to know the depth of true friendship.

It was a friendship based on dissimilarities, a friendship between a younger and an older man, between a handsome and prominent politician and a queer-looking, mummified man (Ramases the Second he was called by some) who had always worked in comparative obscurity, between a man with the gift of spontaneous laughter and one with a wry smile and an ironic turn of mind, between a man who was eager to experiment dangerously and one whose experience and judgment made him already sure of the result of any experiment whatsoever.

With his grey, dry-skinned face, thick eyebrows, strong, bony chin and weary, melancholy expression, Louis Howe had nothing on the surface to commend him as a sick-room companion. But Roosevelt had already discovered that behind the depressed look of the man was a good heart and a philosophic mind. Moreover, a strong will, and since it was will-power that he would be most in need of in the dark future, he gratefully accepted the alliance that was offered.

Howe, on the other hand, saw in Roosevelt, stricken though he was, the realization of his own thwarted potentialities. The better part of his own life had gone and with it much of his ambition. But through the years he had garnered much wisdom and though he himself had none of the stuff of leadership in him, there was no reason why he should not put his store of practical knowledge at the disposal of one who seemed, in his judgment, to be marked by that uncommon quality.

For example, Louis Howe had expert knowledge of the world of journalism, and in this field, it appeared to him,

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he could serve Roosevelt well—if ever it were possible for him to resume his political career—by advising him as to what the public should and should not know. Already he had proved his usefulness in this way when they were preparing to take Roosevelt from Campobello to New York. Knowing that it would have been unwise to mention infantile paralysis in the Press (for this would have quickly led to talk of mental paralysis), he had told reporters that the illness amounted to a more or less severe chill; and during the actual journey he had used his skill to keep the journalists at bay, with the result that the general report had been to the effect that “Mr. Roosevelt was enjoying his cigarette, said he had a good appetite, and although unable to sit up was feeling more comfortable.”

For all the discouraging outlook of Roosevelt's condition, Howe held on to the hope that some day his friend would be able to return to politics, and, to that end, he advised Eleanor Roosevelt to find ways of keeping her husband in touch with political affairs. In this he was supported by Draper, the doctor now in charge of the case, who felt strongly that his patient should aim at taking an active part in life and at re-creating his former interests. Though the effort would be taxing his energy, Draper believed that it would improve his general condition. Mr. Van Lear Black had offered to keep open his position in the Fidelity Company and so had made a welcome contribution to the hopefulness which Draper and Howe were struggling to keep alive. But when Howe talked of making contact with the political life again, Eleanor Roosevelt was at first inclined to be sceptical. He talked her over, however, and as part of his

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plan persuaded her to begin some political work herself. The question was, what could she do? And for a time it remained unanswered. Then she met a young woman named Marion Dickerman and became interested in her ideas about working-women's conditions and about education. Through this meeting Eleanor Roosevelt became an associate member of the Women's Trade Union League. Then she met Nancy Cook, another enthusiastic feminist, who asked her to preside at a meeting for raising funds for the women's division of the Democratic State Committee. She has since confessed that she presided at this function having not the faintest idea of what she was going to say or of the work which the organization was doing. Still, the ice was broken and thereafter she became more and more purposeful in her activities, especially in connection with the Democratic State Committee, the Women's Trade Union League and the League of Women Voters. She saw much that made party politics distasteful to her, saw, for example, people asking bribes for their votes and some of the crooked business by which party machinery was kept running; but also, in unexpected places, she encountered the finer type of political worker and saw with what unselfishness some of them could work for a political ideal. With such men and women she felt herself in accord and from them she began to learn how to take the rough with the smooth. She did more and more speech-making and was helped in this by Louis Howe who sometimes sat at the back of the hall to watch for faults and afterwards corrected them, summing up his criticism with that easily spoken counsel

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All this enforced busyness meant that she had to be on her guard lest her children were neglected. She was fully alive to the new responsibilities that had fallen on her as a result of her husband's illness, especially as regards her two youngest sons. She became aware that these boys must learn to ride, swim, camp and so forth and that, apart from early riding-lessons, she had done none of these things. She saw that it was her duty to become more of an all-round companion if her sons were to have a normal boyhood. To drive a car seemed to be the first requisite and boldly she undertook this, and more boldly still (for there were one or two alarming reverses) persisted.

In New York she undertook a semi-professional job for the women's division of the Democratic State Committee and in this connection helped to start a newspaper and from Louis Howe's instruction learned some useful things about advertising, circulation and the make-up of a paper.

So it was that Eleanor Roosevelt, in the act of lending strength and encouragement to her husband, was also being inspired by him in her efforts to become self-dependent. In the meantime, she and Louis Howe were encouraged in their plan to restore some of Franklin's former life to him. "All that summer at Hyde Park," Eleanor Roosevelt has recorded, "my husband struggled to do a great number of things which would make it possible for him to be more active. He learned to use crutches and walked every day to gain confidence. Each new thing he did took not only determination but great physical effort."

A further step towards self-confidence was taken when, on the family's return to New York, Franklin Roosevelt

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began to carry out the ordinary routine of a business man's life and was driven to his office every morning. His determination to live as normal a life as possible was stubborn. The doctor had said that a daily and hourly struggle would be necessary to overcome his disability, and as soon as he heard that, Franklin had announced his intention of maintaining that struggle. He did so without a murmur of self-pity, with never a reference to the fact that he could not walk. On one occasion he said to his wife, "I'll beat this thing," and the outburst reflected his continuous attitude, not only in its expression of concentrated will-power but also in the non-committal way in which he spoke of his handicap. His whole purpose was to avoid obtruding this thing on the people around him, to act and appear, in spite of obvious contradictions, as though he were able-bodied and equal to anything they required him to do. For a time he carried out a regular daily programme, receiving people at home from half-past eight for two hours, working at his office from half-past ten till half-past one and lunching at his desk, then going over to the office of his law partners and working there until about five o'clock, then returning home for exercises and further conferences.

After three years the strain of acting as though he were a normal-bodied man began to tell, not upon his general health, which, indeed, appeared better than ever, but upon his spirit. During all this time he had passed the winters in Florida, exercised in various ways and submitted to certain treatments. He had also made a close study of the disease which was holding him and of its effects. But his legs were still lifeless. Each day he looked for some little sign of partial recovery but none came. The hoped-

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for tide of returning strength was delayed and delayed until it appeared fantastic to believe that its surge could ever be felt again.

Then, in 1924, news came to him of a young man who had been almost completely cured of the same disease. This patient, it was reported, had gone each summer to exercise his legs in a pool at Warm Springs, Georgia. After a time he had been able to swim and to stand up in the water, and after three summers he had regained sufficient strength to be able to walk on land with sticks to help him. Roosevelt decided to try the cure and in the autumn of 1924 went to Warm Springs and stayed there six weeks. In that short time he made more progress than in the three previous years. Because the natural temperature of the pool was only just below body temperature, he found that he could stay in the water for some hours without fatigue.

While he was taking this cure, some reporters came to interview him on politics. One of them went back and wrote, not a political article but one on swimming as a means of restoring health. The article appeared throughout the country and brought new cases of infantile paralysis to Warm Springs. The publicity was an embarrassment. There was insufficient accommodation and equipment; also there were not enough reliable doctors in the neighbourhood.

Here (Roosevelt perceived) was something he could do; something that might possibly bring to a few fellow-beings, if not to himself, a freedom infinitely more worthwhile than any which could be secured by political means. First, he consulted a local doctor and with his advice formulated a series of under-water exercises. Then,

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seeing that some of the patients made progress, he arranged for an investigation of the pool at Warm Springs by medical experts. Then he restored some of the old cottages there, engaged nurses and doctors and supplied equipment. When he saw how hopefully and in some cases how desperately some of the patients exercised there and, moreover, how much benefit some of them received, all his inborn optimism and zest for action returned. After so many grey months of make-believe, it was exhilarating to feel that one could be useful again, thrilling to let imagination be at play, even though it might be running too fast.

The investigation, which had been supervised by Dr. Leroy W. Hubbard, led to a report which favoured Roosevelt's idea of converting Warm Springs into a hydrotherapeutic centre. Encouraged by this, Roosevelt bought the springs, the surrounding property and several hundred acres of land and formed the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation which he incorporated as a non-profit-making institution.

This was the kind of bold experiment that had always appealed to Franklin Roosevelt. Unknown to some of his family and before he could be certain of results, he devoted more than half his own fortune to the financing of the institution. Added to this were the generous sums subscribed by a group of friends, some of whom had near relations afflicted by the disease, and several gifts made by benefactors for specific purposes. Each year the capacity of the centre was increased. By 1927 there was accommodation for fifty patients and that year one hundred and fifty people received treatment. In 1930 this figure was increased by a hundred.

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In this way Roosevelt became again a leader. That he could only be a leader among cripples in no way humiliated him. Rather did it move him to give the utmost of himself on their behalf. When he was at Warm Springs, he lived and worked in a small white house, and, thinking of him installed there, his fellow-patients could easily picture him as their president. For in a very real sense he presided over that little colony, learning the name and history of each new-comer, giving advice, supervising exercises and receiving regular reports on the progress of the patients. The story of the twenty-year-old girl partially cured after sixteen years, the story of the Kansas boy who became a local swimming champion, the story of the football player suddenly checked in his career and then cured—sometimes he related these exciting histories with as much joy as though he himself had been wholly cured.

But the world at Warm Springs was too small for his dynamic spirit. Because the disease had taken such a hold in his country, he began to consider how he might start a nation-wide movement to fight against its effects. On behalf of the three hundred thousand and more victims of the disease in America he launched a campaign of speeches and articles calling attention to the deplorable deficiency of training and treatment in this connection and the consequent economic waste. Not once in reiterating this appeal did he buttress the argument with references to his own case. His one idea was to be of service and in following it he reached a plane from which he could regard his own misfortune with almost continuous objectivity. Newspaper men were always turning up and asking questions, but he was careful to give them no

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personal data, and on one occasion he told a reporter that the last thing he wanted was the publication of any sob-stuff about himself.

In this way, and by sticking to a daily programme of work, he gradually fought his way towards release, freeing his mind from the grip of a crippled body. In this community of sufferers, whom he once called "fellow veterans," he became a new kind of man, akin to a prophet. By his example he exerted a healing influence on the minds and spirits of all who came to Warm Springs, and sometimes on their bodies. And he was conscious of this influence and felt it returning to him again. He observed the extraordinary spirit of co-operation among the patients and the way they competed with each other to gain progress. "When these people come down here," he once remarked, "they have been babied for years. They have been kept wrapped in cotton-wool. Here they find other people just like themselves. They get over their self-consciousness. The mental factor has a great deal to do with their improvement." He did not add how great a factor his own stirring influence was, how excited everyone became whenever they heard that he was coming down to Warm Springs, how joyful they were when he arrived or how devotedly they carried out their little ceremonies of welcome.

It was something to be cheered by people for something other than political beliefs. But his temperament could not long be kept from overflowing into politics. For some time there had been at the back of his mind the idea of building up a progressive section in the Democratic Party and, ultimately, to make that section the Party itself. A sign of the workings of his mind was given in

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the summer of 1922 when he made a public appeal to Alfred E. Smith to run as candidate for the Governorship of New York. It was an appeal in which Roosevelt used the same argument as that which was to be used later to persuade himself to return to the political theatre—the argument, namely, that Al Smith's family would some day honour him all the more for putting the Party before home life.

Then, in the spring of 1924, Al Smith, then a candidate for the presidential nomination, asked Roosevelt to manage the campaign leading to the National Democratic Convention. Roosevelt accepted and in doing so took the first step towards his re-entry into public life. Many took his consent to mean no more than that he was willing to lend his name. But he surprised them all by undertaking full and active responsibility, and turned surprise into warm admiration when he made his speech in nomination of Al Smith. By some it was judged to be the one great speech of the convention. "Without the slightest intention or desire to do anything of the sort," wrote one commentator, "he has done for himself what he could not do for his candidate." And another remarked, "No matter whether Governor Smith wins or loses, Franklin D. Roosevelt stands out as the real hero of the Democratic Convention of 1924."

The leader in him was now recognized as never before. He had won admiration from all sections of the country, and there was talk of nominating him for the Governorship of New York. But when he heard this, he let it be known that he had no intention of running for public office until he could walk without crutches. On the other hand, those who knew him best realized that he was

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hankering after a more active and public life. Having once experienced that kind of life he was not the man to be content with semi-retirement for any length of time. Louis Howe was well aware of this and all the time was quietly watching for such opportunities for action as would not over-tax his friend's physical strength. Was the ambition to become President of the United States born during this period? The question is often asked but is unprofitable. The answer is that the idea was never in Roosevelt's mind, yet was always there. Roosevelt himself could not throw any more light than this upon the subject. It would have been more to the point if someone had asked Louis Howe when it was that *he* first conceived the notion of Franklin Roosevelt becoming President.

Howe's dedication of himself to Roosevelt's service and Roosevelt's devotion to Al Smith are, in some respects, curiously alike. Especially in the incongruous elements that are to be found in each case. Smith and Roosevelt represented two utterly different planes of American life—one could even refer to different classes, for all that both were Democrats. Rough-voiced and with an East Side accent in his speech, Al Smith was a typical self-made American. He was the clever but straightforward politician. Far from prepossessing in appearance, he nonetheless had many advantages as a public figure, such as his appealingly sentimental and religious nature which enabled him to refer in a public speech to the loyalty he felt to the memory of his mother.

In this man, ten years or so older than himself, Roosevelt recognized that rare type of politician, the kind who could enter into the political game with zest and would

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always keep the rules. It was something to encounter a man who, from New York newsboy to New York Governor, had "been through it all" without being corrupted. He could join up with such a man without losing any self-respect, without yielding any of his own political ideals. Roosevelt was "at home" with Al Smith, and even if Smith was not quite so comfortably at home with Roosevelt, he could easily and freely admire his younger colleague for his honest ideals and proved quality.

For several years, Roosevelt had believed in Al Smith as being a public servant of true greatness and as being a man upon whose work he might build if ever he should be called again to assume the role of reformer. In December, 1924, he had so far answered the call as to attempt a big-scale rally of the Democratic Party. To more than three thousand party leaders he wrote appealing for agreement upon several fundamental principles. Thus (he asserted) every Democrat should insist that the party machine be kept in daily working order every year and not merely in the years when Presidential elections were held; that the national party leaders be brought into closer touch with the various state organizations; that the party machine be run in a more business-like manner, ("more business-like"—that had been a prominent note in Roosevelt's calls for reform ever since his Harvard days); that party publicity be better organized, that party leaders meet more frequently to achieve greater unity; that, in fact, the Democratic Party be less concerned with "personalities" and more concerned with the building up of a progressive and logical programme.

Though this appeal did not succeed in healing the divisions of the Democratic Party, it did succeed in

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stirring up a greater awareness of national policy among followers throughout the country. As a result, increasing numbers of Democrats everywhere became more conscious of the true meaning of their professed ideal, began to think of themselves as those who, above all else, were seeking the average citizen's welfare through the free rule of the whole electorate, as opposed to those who desired only the material prosperity of the nation and who would achieve this through government by a self-appointed plutocracy.

It was Roosevelt's purpose to make all Democrats aware that their party represented liberal and progressive thought. To that end he worked ceaselessly, sometimes by speech-making, sometimes through circular letters, sometimes through journalism. As a journalist he sought the widest possible audience and was not squeamish in the use of publicity. (Let the reader bear in mind that in America, political journalism must have a much broader basis than, for example, in England, if it is to succeed in marshalling public opinion.) He wrote fortnightly articles for a popular magazine and each was accompanied by a specially posed photograph of himself. "We must go deep—slashing away!" was the title of one article which was accompanied by the least flattering photograph one could imagine; but even in this was method, for the bullet-headed, unshaved-looking Roosevelt of this picture might have been, like Al Smith, a son of toil in earlier days. He wrote articles on "Scrambled Taxes" and "Unnecessary Taxes" and above one of these was a prophetic picture of him with arms outspread over the Government buildings at Washington. Another article was called "Winning the War against Crime";

others were on the subject of utilities. Accompanying one entitled "Public Utilities and the People's Rights" was a photograph of Roosevelt standing without support and making a speech. It was well calculated to impress the kind of reader into whose hands the magazine was likely to fall, and rightly and fairly to impress him, for in that pose appears all the strong, happy confidence of his essential character. If that reader had been acquainted with Roosevelt's restlessly athletic appearance before his crippling illness, he must have noted how much broader the upper part of his body had since become, how much more massive the head, how much more set the features and how much more determined the whole demeanour of the man. In this picture of him everything proclaimed the self-knowledge that had come from inner struggle, the strength that had come from weakness.

He had experienced enough of the destructive element in life to make him a seeker after conciliation and recreation. His articles and speeches were richly coloured by humanitarian feeling and sometimes were dyed with the purple of a biblical quotation. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" was most aptly brought in on one occasion in a comment upon the Ku Klux Klan.

Part of his strength during these years of recovery and reconnoitre was derived from the fact that no public office was in his eye. It was well known that his one wish was to avoid being run for this or that appointment. This is not to say that he was not taking a long view of the political landscape. But for the time being there was no need for haste. He was in the fortunate position of being able to wait contentedly. His popularity, of course, enormously increased on that account. Nothing

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so admirably rare, in the public's estimation, as disinterestedness.

He was becoming an important influence in the growth of party unity. In every state he had made good friends among Democrats and was in close touch both with the centralized and the decentralized activities of the party. He appreciated and continually worked to harmonize the disparate interests of the four broad regional divisions of the country. His practical knowledge, his developed character, his apparent disinterestedness (which for all that it was partly fortuitous was also partly real)—these were among the factors that assisted him in promoting cohesion and coherence in the Democratic Party and in lifting it above provincial and personal bickerings, that it might become more surely effective as a national force.

Also among these factors, and it was by no means of small account, was the support which Eleanor Roosevelt was now giving to her husband's political endeavours. In six years she had so successfully made her mark that in 1928 she was working for Al Smith's national campaign as director of the Bureau of Women's Activities. At first she did not find much in politics to excite or encourage her. During the party convention of 1924, for example, she discovered that the women's influence amounted to very little. For the most part they served by standing about and waiting. Eleanor Roosevelt did succeed in having some resolutions considered during that convention, but, waiting on the other side of a closed door, she shrewdly suspected that they were not very seriously discussed. It was only too obvious that in a national convention the women did not count. Those who were willing to sit under the table received the crumbs of an

occasional rumour, but for the rest they could only sit and knit and hope that the men would not be too long planning their manœuvres. Only a comedian could have relieved the monotony of that occasion and, providentially, there came one upon the scene. "At this convention," Eleanor Roosevelt relates, "I caught my first glimpse of Will Rogers when he wandered by the box one day and asked: 'Knitting in the names of the future victims of the guillotine?' I felt like saying that I was almost ready to call any punishment down on the heads of those who could not bring the convention to a close."

But that was in 1924. Four years later Eleanor Roosevelt was a ripe and wholly interested politician, and no one was better pleased to observe this than Louis Howe, for it had been largely as a result of his sympathetic coaching that she had adapted herself to the political life and had, to such a marked degree, become self-reliant. Those weary hours of waiting and knitting and rumour-catching had made her work all the more feelingly for the equality of women with men in the holding of political office. Also she had been a hearty and effective supporter of improved housing, extended Compensation Laws for workmen and for the better protection of women in industry. She was also a convinced Prohibitionist.

Conceivably, the release of all this feminist fervour might have worked against her husband's interests, if not by design, then by accident or through lack of judgment. That it did not so work is a tribute to Eleanor Roosevelt's loyalty and also to the quiet supervision of Louis Howe who—and a theatre-lover can say this without derogatory implication—was the knowing producer of this impressive double act.

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Yet when in 1928 a spotlight was swiftly turned again upon Franklin Roosevelt, he was unprepared. Al Smith, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, wanted Roosevelt to accept nomination for the Governorship of New York. Roosevelt was then at Warm Springs, continuing his cure. He had the flicker of a hope that he was near to gaining partial control over his legs, and for the moment that seemed to be of greater importance than the political control of New York State.

8. The Democrat in Control

BUT to Al Smith it seemed important that Franklin Roosevelt should be nominated for the Governorship. No other leading Democrat would fill the bill so satisfactorily. Not that Roosevelt had been uncritical of Smith's campaign—he had done his best, for example, to warn Smith's over-zealous supporters against alienating the Prohibitionists and Protestants of the party, insisting that Prohibition was a national issue but not a national party issue; but Al Smith knew his man well enough not to be disturbed by minor disagreements.

In the course of a long-distance telephone conversation (it was one of those American extravaganzas in which time and money are the last things to be considered) Smith tried hard to persuade his friend to accept the nomination for the New York Governorship. But Franklin Roosevelt insisted that he had no intention of accepting. He wanted at least another year at Warm Springs to give himself the utmost chance of being cured.

Louis Howe was completely in agreement with him over this. After all (this producer argued) it was not as if the Governorship would advance Roosevelt's position in the party. On the contrary it would have the effect of removing him from the centre group on the stage. As Governor of New York he could not hold the attention of the wider audience except by indulging in some "acting" on his own.

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On the other hand Roosevelt was not disdainful. He appreciated that great honour was being done to him by his party in wishing to nominate him for the highest position in his native State. Nor was ambition altogether insignificant as a motive in his self-searchings at this time. In the past there were enough instances of the Governor of New York becoming President of the United States to quicken his ambition, especially that ambition to serve which had been so strongly developed during his long illness. In telling the story of this personal crisis, Roosevelt has often emphasized that he did not desire the nomination for the Governorship, or rather that he desired much more to get well again. But in the end he gave way to Al Smith's strong persuasion because, as he himself has explained, the moral pressure was too great.

It was typical of Franklin Roosevelt that he should end this inner conflict by bringing up the stubborn reserves of moral conviction.

Having accepted the nomination, all his natural optimism broke forth again and soon he was assuring his family and associates that he was quite sure he would be successfully elected. His confidence, as it happened, was completely justified and on New Year's Day of 1929, in the Assembly Chamber in the Albany Capitol, he was inaugurated as Governor of New York.

During the ceremony, Al Smith, his predecessor as Governor, made an impressive farewell speech and at one point turned to him to say, "Frank, I congratulate you. I hope you will be able to devote that intelligent mind of yours to the problems of this State."

As though he had heard in the words a challenge,

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Roosevelt quickly came to grips with the most formidable of those problems, namely, the question of water-power. Already in his inaugural speech, he was proposing that the problem be solved aside from politics. "It is intolerable," he said—and in those three words could be heard an echo of the days when he was an undergraduate reformer—"it is intolerable that the utilization of this stupendous heritage should be longer delayed by petty squabbles and partisan dispute. Time will not solve the problem; it will be more difficult as time goes on to reach a fair conclusion. It must be solved now."

This question of the utilization of the St. Lawrence River for water-power had been a controversy of several years' standing. Some favoured its development through a public agency; others wanted it in private hands. For a long time it had provided first-class material for electioneering. "Water-power"—cheap orators religiously chanted it as a kind of political spiritual, and those who expected something to be done about it were probably as small in number as those in England who hoped to see in their time a tunnel under the English Channel.

But here was a Governor who was discussing the question in practical terms and with that optimistic assurance that had made him a source of inspiration to some and of irritation to others. In his first speech on the subject he outlines the outstanding features, following the sound procedure of clarifying the problems for others in order to clarify it for himself. He began by postulating that State water-power should belong to all. No commission, no, not the Legislature itself, had any right to give a single potential kilowatt in virtual perpetuity to any person or corporation whatsoever.

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Next, he asserted that the legislative bodies must see that this water-power, which belonged to the people, was transformed into electrical energy and distributed to the public at the lowest possible cost.

With those two fundamentals established, the greater part of the problem, he was confident, would disappear. He went on to consider the technical aspect of the matter which he viewed under three headings. "First, the construction of the dams, the erection of the power-houses and the installation of the turbines necessary to convert the force of the falling water into electricity; second, the construction of many thousands of miles of transmission lines to bring the current so produced to the smaller distributing centres throughout the State; third, the final distribution of this power into thousands of homes and factories." Then, having posed the whole matter as being a question as to how much of this enterprise should be undertaken by the State, how much by regulated private concerns and how much by a combination of the two, he added this piece of common sense, "I want to warn the people of this State against too hasty assumption that mere regulation of public service commissions is, in itself, a sure guarantee of protection of the interest of the consumer."

"Cheap electricity" was only one of the banners that were flaunted by those who were following the Governor in his Excelsior procession. Others were "Relief for agriculture," "Old age pensions," "Reform of judicial procedure" and "Saratoga Springs as a State health resort."

How deftly Governor Roosevelt could shift important questions to non-political grounds was seen in the way

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he dealt with the agricultural problems of that period. Soon after his election, he summoned a conference of farmers and agricultural experts. From this was formed an advisory commission with Henry Morgenthau, Jr., as chairman and with a mainly Republican membership. As a result, this commission was able to get its chief recommendations adopted by the Legislature.

The choice of Morgenthau as chairman of the commission was a token of the friendship which for some time had been growing between him and the Governor. He was a Dutchess County neighbour of the Roosevelt family and like Franklin Roosevelt was regarded in those parts as a country squire. In spite of his heaviness of manner, his appeal to Roosevelt gradually became stronger and having begun as good neighbours they later became firm good friends; so much so that in a few years Morgenthau was to be numbered among Roosevelt's intimates, a circle which at all times has been exceedingly restricted.

His ability to lift government out of the slough of party politics was one of the virtues of Governor Roosevelt's administration. That particular virtue appears in the impressive personnel of his departmental chiefs. Among them were Dr. Walter Thayer, Colonel Greene, Miss Frances Perkins, Thomas Lynch and Samuel Rosenman. When Roosevelt was criticized on one occasion for picking out friends for appointments he was quick with this laughing and challenging reply: "So far as possible all of my Cabinet appointments during the last two years have been personal. I intend to pursue the same policy during my next two years."

The case of Rosenman is a good example of the effective

working of that policy. Governor Roosevelt was on the look-out for a young man to appoint as his Counsel, noticed Rosenman's work in connection with the drafting of a bill and appointed him. The appointment was the first important step in a career which was to be an unusually interesting one, for it was this same Samuel Rosenman who, a few years later, assembled the first Brain Trust, became a justice of the Supreme Court of New York State and, hardly less significant than these incidents, became, according to the Roosevelt formula for nicknaming people, "Sammy the Rose." This Manhattan American, this quiet, watchful man, has since become one of the major influences in Franklin Roosevelt's public life. Meeting him as a fellow-guest, of the Roosevelts in 1937, I was impressed by several things, by his slow-moving manner, for instance, by his taciturn shyness, by his serious and searching eyes and by the fact that (probably because he was already at work) he did not appear at breakfast.

In his choice of departmental chiefs and personal advisers, Roosevelt gave clear evidence of one important effect of the passive interval which his illness had imposed upon him, namely, the development of his judgment. During that long, disheartening period, he was able to read more widely and consecutively than ever before; more than that, he had greater opportunity of making objective observations of people and their behaviour and of tempering and rounding off his discoveries with the knowledge and wisdom he was now harvesting from books. In earlier years he was too impatiently active to want to deepen experience by reading. Books, so far as he was concerned, were for the gleaning of facts, or

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else for diversion. Those that had been written to induce the philosophic mood were not for him. "No time, I'm afraid. Must work"—the impulsive words, so familiar to his family and friends, are a key to the more important part of Franklin Roosevelt's character.

His career, however, is not to be wholly explained in terms of impetuous activity. There is an enigmatic side, an unknown element, such as there is in every public leader, in Hitler, for example, and Mussolini and the Pope and the Prime Minister of Great Britain, in spite of the glaring light in which such a leader must gradually unfold his policy and lay bare his purpose. It is an unknown element because he himself is unaware of its nature—certainly he is unaware of its ultimate effect.

That enigmatic element in Roosevelt was beginning to work during the years when he was Governor of New York. His approach to the question of water-power, wary as it was, nonetheless left no doubt that, in so far as he was on the side of integrity and honest government for the good of the people, his face was determinedly set against avarice and public exploitation, that is to say against many a millionaire, many a banker and many a grafting politician. In that attitude there was no riddle. The puzzling thing to some who were watching the course of Roosevelt's Governorship, was his attitude towards the fundamentals of economic life. Was he anti-capitalist at heart?

It is true that his training and upbringing had strongly biassed him in favour of capitalism and that he had never attacked the capitalist system as such. That the water-power of the Hudson had once been sold by the State government to financiers was not, in his opinion, an

unsound procedure in itself. He made this clear enough on one occasion when, in discussing the menace of huge mergers, he exclaimed that public-utility corporations must never be masters. "They must be our servants, well paid, as all good servants should be, but our servants still." His point of view was clear enough then. So it was when in a speech to the National Democratic Club in New York City he cited the example of the ferry across the Hudson River at Newburgh. The ferry was still being run by the descendants of the man to whom Queen Anne gave a franchise to run a ferry at that point. One passage from that speech is worth quoting for the light it throws upon a cardinal point in Roosevelt's political creed. He said: "But when Queen Anne gave that franchise to old man Powell, she said, 'You can have the exclusive right, but two things: first, you have got to give a good service. You have got to have a boat there, a big enough boat, and enough boats to take people and teams and horses and oxen across when they want to cross. And secondly, you have got to charge them a reasonable rate. And what is a reasonable rate, Mr. Powell? Why a reasonable rate is a fair return for your labour, and no more.' That is an example which has been followed through from 1705 all the way down until these last few years, when we have forgotten what a franchise is."

Then Roosevelt went on to rebuke the Public Service Commission for acting as a quasi-judicial body. "The Public Service Commission," he reminded his audience, "is the representative of the Legislature, and, back of the Legislature, of the people. It is not dealing between two contestants. It is representing one side, the people

of the State, definitely and clearly. And it has one function, not a function to choose between the people and public utilities, but the sole function, as the representative of the people of this State, to see to it that the utilities do two things: first, give service, and secondly, charge a reasonable rate."

All this is sure evidence of Roosevelt's desire to prick the conscience of the powerful financiers, to make them recognize that their great wealth must be used for the people's benefit. Above all, he wanted them to be reasonable, for reasonableness, in his eyes, was among the most estimable of human virtues. He wanted them to *see* reason, to see that a good business man could also be a good man. And if any had asked, "And what is a good man, Mr. Roosevelt?" he would have replied, "A good man is a good public servant."

The magnates, as typified by Mr. Insull, hated the moralizing tone of Roosevelt's lectures. Money-power had stupefied them to such a degree that they could not see that the moderating influence of a man like Franklin Roosevelt was a blessing, that such influence, accepted and rightly directed, could be a means of staving off revolution. During his Governorship, Roosevelt repeatedly declared his willingness to work in accord with the principles of sound business. He believed that there were enough good business men in his State who saw eye to eye with him. He wanted to give these men the chance of serving the public, and, whenever he told them so, he took care to stress the distasteful word "serve." In the event of his water-power proposals becoming law, he knew that he could then discover whether business and finance had public interests or only their own at

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heart. He saw as alternatives the policy of public ownership and control of the power sites, dams and power plants, with private distributing systems, or exploitation by private interests, or again public ownership of the whole organization.

In this and other controversies he offered himself as conciliator between the public and the business magnates. His position could not have been more clearly defined. The question was: what path would he follow if his conciliating efforts failed? It was a question that he himself had not yet answered, and therein lay the enigma of this governing democrat.

Of one thing he was sure: his essentially liberal temperament and mind would never allow him willingly to play the dictator. Though circumstances might compel him to sanction an increase of government control, his motives would always be to use this control for the ultimate protection of individual liberty. He lamented that government for a long time past had been withdrawing from practical contact with citizens as human beings. How could there be progress, he asked on one occasion, when the State regarded its citizens as so many statistical units?

Something that he had once heard Lord Bryce say had stuck in his memory. Perhaps it is not irrelevant to state that the words were spoken during an after-dinner discussion, that is to say, at an hour when abstract problems are apt to present themselves in a surprisingly sudden clear light. Bryce had been asserting his belief that the American form of government would live long after most other forms of government had fallen or been changed. He remarked that in other nations new

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problems had to be tested in a national laboratory. When a solution was found it had to be applied to the nation as a whole and it might prove the right or the wrong solution. "But," he pointed out to his gratified audience (and not one was more gratified than young Franklin Roosevelt, else he would not have troubled to memorize the words), "but here you, in the United States, have forty-eight laboratories and when new problems arise you can work out forty-eight different solutions to meet the problem, and out of these forty-eight experimental laboratories, some of the solutions may not prove sound or acceptable, but out of all this experimentation history shows you have found at least some remedies which can be made so successful that they will become national in their application."

From these words Roosevelt drew a conclusion in which his innate antipathy to a dictatorship was at once revealed. His idea was that the national government should co-operate with the several States by gathering information and by acting as a clearing-house through which the several Governors could work. "I think," he said, "that is the correct and most useful function of Washington. Instead of trying to run the whole works and to dictate methods and details to all of the States along some hard and fast programme which may or may not apply in the different sections of the country, the national government can help us in the several States to work out solutions which in the long run will get us somewhere."

The words are well worth noting. It is also worth remembering that they were spoken in 1931, in the Governorship period; for in subsequent years Franklin

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Roosevelt was often to be accused of seeking after dictatorial powers over his country, and was required to answer the accusation with an emphatic disavowal.¹ Following him through these years, we shall see that, although such charges were largely the result of partisanship, there was also a genuine fear lest circumstances should join with the unknown quantity, the enigma, in Franklin Roosevelt and entice him towards a form of dictatorship.

His attitude towards the functions of government was well exemplified by the programme for land utilization which he undertook during his Governorship of New York. It was a programme which admirably revealed his ability to view this ever-important problem in a far-seeing way. He was capable of conceiving it on a national as well as on a regional scale, and passages from his speeches on the subject suggest that there were times when he was regarding the Governorship as an important rehearsal.

It is strange but true that one of mankind's most obvious needs, to wit, a long-sighted land policy, is rarely complied with. Sometimes, yes, we see such a policy outlined in a book, as for example in Lord Lyington's *Famine in England* where this warning occurs: "Without a radical change in agricultural practice and concerted world attempts to halt erosion and to regenerate deserts, the spectre of famine will materialize into a reality without the aid of war. This alone constitutes . . . a reason for storing reserves in any form that animals and human beings alike consume. Such a reserve would not only be of the utmost value in war, but as food

¹ See page 233.

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supplies shorten in peace-time it will enable us to have some breathing space in which to reorganize our own agricultural production and restore fertility to our fields until we reach a point where by careful rationing we could be self-supporting."

But rarely do we mortals find such eminent common sense lifted from the pages of a treatise and applied to practical politics. One such rare instance was the land policy which Roosevelt worked out and put into practice while he was Governor of his State. In the first place he perceived that larger than the problem of determining what each and every acre of land could best be used for, was the problem of getting the population to carry out the policy; and involved in that (he saw) were other problems, equally formidable, such as how to make farm life more attractive and how to regulate the supply of agricultural products. He found a way of approach to these problems by reclassifying the population into three groups, urban, rural and rural-industrial. Under his Governorship the State of New York undertook, as a governmental responsibility, the carrying out of a plan for a more enlightened use of agricultural, industrial and human resources. Alarmed at the maladjustment of rural and urban life, the State set out to relieve impossible and unfair economic conditions on the farms all the time keeping in view the ultimate purpose of developing a permanent agriculture.

"This," Roosevelt told his fellow-Governors, "was the programme to relieve immediate needs, but it has rapidly developed into something which is far deeper and far more important for the future, in other words, state planning. We have felt that if city planning and even county plan-

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ning are worth while, how much more important is it that the state as a whole should adopt a permanent programme both social and economic, and state-wide in its objectives. In all of this work, it is worth recording that not only the immediate programme but also the long-time planning is being worked out in a wholly non-partisan manner. . . . This state programme calls for an intensive development of the good land. For the farms that are on a permanent basis, we have definitely embarked on a policy of providing a farm-to-market road that is passable at all times, available electric power, telephone lines, hospital facilities and a good high school. We believe that as a general state policy it is better, under present-day conditions, to provide these services and use the good land intensively rather than attempt to use the sub-marginal land."

The "non-partisan manner" to which Roosevelt referred in this speech was a source of great strength to him during his Governorship. But though the manner was evenly maintained over the question of land policy, it could not be expected that equanimity would rule during the controversy that was suddenly stirred up over the Executive and the Legislature in relation to the budget. Some idea of the collision can be formed from the various pronouncements that were made by each side in turn. Thus Roosevelt, in a message, asserted that just as the Governor should never be given legislative functions, so also should members of the Legislature never be given executive functions; and from the members of the Legislature came wildly furious accusations. The very foundation of the State, they declared, was in danger. Roosevelt's message was attacked as being presumptuous, usurping, audacious, insulting, sinister and avaricious.

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It was a bitter quarrel. The new procedure, a reversal of the old, was for the Governor to draw up the budget and submit it to the Legislature. The purpose was not so much to take away the Legislature's power of directing funds, as to centralize responsibility and to counteract ambiguous appropriations. The Republicans, in their turn, sought to check the Governor's power by amending his budget; then, backed by legal advice, they passed it in its amended form. Roosevelt's bold counter-move was to take the whole question into the courts. After an unedifying struggle, the end of it all was a decision upholding the Governor on every fundamental of the case, and Roosevelt was quick to press home his victory by asserting that the decision would be regarded for generations to come "as one of the pivots on which the government of this State and of other States rests."

Yet another milestone was passed when he signed the Water Power Commission Bill and brought nearer reality his dream of turning the St. Lawrence's power into the channel of public service. "But," he added by way of warning, "like all milestones on the road of progress it is a milestone only and not a terminal. Even greater vigilance will be required on the part of the public to make sure that this progress is not halted by those who have so long successfully blocked all attempts to give back to the people the water-power which is theirs."

The frustration of honest effort—always this has stirred in Roosevelt a burning indignation. During the period of his Governorship it was a recurring theme of his speeches, and it was a theme which he could play upon all the more powerfully seeing how cruelly his own fight for health had been frustrated. He might fail in

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the struggle for the physical well-being that once had been his, but the failure only went to build up a greater reserve of strength and resourcefulness in his public contendings. The speeches he made at that time were filled with a redoubled self-assurance, a tone of overwhelming confidence which his enemies could easily misrepresent as arrogance. And the force of his appeal was further increased by his skill in making an ally of radio. He studied the medium carefully and perceived how it could be used to heighten the human side of politics. It was not surprising that being so convinced and idealistic a democrat, he should see in radio a unique way of stressing the claims of the individual. While others were squandering the benefits of radio by broadcasting politics to an imagined crowd, Roosevelt carefully considered how he might use this marvellous instrument in order to have a heart-to-heart talk with every single citizen of his State. Knowing that the average citizen was far more amenable to a discussion about good government than to one about the rude business of politics, he made it a point to keep the theme of "government" well to the fore in most of his radio talks. "I am not in the least discouraged," he said in one broadcast at this time, "that so much legislation became entangled in partisan disputes or because the Republican majority seemed to adopt as its general policy the rule that every recommendation a Democratic Government made should be opposed or altered. I can only hope that next year public opinion will compel the Republican leaders to get together with the Governor on matters involving some immediate need of the State."

Governor Roosevelt went on to relate to his scattered

audience an incident exemplifying the *reductio ad absurdum* of party politics. One of his Republican friends asked a prominent legislator if he was going to support one of the Governor's recommendations, involving an important and entirely non-partisan matter. The legislator answered, "I am with the Governor one hundred per cent. He is dead right. But, of course, we cannot go along with him on this, because it would give him altogether too much political credit."

To this gem of a story Roosevelt added this comment: "Now, my friends, I want to make it perfectly clear that this question of political credit is to me entirely immaterial. I can only say that I rejoice in what the majority members of the Legislature have given me of my programme and regret their failure to adopt the rest."

The independent air! It had been a feature of Franklin Roosevelt's career ever since his earliest Senator days. Indeed, it had already marked him as a student at Harvard and in that restricted field it had not exactly helped to promote his popularity. But now his field was the whole of New York State where there were many who, weary of the tricks and intrigues of politics, were ready to be impressed by the aristocratic, self-determining manner which had always been natural to him. Moreover, it was no longer true, as in the earlier days it was, that the progress of his life had been attended by good fortune on every side. Poverty he had never known, but his fate was to endure an equally bitter experience; and the experience had served, not to dim that image of himself which is called self-confidence, but rather to transfigure it. Roosevelt's belief in himself now had a transcendental quality.

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Throughout his prolonged struggle with the Legislature of New York State that quality was evident, and always it was directed against anti-constitutional forces and the misappropriation of power.¹ In the dispute over the Executive Budget, for instance, he was compelled to take "drastic action" because, as he said, it was contrary to the whole plan of representative constitutional government to hand over two-thirds of a purely executive duty to the Legislature, and he made it plain that he would not assent to a precedent depriving himself and future Governors of a large part of the constitutional duties which were inherent in the office of Chief Executive.

Without the compelling quality of self-confidence that Governor Roosevelt now possessed, it is difficult to imagine such a state of comparative conciliation as that which gradually came about between the Democrats and Republicans of New York State. Republican leaders openly declared the Governor's accomplishment to be the most constructive for twenty-five years. Among

¹ Consistently it has been so directed ever since, in various fields and circumstances. Thus, on April 29, 1938, in a message on the revision of the anti-trust law, Roosevelt, as President, outlined a programme which was designed, not as the beginning of an ill-considered trust-busting campaign, but, in his own words, "to preserve private enterprise for profit, by keeping it free enough to be able to utilize all our resources of capital and labour at a profit." Roosevelt then said, "The concentration of power in private hands to-day is without equal in history. The one lesson in events abroad that has hit home is that the liberty of a democracy is not safe if the people tolerate the growth of private power to a point where it becomes stronger than their democratic state itself. That, in essence, is Fascism."

On the very same day, ironically, this ardent Constitutionalist was himself accused of attempting "an arbitrary, impracticable violation of the Constitution" when a Committee of the House of Representatives refused to send his Wages and Hours Bill to the House.

Republican farmers many were becoming favourable towards the Governor's programme and some had even been won over to his side. At one juncture Roosevelt was able to thank the Republicans for granting him about eighty per cent of what he had asked for.

A further tribute to Roosevelt's inspiring leadership came from the President of the American Federation of Labour, who proclaimed that Labour had very seldom secured in one session the enactment of so many measures promoting the welfare of working people.

If this growing political success was evidence of his skill as a politician, it was no less the result of his personal attributes. Fully conscious of these advantages, he was continually seeking how he might turn them to the fullest possible account. Through the medium of broadcasting he was working wonders; but he was not content that his audience should remain unseen. Having spoken to the people over whom he had been given a governor's privilege, he must also see them face to face, and, equally important, he must be seen by them, that they might know how complete a man of goodwill he was and how utterly devoted to their common weal. To this end he undertook a summer tour of the whole State, a tour which was the more impressive for being unconnected with any particular campaign.

Added to all this was the influence which, thanks to Louis Howe's knowledge and judgment, Roosevelt was exerting through the Press. One way of appraising Howe's usefulness to the Governor is to remark the uncommonly good salary he was receiving. But his real value cannot be so assessed. During these years he was showing something of the king-maker's quality.

Franklin Roosevelt as President of his country—since he had proved his natural gifts as a leader and a governor, that was no longer a fantasy. Through all the routine of his daily life, Louis Howe worked steadfastly to that end. Three or four days each week he spent at Albany, the remainder in New York. In addition to the business of feeding the Press, he made himself responsible for the Governor's huge correspondence, which now was keeping him in touch with people all over the country, and for keeping unbroken contact with the numerous political organizations and movements; and by means of periodical reports he kept Roosevelt informed as to the fluctuations of feeling among his supporters and opponents. Furthermore, because of his inborn shrewdness and caution, Howe was able to serve his friend well by preventing or else controlling those impulsive actions which were always likely to spring from Roosevelt's moods of expansive geniality.

It so happens that in more than one of the biographies that I have written, I have met with an instance of one man utterly devoting himself to the self-realization of another of more universal mind—in his conscientious service to Elgar, August Jaeger was such a one—and in each case one could imagine that the meeting of the two men was brought about by the working of some natural law of redress and balance. Louis Howe's coming into Roosevelt's life invites one to conceive some such process of compensation, for, as long as he lived, Howe represented something by virtue of which Roosevelt might think of himself again as a whole man.

9. Attestation of Soundness

THE wonder was that Franklin Roosevelt should be enduring his physical handicap without losing any of his natural reasonableness. His insistence on the "complete picture" of every important political issue was a symptom of his eminently reasonable mind. During the years of his Governorship he was always to be found walking along the way of moderation. Even the cleaving question of Prohibition failed to lure him, although he declared himself against its application to the whole nation. "I need not point out to you that it (Prohibition) has been a prolific source of corruption, hypocrisy, crime and disorder. I, for one, believe that it is time to retrace our steps, for we find we have wandered far from the firm road towards eventual temperance into a hopeless morass of crime and law defiance"—he could proclaim all this, and still keep the question of Prohibition separate from party politics. He was reasonable enough to perceive that the unreasonableness of some of his opponents in making it a party issue would be likely to bring him votes in the next election for the Governorship.

How surely he had grasped the situation was revealed in 1930, when he was re-elected Governor of New York with a plurality of 725,001 votes. The odd vote appearing at the end of the round figure became a stock joke. "I cast that myself," he told people who came to congratulate him.

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His triumph was the most heartening thing the Democratic Party had enjoyed for a long time. But among his party friends there was one man whose pleasure in the success was edged with wistfulness and regret. As a former Governor of New York and an unsuccessful candidate in the Presidential election, Al Smith could not but regard the career of his younger successor with envy, though the envy might be passive and good-natured. At this period of their careers Smith and Roosevelt have been compared to two rival prima donnas. There is something in that. More precisely is Al Smith to be likened to the singer who, before leaving a local opera house in the hope of conquering the audience of a metropolitan house, takes trouble to coach a favoured pupil as a successor in the smaller house. The coaching had begun as far back as 1924 when Al Smith had first called Roosevelt to resume his public career. In subsequent events, we see as it were the older singer, having failed to win the applause of the metropolitan audience, sadly regarding the pupil's success in the well-loved little home-town opera-house and longing for the old exhilaration that comes of being sure of the public's approval. How happily would the rivalry have been settled, had there been a master-mind so to order affairs (as in the opera which Handel wrote for Cuzzoni and Faustina) that each could appear in a role of equal importance! But politics admits of no such settlement.

It is well, nevertheless, to recognize the importance of the performing element in political affairs. Franklin Roosevelt has always allowed for it and, even when it has run contrary to his aristocratic feeling, he has made

concessions to the crowd whenever it has served his purpose. But he had no desire to make a performance out of his rivalry with Al Smith, for his regard for the older politician was genuine and warm. Though their careers, it seemed, must ultimately clash, he was not the man to make a scene as of Cæsar and Pompey contending for power.

To the public, of course, such a scene would have been as diverting as a circus. There were those at this time who, recognizing in Roosevelt a real fighter, were urging him to assume wider powers. On one occasion he divulged that a prominent editor had written to him, first to lament the breakdown of local government, then to beg him as Governor to usurp or assume the functions of the officials elected by the communities. He ended by warning Roosevelt that, if he did not take this course, the alternative would certainly be martial law. But Governor Roosevelt was in no mind to follow such advice. He was too much aware of the prevailing forgetfulness as to the fundamentals of American democracy, one of which was the right of every locality to manage its local affairs. He deplored the tendency to encourage concentration of power at the top of a governmental structure—he deplored it as being alien to the American system and akin to a dictatorship or the central committee of a communistic regime. More important still, he deplored it as being alien to his own nature and convictions. At this time everyone who had helped to elect him to the Governorship could say: "This is a safe man. Democratic principles will not suffer at his hands. So long as events do not work change in him, I can be sure of him."

Public trust in him was strengthened by the knowledge

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that his temper was by no means pacific. He was wiser than to expect the articles of faith upon which democracy rested to stand unaffected by the mutability of human affairs. He was wiser than that, yet was sound enough to allow that such principles could be modified in shape and still be resting upon the same broad base. But to preserve those principles during the process of modifying them, inimical forces must be resisted. As with religious so with political faith, a militant attitude was both necessary and logical.

This conviction was apparent in almost every one of Governor Roosevelt's public utterances. To him the doctrine of regulation and legislation by master minds was abhorrent. In his opinion the theory of the master mind "in whose judgment and will all the people may gladly and quietly acquiesce" had been too much flaunted at Washington during the post-war years. He mocked at the idea that such a mind existed in America. "Were it possible," he said, "to find 'master minds' so unselfish, so willing to decide unhesitatingly against their own personal interest or private prejudices—men almost godlike in their ability to hold the scales of Justice with an even hand—such a government might be to the interests of the country; but there are none such on our political horizon, and we cannot expect a complete reversal of all the teachings of history."

More than anything else, it was Roosevelt's consistency that won for him the reputation of being "a high-class fellow." Had it been paid to Al Smith, the compliment would have been almost equally appropriate, but it would not have carried precisely the same implications. The contrast between the two as yet friendly rivals was not

altogether to be explained in terms of career and social background. Their characters, though they had points of contact in the field of politics, were diverse. To realize how diverse, one had only to compare the chosen environments of the two men in their working hours. Whereas Roosevelt liked to surround himself with playthings and objects that one would expect to see in an undergraduate's rooms, Al Smith admitted nothing to his office that was unimpressive. That he was wealthy, that he was a Roman Catholic, that he was self-made—these facts could be gathered by any casual caller at his business premises. Alike in a certain naïveté (which, after all, is common to the majority of Americans and, in the eyes of Europeans, is one of their most attractive attributes), Franklin Roosevelt and Al Smith were sharply differentiated on matters of taste. I recall an occasion in the autumn of 1931 when I paid a visit to Al Smith's office in the Empire State Building. I remember that, as I was sitting in one of the lavishly appointed rooms and listening to the busy talk of one of the secretaries, I strove to make real to myself all that I saw—the carpets, panelling, electrical devices, all proclaiming costliness, and far below, the misty outlines of less ambitious skyscrapers and the Hudson River, turned into molten gold by the sunset's reflection—I strove in vain to bring these impressions within the bounds of reality. To me, accustomed to working and living on a level nearer the earth, the experience seemed an uncomfortable dream.

In my discomfort I thought: "Is it not possible that this is a dream, or a half-dream, even to the man who daily sits in this office?"—and with the thought the image

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of Al Smith came before my mind's eye—the square head, broad brow, grey hair, the contrast of the nose and mouth, which were abnormally large, with the eyes, which were heavy lidded, screwed-up and seemingly small, a contrast which suggested a curious mixture of frankness and shrewdness: and I perceived again the relationship between this figure and his environment, how that the man who had “made” himself and expressed that fact in his everyday surroundings, had planted himself in a tower as a token of the upward anguish of his early life and to give him a sense of power over all that he saw below, and how that, in so doing, in withdrawing so far from the earth, he had lost touch with reality.

Some idea of the difference between the two Democrats, between Frank and Al as they called each other, can be conveyed by attempting to imagine Franklin Roosevelt installed somewhere in that Empire State tower. Everything in him would have rebelled against such pretentiousness. He hated make-believe. It annoyed him when people spoke of his estate at Hyde Park. It was a farm and would always be a farm. Any other name would belie its character. If the term impressed people as being too humble to use in connection with a State Governor, well, they must continue to think so. That was Roosevelt's consistent attitude. It was the attitude, not of an ascetic, but of one to whom any façade (other than that of an old-fashioned Colonial house) was obnoxious. A thoroughly high-class fellow—no happier illustration of the point could be found than his insistence on calling his farm a farm.

Though he had never been brought up against personal poverty as Smith had been, he had never made what, by

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American standards, could be called a large fortune. The death of his step-brother, Rosy Roosevelt, brought him increased wealth, and since both he and his wife were earning an income, there was a period during which they could spend at the rate of ten thousand pounds a year; but the figure is to be taken rather as evidence of activity, much of it benevolent, than of positive wealth. His generosity in financing the development of Warm Springs, that other state of which he was the governing spirit, has already been remarked.

The fact that he had always been content to live in a house belonging to his mother was evidence that he did not make of ownership a fetish, a trait which was completely in keeping with one who was so convincingly opposed to Business in its more monstrous forms.

It required a first-class crisis to bring home, even to ordinarily sensible Americans, what a monster their Big Business had become. The crash can now be seen as a strictly logical happening, but when the blow fell it was regarded in America as a cruel and unwarranted disaster. To that, I can testify. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia and some of the smaller cities I was made the confidant of people who were bemoaning their fate with the passionate bitterness of a Hebrew psalmist. Though their dazed self-pity moved me to deep sympathy, I could not put from my mind the lunacy of the period prior to the crash, when Wall Street became a people's Monte Carlo. Before the worst was over I had paid a visit to Wall Street and from the gallery had watched the innocent-looking play which is daily enacted there. As I watched the floor, it became in my eyes a game-board, and the men, some rushing about, some lifelessly waiting,

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were seen as pieces controlled by a power, unseen and greater than themselves, a power only dimly comprehensible to them. As human beings, some of the pieces had no meaning, their faces being hidden. They meant no more than a suit of clothes or a bald head. Even those whose faces could be seen appeared hardly human. The faces were so many white, grey and yellow masks. I had not to be told that bad news was about. It was in the very air. Even the patterns and movements of the game, as I watched it from the gallery, told me as much. Near me were five or six men, trying to look unconcerned while they talked. One of them laughed, another said something about suicide, then they all laughed. I counted myself fortunate that I had not to play the smallest part in the crazy performance.

When the time came for Franklin Roosevelt to review the events that led to the crash, he was able to do so with a clarity and simplicity that appealed to the average American citizen—he was able to do this because through all that nightmare period he was one of the few prominent Americans whose sense of proportion had not been seriously disturbed. Once again he had been able to keep before his eyes “the whole picture.” More and more these qualities of vision and wide-mindedness were growing in him, keeping pace with his increasing responsibility and opportunity, enabling him to come through a succession of party divisions with ever-increased influence. Even his troubled relations with Tammany Hall were ultimately turned to his advantage.

(For readers who are not American it had better be explained that, though the name “Tammany Hall” was commonly applied to the Democratic organization in

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New York City, in reality it represented the organization only in the borough of Manhattan, and at the beginning of the 1930's, the Manhattan leaders had lost the controlling votes.)

Justly or unjustly, the name "Tammany Hall" also became synonymous with all that was conveyed by the ugly word "graft," that is, with politics-for-profit, with bribery and corruption. Roosevelt's uncompromising attitude was that American politics must be everywhere purged of the evil of graft, and especially in those places where it had affected the Democratic Party. It was this attitude that led him into that conflict with Tammany Hall which at the time seemed so highly important to the politicians and the political press of New York City, but which in retrospect takes its place with the fight against Sheehan and similar incidents in Roosevelt's career. It was, in fact, one more instance of his independence and sense of superiority.

But these qualities did not lead him to spurn the small-minded, self-seeking types among politicians, else he would never have become Governor of New York. Just as he needed capital on his side in his fight for the "forgotten man," so did he need the co-operation of all the types that had entered the political tournament, whatever their motive. That he could rely upon the appeal of his steadfast reasonableness in his pursuit of revolutionary change had been confirmed all along the line of his development. He who had been elected Governor of New York State was that rare man, the reasonable revolutionary. That this was the type of politician to which numbers of Americans were beginning to look for leadership was made manifest in June, 1932, when at

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the Party Convention in Chicago Franklin Roosevelt was preferred to several rivals, including the crestfallen and embittered Al Smith, and nominated as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. The choice was a manifestation of many things, to be sure—of the skilful campaigning of Louis Howe and of that popular party man, Farley; of Roosevelt's talent for picking good counsellors, such a man as Rosenman, for instance, who had persuaded the Governor to prepare for possible nomination by forming a circle of learned men to sustain him with their economic and political theories, a circle for which the public invented the name, "Brain Trust"; it was a manifestation of Roosevelt's ability to combine knowledge of tactics with insight into human nature; but above all and in simple terms, his nomination was a clear proof of popular trust in his honesty and strength of purpose.

His singular frankness had been witnessed a year or so earlier when the editor of a popular American magazine, through a member of the Republican party, put a direct question to Roosevelt: in the event of his being nominated and elected as President, did he feel and believe himself physically fit enough to bear the burden of office? To this Roosevelt sent a reply which not only is evidence that by now he had clearly seen before him the path he must take but is a remarkable revelation both of himself and of American political life. It was this: "Being assured of your integrity, I am prepared to permit you to make an investigation of my physical fitness, and to give you every facility for thoroughly making it, and authority for you to publish its results without censorship from me."

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An extremely thorough examination confirmed what had already been discovered by insurance companies, namely, that Roosevelt's recovery was being well maintained, that he could walk all necessary distances and stand without becoming abnormally tired, that his chest was exceptionally developed and that his spinal column was completely healthy. A doctor, an orthopædist and a neurologist declared that to the best of their belief his powers of endurance were such as to allow him to meet any demand of private and public life, and as if to thank these Daniels for their judgment, Roosevelt confirmed it during the campaign by showing himself capable of making any number up to sixteen speeches a day.

The campaign was a masterpiece of organization. No method of appeal was overlooked. Thus, a gramophone record of an intimate talk by Roosevelt was sent to every delegate's home before the Convention. "My dear friend," the record began in that hearty manner which even Eddie Cantor, in his broadest manner of parody, could not exaggerate, "my dear friend, I wish it lay in my power to talk with you face to face." This, indeed, was politics in the modern manner. Though the doctors had agreed that he was equal to the demands of public life, or, as Al Smith once put it, that he merely lacked full control of his legs, prudence required that, in a country of three million square miles (or, as every Englishman has continually to be reminding himself, thirty times the size of the British Isles), he should study how to make true and vital contact with individual men and women by means of the gramophone, the film and, most potent of all, the radio.

By such means, Roosevelt was able to break through

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all the unreality of party jargon and present himself to the ordinary citizen as a clearly defined personality—to the ordinary citizen, but especially to the citizen whom he visualized as “the forgotten man at the bottom of the economic pyramid.” Some commentators have expressed surprise that Roosevelt, the aristocrat, should have had a clearer conception of the life and needs of this “forgotten man” than, say, the self-made Al Smith, or than Hoover, who by shrewdness and hard work had made himself so wealthy that he could no more make real to himself what it was once like to be poor than he could believe, even in the midst of the crisis, that his country would take more than a few months to recover. Only those who have failed to appreciate Roosevelt’s wholehearted sincerity and, equally, his educated mind, could be surprised that he should single out the most obscure of citizens as the basis of his programme for reconstruction, or could be surprised that later this programme should be developed into another which had for inspiration a new order of things, a new deal, “a changed concept”—those were his words—“of the duty and responsibility of government towards economic life.”

“Let us look a little,” he said to the Democratic Convention when he accepted nomination, “at recent history and at simple economics, the kind of economics that you and I and the average man and woman talk”—not the kind of economics, he was probably thinking, that members of a brain trust would talk. He then reviewed the period prior to 1929, the years in which America completed a vast cycle of building and inflation, and pointed out some of the results—corporate profit was gigantic, little of the profit was used to reduce

prices, the consumer was forgotten, the worker was forgotten, even the stock-holder was forgotten, and so on. He asked the Convention to consider how the enormous surpluses were used, and suggested that they went chiefly in two directions, either into new and superfluous plants or "into the call money market of Wall Street, either directly by the corporations or indirectly through the banks."

"Then came the crash," he continued. "You know the story. The surplus invested in unnecessary plant became idle. Men lost their jobs, purchasing power dried up, banks became frightened and started calling loans. Those who had money were afraid to part with it. Credit contracted. Industry stopped. Commerce declined and unemployment mounted, and there we are to-day. Translate that into human terms. See how the events of the past three years have come home to specific groups of people. First, the group dependent on industry; second, the group dependent on agriculture; third, and made up in large part of members of the first two groups, the people who are called small investors and depositors. In fact, the strongest possible tie between the first two groups, agriculture and industry, is the fact that the savings, and to a degree the security, of both are tied together in that third group, the credit structure of the nation. Never in history have the interests of all the people been so united in a single economic problem."

All through the subsequent campaign Roosevelt based his appeal upon this simple and lucid analysis of the national problem. With the help of his wife and, for all their divergent views, of his children, of Louis Howe,

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of Farley (who believed and made others believe that the name "Roosevelt" alone was enough to work magic) and of the other chosen advisers, Franklin Roosevelt started upon the task of making the voters understand that theirs was not merely a nation of independence but also one of interdependence, that their survival could be guaranteed only if the inhabitants of the North and South, of the East and West, of the towns and the countryside, became conscious again that they were members one of another. After travelling nearly twenty thousand miles in four months and making about a thousand speeches, he so far succeeded in carrying out his purpose that the Mid-West, safe as a rule for the Republicans, joined with the Democratic South to help elect Franklin Roosevelt as President of the United States, a conjunction which had similarly brought about the election of Wilson sixteen years before.

10. Powers in Conflict

THE people of the United States had thus borne witness to their belief in Franklin Roosevelt's essential soundness as a national leader, just as the doctors had certified his soundness of body. But though he had received a popular vote greater than any candidate for the Presidency had ever been given, the news of his victory did not cause in him any extraordinary demonstration of emotion; and from this two things could be deduced, first, that he gloried more in the battle than in the moment of triumph, and second, that nothing of the solemnity of his fellow-countrymen's decision had escaped him. Because he had pledged himself to give the American people a new deal, and because they had faith in his powers to accomplish that gigantic task, he had received from them a direct mandate.

He knew the road that he would take. Though it was blocked and barricaded all along, he could see, plainly enough, its direct course and the fair country into which it led. In the heat and dust-raising of the election campaign he had made that course plain in many a speech, tracing it with the confident air of one who had as good as finished the journey. Now that the dust had settled, the way was plainer than ever. All the ingenious propaganda, the boiling oratory, the accusations and defences, the "happy thoughts" of the campaign

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could not hide one simple fact: that for ten years a nation numbering one hundred and twenty millions of people had been led to isolate itself from the rest of humanity by means of tariffs. Roosevelt knew the ordinary factory worker, the farmer and the business man well enough to realize how unpopular the tariff system was with them; and backing up this knowledge with his tremendous moral sense he had convinced the majority of Americans that their prosperity depended upon a revival of world trade and that this in turn depended upon a conciliatory attitude towards other nations. Having carried this conviction, having persuaded his fellow-countrymen as to their true desires and needs, he had then sounded again the noble diapason note of moral appeal, saying, "The welfare and the soundness of a nation depends first upon what the great mass of the people wish and need; and secondly, whether or not they are getting it."

In his own clear-cut opinion, Americans wanted two things above all else, work and reasonable security, and in speaking of those two needs he had not been afraid to refer to their spiritual significance. The road he had seen before him was leading to the regaining of the spiritual values implicit in decent, regular work and fair security. Because of the sharpness and length of his vision, because of the uncommon strength of his personal appeal and because, in argument, he had persuaded them that the policy of the Republicans was an aspect of the materialism of the age, the majority of American people had answered that they would follow him along that road.

But materialism was not to be laid low by the mere election of a Democratic President. At the very outset

of the journey towards the New Order, the conflict was fiercely renewed.

Though the new President continued to show the public that ready, care-free smile and to let them hear that hearty laugh, he well knew what a tremendous struggle was ahead of him. As Governor he had already had the experience of being threatened by letter and now he could expect such threats to become a daily occurrence. Indeed, the prospect of a good hard fight helped to broaden the smile and louden the laugh, and even the arrival of a bomb through the post he turned into a joke.

Two weeks before he was due to assume office, an open attempt on his life was made. Accompanied by Cermak, the Mayor of Chicago, he was being welcomed by a crowd in Miami. A man in the crowd shot at Roosevelt, hit Cermak instead, then went on shooting until he was seized by some women. Before he died, Cermak whispered to Franklin Roosevelt, "I'm glad it's me and not you," and the moving words made it seem almost as though he had with intent given his life for the newly elected President.

The attempted assassination was a presage of the blow, hardly less deadly in its possibilities, which was struck on the very day of the President's inauguration on March 4, 1933. A historic day, indeed! Washington was filled with visitors who, having come from all parts to witness the beginning of a new epoch, heard the news that the banks everywhere had closed. A grim bank holiday marked the beginning of the better times they had come to hail.

The sombre foreboding of that day could be felt even

in English homes. I was in London then and a cousin of the President invited me to her house in Chelsea to listen to the broadcast of the President's address. I recall the feeling of awe which was conveyed at the beginning of the broadcast commentaries of the ceremony and how this feeling was gradually turned into excited admiration as the President's challenging oratory mounted and mounted, turning the grave crisis into a grand opportunity. I remember my companion speaking of her memory of "cousin Franklin" as a boy and a young man and remarking that this spirited, heartening speech was wholly in keeping with his character. I also remember that, during the broadcast, the President's cousin called her housekeeper in to listen, such pleasure and pride did she feel in her kinsman's triumph.

For that speech was in itself a great achievement. It was delivered at a moment when the American nation was on the verge of collapse. The situation was as urgently serious as though the country had been invaded, and conceiving it thus, the President warned the nation that a temporary assumption of dictatorial power might be necessary. But he was careful to stress that this assumption would be brought about by constitutional methods. He saw America as a stricken nation in a stricken world, and if it so happened that the emergency remained critical, he let it be known that he would ask Congress for the one remaining instrument—"broad executive power."

American readers have no need to be reminded of the extremity of their country's danger at that time; but readers of other countries cannot easily imagine the nature of the crisis, and perhaps the best way to help

them is to quote such facts as these¹: the number of bank failures during the three years before 1933 was five thousand, a figure which was greatly increased during the early months of 1933; during the same three years the number of unemployed persons had risen from three millions to about thirteen and a half millions, the industrial production had fallen by forty-seven per cent, the value of farm products by seventy-one per cent, the estimated national income by fifty-six per cent. As Sir Maurice Amos reminds us, these figures are given a still more pointed meaning when we bear in mind that there was no poor law in America, that there was no national system of unemployment insurance, medical insurance or old-age pensions, and, furthermore, that the Trades Union movement was enfeebled.

At the beginning of 1933, the public everywhere began to withdraw deposits and to hoard, and before Inauguration Day steps were being taken to protect the banks by proclaiming moratoria.

In such an emergency, there seemed no way of escape but for the President to claim that "one remaining instrument." The nation, in fact, was expecting him to claim it.

Yet, even in this extremity, one in which none of his predecessors had been placed, the President was far from despairing. He was as sure of the survival of true democracy as ever he was. The very extremity, indeed, increased his confidence.

The first days of his administration brought measures for the relief of the banking crisis, and the relief made

¹ See *Lectures on the American Constitution*, by Sir Maurice Amos, who quotes from Yoder and Davies, *Depression and Recovery*.

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it possible to plan a national recovery from depression, and that "new order of things" about which Roosevelt had so often generalized during the election campaign suddenly became a vast and ordered scheme. The New Deal was born.

Interrelated though the several problems were, by far the most urgent was that of unemployment. One in four of the normally working population was without work. On Inauguration Day the President made clear that in formulating his plan he had put first the removal of this evil. From that most other recoveries would follow.

And perhaps these would have followed in due time had not the "broad executive power" been challenged by another great power in the land, that of the Supreme Court.

The ensuing struggle between these two powers would have been less protracted had it been an obvious clash between Right and Wrong. But here the public was presented with the spectacle of Right clamorously contending with Right, such a spectacle as Shakespeare invents at the beginning of *King Richard II* where Mowbray and Bolingbroke, both in the name of loyalty and patriotism, accuse each other of treason. The American citizen, hearing himself blessed, in the name of the Constitution, both by the President and the Supreme Court, could be grateful to both and still might pardonably suspect that one of them was a flatterer. Moreover, he might suspect this and still be wrong.

All the President's high hopes were centred in the National Industrial Recovery Act (which from here on will be referred to as the N.I.R.A.). When he signed

the Act on June 16, 1933, he pronounced that it would probably be recorded in history as "the most important and far-reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress." He saw in it a supreme effort "to stabilize for all time" the many factors which made for "the prosperity of the nation and the preservation of American standards." He defined its purpose in these words: "The assurance of a reasonable profit to industry and living wages to labour, with the elimination of the piratical methods and practices which have not only harassed honest business but also contributed to the ills of labour."

The N.I.R.A. was in two divisions, the first entitled Industrial Recovery, the second, Public Works and Construction Projects. The first of these empowered the President to enforce codes of fair competition for any trade or industry which desired or was considered to be in need of regulation. Each code required employers to comply with maximum working-hours and minimum rates of pay.

The application of the first title of the Act was put in the hands of General Hugh S. Johnson and as a result of his thorough administration, between five hundred and six hundred codes were enforced in less than two years. But on May 27, 1935, the codes were condemned by a decision of the Supreme Court. The Chief Justice pronounced that the code-making authority conferred upon the President was "an unconstitutional delegation of legislative power" because it was altogether too wide. The Recovery Act authorized the promulgation of Codes of Fair Competition, but fair competition, according to the Chief Justice, was not a term having

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any precise meaning in law; and in any case its meaning could not be stretched to include all the purposes which the Act declared to be the policy of Congress, such purposes as the organization of industry, the promotion of the full utilization of existing productive capacity and the increase of the consumption of industrial and agricultural products. "Congress," pronounced the Chief Justice, "cannot delegate legislative power to the President to exercise an unfettered discretion to make whatever laws he thinks may be needed or advisable for the rehabilitation and expansion of trade or industry."

Judgment could hardly be clearer than that. By those words the conflict between the two powers was brought to a head.

Another important factor in the New Deal was the Agricultural Adjustment Act. This, too, was condemned by the Supreme Court after being in operation for nearly three years. Its chief purpose was to increase the farmers' purchasing powers by raising the prices of certain products, and this again was to be effected by restricting the output. (The products included milk, butter, wheat, rice, tobacco and cotton.) For these restrictions farmers were to be compensated either in cash or the equivalent, and such cash was to be raised by taxing the cotton-spinners, the millers and others whose business it was to convert the farmers' materials into goods; and, as a matter of course, it was reckoned, these taxes would be passed on to the consumers. In turn, the consumers would find compensation in the various measures of the New Deal. So would the perfect wheel turn full circle.

But six justices declared the wheel to be imperfect

and stopped it turning. They regarded the taxes as an example of exacting money from one group of people and paying it to another group for a purpose in which the first group was not interested. It could be argued that the destination of the proceeds was unconstitutional because it was not for the general benefit of the whole country. Moreover they declared against the Act because it invaded the reserved rights of the States; also because its effect was to subject the farmers to economic coercion.

As to this last point, three justices dissented. The Act, these three pronounced, operated on the farmers, not by coercion, but by inducement, which was the normal process as regards the expenditure of public money. But this was a minority opinion and the Act was condemned.

In the condemnation of these two Acts the culmination of a civil war, an extremely civilized civil war, can be perceived. Though it was a national struggle, its principal engagements were confined to the restricted field of Washington, where stand the two citadels, the White House and the Supreme Court.

After being elected to the Presidency, Franklin Roosevelt, as though he were reluctant to enter the White House and relinquish the happy pursuits and sequences of his former life, went to the Bahamas for a fishing-holiday and also to Warm Springs to continue his cure—to maintain it, rather, for now he would have no opportunity to stay long enough for the possibility of a complete restoration. To him, residence in the White House meant less than, for example, it had meant to his predecessor, Herbert Hoover, that self-made man whose



*Bidding farewell to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Washington
(Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt on the left), 1933*

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life had hardened him, made him vigilant and on the defence, and who, having become the leader of his nation, was careful to proclaim the fact by living as much as possible in his official house, making it a citadel indeed. Roosevelt believed that he could best fortify himself by reviewing the situation from a distance, and for this purpose, even during his holidays, he was in touch with numbers of experts and advisers. A holiday, in fact, was an opportunity for continuing work in new surroundings.

So it was that President Roosevelt always came to Washington with his plan of action well ordered. From the very first, when Congress, to meet the crisis, adopted a new bank law after half-an-hour's discussion, laws were passed at a speed which seemed reckless in comparison with Hoover's way of doing things. Within a few days Roosevelt had asked Congress for discretionary power for the balancing of the budget, for the right to reduce the salaries of federal officials, for the passing of a law for saving millions of dollars, for another law for the relief of the unemployed, for yet another granting farm relief. No President of America had ever acted so swiftly in a period of peace. Indeed, the urgency of his relentless vigour was proof in itself that this was a time of peace only in name. When he spoke of his nation being stricken, he meant to convey that the plight was not wholly due to external forces but to internal dissension as well. He was solemnly aware of the trust which had been given him; and was aware, too, of the dangers that attended that broadening of executive power which had now become imperative.

Such was his sense of self-dedication that throughout

his first term of office he persisted in his search for a solution whereby the individual could adjust himself to that complex environment which, in spite of all, was still called civilization. To do this he sought to obtain practical control over all individuals to whom the amassing of private wealth was of more consequence than the general welfare of the country. And never once did he suggest that the nation must renounce its constitutional methods of government in order to achieve this end. It can be safely assumed that, in the midst of so extreme a crisis, some of his counsellors were urging him to take a short cut, but he preferred to work his way along the longer road by making the State responsible for the control of production, for the creating of employment, for lending money to the farmers and for a more efficient development of the country's resources. This policy commended itself all the more to the President in that it would be necessary, in order to accomplish it, to tax private wealth and big business.

One of the most astonishing aspects of the great depression of those years is that, in spite of its severity, many business men continued to regard it as though it had been a spell of bad weather which, having passed, was best forgotten. They refused to believe that it had revealed any serious flaw in the economic structure. Easy-going individuals of that kind were bound to resent and resist the President's policy of imposing governmental control on their business affairs. My business is none of the Government's business: that was the attitude of many a business man, and the antagonism so engendered was helping to build up a bitter opposition to the President.

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Meanwhile, in the summer of 1935, the New Deal was brought nearer to realization by the passing of the Social Security Act and the National Labour Relations Act. Both Acts were attacked but were upheld by the Supreme Court. The first Act provided for the carrying out of a vast programme of social reform, including old-age pensions, unemployment insurance, public health and child welfare. The second, which became known as the Wagner Act,¹ had as its general aim the protection and promotion of trade unions in industries engaged in inter-State commerce. By this Act, which was to be administered by a National Labour Relations Board, employees had the right to organize, to bargain collectively through their own representatives, and to take concerted action for their mutual protection. The Act also proclaimed that an employer who interfered with the employees' right to organize was guilty of an "unfair labour practice."

These two Acts marked a considerable success for the New Deal, seeming to bring the era of goodwill appreciably nearer; and with the approach of the Presidential election of 1936, it became clear that the country was about to return Franklin Roosevelt a second time, if only for two excellent reasons, the first being that the Republican party lacked leadership (a fact made plain by the choice of Landon as candidate), the second being that throughout his first term of office, whether by design or

¹ Because it was sponsored by Senator Wagner. The name, "Wagner Act," seems to have caused some strange misapprehensions. An Englishwoman once told me that she thought the Act had something to do with a Musicians' Union protesting against the long hours involved in the performance of a Wagner opera.

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by good fortune, Roosevelt had always been within ear-shot of the counsel of moderate conservatives, such advice, for instance, as was sometimes offered by Adolphe Berle (to him Roosevelt was "Cæsar"), Ray Moley, Rex Tugwell and others.

To foreign observers who were asking why Franklin Roosevelt was ever made President if he was so extremely unpopular, the American people, in the 1936 election, gave an unequivocal answer. Roosevelt, it appeared, was unpopular with everyone except the electors.

On January 20, 1937, with the cold rain driving into his face, Roosevelt took the oath of office for his second term as President. His wife and some of his family and friends were beside him. One figure, though his presence had always been unobtrusive, was missed. Louis Howe was not there this time. After being ill for more than a year he had died the previous April.¹

At the beginning of the year 1937 it can be said that there was an almost general feeling of optimism in America as to the coming months, a feeling which was due partly to the rebound which was natural after the cramp of depression and partly to that desire for celebration which returns each New Year whether or not there be any good cause for gladness. The sounds of rejoicing, it is true, did not completely drown the disturbing news of sit-down strikes in the steel and motor-car works of Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania; but this news carried no threat of immediate revolution and for the time being the average American, on January 1, 1937, was once again his happy, individualist self.

¹ See Appendix.

II. Pitched Battle

ON January 3, 1938, President Roosevelt delivered an address to Congress which had the effect of restoring much of the prestige he had lost in the previous year. Once again his personal qualities, especially his oratory and his mastery of the technique of broadcasting, were important factors in the recovery. But these were subsidiary to his mastery of a complex situation in national and international affairs and to his sure knowledge of the nation's temper.

The recovery can best be appreciated by reviewing the disquieting course of his career during 1937. If for no other reason, and that is important enough, that year will be remembered in American history because in no other has the nation's story been more closely identified with the life of one man.

At the beginning of the year there was hope that the darkest days of depression were over. Even the threats of labour in the steel and motor-car industries could be interpreted as a supporting force for Roosevelt in his challenge to industrial autocracy and his fight for democratic discipline. On that cold rainy day of January 20, the American people, listening to Roosevelt taking the oath of office for his second term as President, heard him once again pitch indignation on the note of high eloquence. He spoke of "the temple of our ancient faith"

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and of the pledge to drive from that temple those who had profaned it. He spoke of the resolve "to end by action, tireless and unafraid, the stagnation and despair" of the period four years earlier. He had kept his pledge. But the covenant with himself did not stop there. He spoke of blind economic forces and, more specifically, of blindly selfish men, and of a further resolve to find practical controls over these.

This was a new challenge to his political enemies, those who in the election campaign had accused him of seeking a dictatorship and had failed so badly to convince the electorate that he had carried all but two of the forty-eight States. The victory emboldened him to make another and altogether unheard-of challenge. Neither Congress nor the Executive could compel the American citizen to do anything against his will (whatever benefits he might receive in doing it) if he appealed successfully to the Supreme Court. Here was the safeguard of the old forms of democracy. President Roosevelt, the new democrat, judged that these safeguarding powers could be abused and that the sentiment with which the nine elderly judges of the Court were regarded, was blinding people to urgent realities. At his Inauguration he had spoken of a new form of government which he had worked out to conquer economic depressions, a form which he confidently believed would be acceptable to the American people. But first the Supreme Court must be brought into line. Did not the Supreme Court consist of men? However learned, however wise, they still were men. Because the Court itself was revered, that was no reason why the nine elders who sat there should continue to be wrapped up in themselves and in the



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At The White House, 1936

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swaddling clothes of popular sentiment. The Court could be reformed and still be revered.

The President's orders for the reform of the Supreme Court were given on February 5. A constitutional crisis had begun. But for various reasons the Opposition party did not immediately line up. In spite of the sixteen million votes polled by the Republican nominee for the Presidency (compared with the twenty-seven million polled by Roosevelt), the Grand Old Party lacked leadership and a clear-cut policy. And little had been done meanwhile to repair the party. In any case, the Republicans were nervous of making the Supreme Court question a party issue lest those who were only half-hearted among the Democrats should be made whole-hearted again. Only when it became clear that the President would be forced to accept a compromise did the Republicans reappear upon the stage as an organized party.

Meanwhile Labour problems were making the President's policy, so like the old Liberalism of Great Britain, more and more difficult to realize; and the problems did not make Big Business any more confident. John L. Lewis was Labour's outstanding figure and the general opinion was that he would be a candidate in the next national election. Another Labour figure attracting attention now was George L. Berry, the Senator from Tennessee. Indeed, the organization of the American Labour Party was his work, and though its influence was comparatively small in the last national election, its existence was disquieting, especially to those who, knowing that many Democratic Senators were in sympathy with it, feared the possibility of their own party being

drawn into a Labour party if they continued to follow the President towards the left.

These fearful ones were being forced over to the Republican side. They were joining the Republicans not only in opposing the Supreme Court reform but also in the campaign for a balanced budget. The President had forestalled this campaign by demanding from Congress frugality in handling public moneys; but many knew this to be a strategic move, since there could be no frugality without renouncing the better part of the President's programme for social betterment. (The housing plans alone required the Government to set aside a thousand million dollars.)

While many Americans were passionately opposed to the President's policy, believing it to be fanaticism, there were more dispassionate observers, notably from England, who made it their business to tell Americans how fortunate they were to have such a President. Mr. Walter Runciman, for example, was reported as saying that he was proud to think that "that courageous President, Roosevelt" was carrying out a vast programme of social reform along the lines that England had followed thirty years before.¹

His programme gave plenty of evidence for the belief that the President was a Liberal of the old school, though in the setting of his own country and time, he appeared to be a Democrat of a completely new order. The key-

¹ But in Lady Astor's eyes the President was not enough of a Liberal. After rebuking the people of the United States for being twenty years behind Great Britain in social legislation, she remarked, "I would make the President seem like a Sunday-school teacher compared with my Liberalism."

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stone of his social policy (embodied in the Social Security Act) was the plan for unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, and when, on May 24, 1937, the Supreme Court ruled that this among the Government's plans was constitutional, the relief and thankfulness of the Administration and the country as a whole were unmistakable. Had either of the schemes been upset, the demoralizing effect would have been incalculable. Most of the States had passed laws and provided means to work the schemes. For the pension scheme big tax collections had already been made for the reserve fund. Since January thousands of Federal employees had been engaged for the working of the Social Security plans and thousands more had been employed by the separate States. Moreover, it was calculated that nearly thirty million wage-earners were involved in the insurance scheme.

Especially did the Treasury welcome the news of the Supreme Court's decision; for had the Social Security Act been invalidated, the Federal Government would have been forced to borrow funds to make good the deficit. Yet the case of unemployment insurance was only won by 5 to 4 as compared with the case for old-age benefits which was won by 7 to 2. It seemed that the wisdom of some of the elders belonged to a bygone age.

The Court's decision encouraged the President to reiterate the principles of the old National Recovery Administration, and without delay he addressed a message to Congress asking for Federal regulation of hours and wages and of child labour. He asked that goods which children had helped to produce should be taboo in commerce between the States. His purpose, he said, was

“to protect the fundamental interests of free labour and a free people.”

Pressing as these problems were, President Roosevelt had equally important and urgent questions to settle in the international sphere. At this time (towards the end of May) several spokesmen and journalists were attempting to discover how far Great Britain and America were in accord and to what extent they were willing to co-operate. From Mr. Arthur Krock, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, the public learnt that President Roosevelt had received from a close adviser a memorandum which enumerated the points on which Great Britain and America must come to an immediate agreement. The points were: war debts, the use of armaments, reciprocal trade, currency and the policy regarding the purchase of gold. The President was advised to support a scaling down of the debts and to promote a naval understanding requiring both countries to concentrate upon the Pacific Ocean and to leave the Atlantic to take care of itself.

America was being gradually forced to forsake the idea of isolation. The President was not allowed to forget that the world could not be made safe for democracy if one of the great democratic nations was intent upon securing merely its own safety. A clarion call came from General Smuts, who said: “To no mortal man has so great an opportunity come in our day. No country is in a finer position to help the cause of world peace and the united peace than the United States.” And in conferences and conversations, statesmen and politicians were trying to discover how much of an idealist President Roosevelt was.

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They were soon to learn, if they did not already know it, that Franklin Roosevelt was as much a realist as an idealist. But they were encouraged by the President's visit to the Argentine, encouraged by the gesture if not by any tangible result. For there was a clause in the American Constitution which forbade any treaty being made without the participation and consent of the Senate. Therefore the visit of the President and his Secretary of State, Mr. Hull, to the conference at Buenos Aires, could not result in any document being signed. The conference had for its object the drawing together of the democracies of North and South America, and in spirit that object was successfully attained. But the President could sign no treaty.

The temper of the country was unmistakably favourable to the policy of isolation. There were some who cleverly argued that America would be drawn into war precisely because the Government refused to take part in world diplomacy, that the only way the United States could avoid war was by taking good care that war did not break out. But the nation as a whole was much too preoccupied to pay attention to dialectics.

In his Secretary of State the President had an ardent Free Trader. Reciprocity in trade was almost the sum of Mr. Hull's political faith and it could not be said to be a faith without works. For three years he had been concluding trade treaty after trade treaty on the assumption that the peace of the world was of far greater importance to America than a favourable trade balance. Meanwhile he was presenting the Opposition with some telling arguments in the shape of import and export figures.

National and international problems were thus pulling

in opposite directions to create a state of extraordinary tension in the country. Not before the President was sure of his standing with Congress could he be expected to commit himself in international politics. He was in a dangerous position, but not in a dilemma. The very urgency of the international situation could be used, if necessary, to screen a serious set-back in home politics.

As the weeks passed the political nature of the labour unrest became more and more clear. The thousands of strikes that had been called between the beginning of the year and midsummer were not primarily the result of deep concern about wages, hours or privileges. They were part of Mr. Lewis's methods of obtaining political control of labour, and this of course was to be the means of gaining political power over the Government. The Labour leaders supported Roosevelt in the last election because they were confident that this was the quickest way to elect a President of their own in the future. One of these leaders had stated the policy in the simplest possible terms: first, unorganized labour was to be brought into one vast union; then peace was to be made with the American Federation of Labour so that a united front of fifteen million workers could be presented. So would Labour control enough votes to carry any national election.

The simplicity of these terms, of course, did not mean that the achievement would be simple. But President Roosevelt knew what kind of man he had to deal with. At the beginning of the year Mr. Lewis had told him that the Industrial Organization expected his support in the General Motors strike in return for Labour's votes in the election. Obviously the leader of American

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Labour was not the man to be treated with by smooth diplomatic methods. Had he been such a man, he would never have gained so many followers among the workers or been so successful in overriding the Federation of Labour, which to a great extent was organized on the basis of crafts and independent unions. He had done this by ignoring classes in labour and making no distinction between skilled and unskilled workers; by basing his power, in fact, upon dangerous and disruptive elements. By July, 1937, John Lewis's Industrial Organization represented the radical spirits of Labour, but the more responsible spirits were still with the Federation of Labour; and at that time the split in Labour's organization was not altogether favourable to Mr. Lewis. But this fifty-seven-year-old fighter had been in unfavourable situations most of his life and therefrom had derived his grit and forcefulness.

The strikes by which the industrial life of the United States was riven caused many in Europe, especially in Great Britain, to look inquiringly at the American Government. What was claimed to be President Roosevelt's answer appeared in some sections of the British Press. The article was said to be "by" Franklin D. Roosevelt, but newspaper readers, even in Great Britain, are beginning to learn how wide a meaning that little word can carry. Still, the views expressed in the article were sufficiently coloured by the President's mind to pass for his own; moreover, the manner of expression did reflect something of his oracular eloquence. After an assurance that the American Government was about to take a further step in the domain of social progress, there followed this statement: "The great majority of the

population of the United States earns its living by agriculture and industry. One-third of the population is still under-nourished, badly clothed and housed in dwellings unfit for human habitation. A very great part of our nation is beginning to show signs of impatience with regard to the handful of people who are crying that prosperity has returned, that salaries are sufficiently high, that the prices of agricultural produce are excessive and that the Government should take a holiday." This minority, the article continues, had always hindered social progress. Only by laws voted by the legislative assemblies could that progress be effected. The proposed measures had a twofold purpose, to increase the buying capacity of industrial workmen and to stabilize agricultural markets. The buying capacity of the American people was insufficient; to increase it would mean to open up new fields for productive capital.

Then followed a few sentences which had an obvious connection with President Roosevelt's way of speaking: "A nation such as the American people, endowed with so many talents, so much application and ingenuity, must provide every man and every woman with a decent salary and daily work. A civilized state boasting a high degree of civilization cannot justify the slavery of millions of children of school age, perpetually decreasing salaries or rising hours of work. Unfortunately these three iniquitous phenomena are to be found to-day in the United States."

The article then proceeds to distinguish enlightened from unenlightened employers, pointing out the simple fact that an enlightened employer is one who will on no account allow the struggle against competition to entail

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the lowering of his employees' social level. Congress was now being asked to pass Bills to exclude from inter-American trade all goods which had not been produced under the minimum conditions required for work. So would goods produced under conditions of slavery be made contraband if marketed in the territory of the forty-eight States.

These were to be the minimum conditions. Different branches of industry and local conditions would have to be taken into consideration, but the aim was to make a given standard applicable and obligatory to all. Social progress could not be effected without practical common sense, and one thing that common sense had established was that inadequate salaries and overwork did not increase the national revenue; nor did these factors tend to diminish unemployment.

The article ended with one more Rooseveltian sentence: "The problem which we have set ourselves is to find a practical standard of work, allowing the maximum unprejudicial application of human toil and at the same time permitting every individual to enjoy the maximum amount of social benefits suitable to human dignity."

From these expressions it was clear that Franklin Roosevelt was not to be easily persuaded that freedom existed only in dreams. Nor did he believe (though his enemies were often taunting him with this) that freedom existed only in speeches and articles. *Libertas est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet*—that ancient definition perfectly agreed with his conception and moreover represented the broad basis of his idea of good government.

But good government must be constitutional, and President Roosevelt had still to make constitutional his

reform of the Supreme Court. His original Bill for this reform (by which he asked for the power to appoint an additional justice in the case of a member refusing to resign upon reaching the age of seventy) had been defeated. Indeed a committee of the Senate had referred to the Bill as "a needless, futile and utterly dangerous abandonment of constitutional principle"—which was a pointed enough rebuke to one who was aiming at the establishment of a new constitutional principle. The conflict was one more example of the confusion of thought which the tyranny of words can cause. Of all overworked political words, "constitutional" is perhaps the weariest. More often than not it is used by orators and writers who have never stopped to inquire after its basic meaning. In most people's minds the word has come to be almost synonymous with "eternal." It was this false meaning which President Roosevelt in effect was challenging. For the security of any Constitution, it is true, there must be certain accepted and acceptable fundamental principles, just as the effectiveness of any system of logic depends upon the general acceptance of a number of axioms. But no one pretends that an axiom is a fragment of eternal and absolute truth. It is, at most, a working hypothesis. So also is a constitutional principle a working hypothesis, and as soon as it ceases to work it loses its right to be deemed constitutional. Admitted a constitutional principle, being basic, must be allowed to stand as long as possible, for if ever good reason is found for its removal or modification, the whole structure may possibly be involved. But even the makers of Constitutions, unless we except the Medes and Persians, did not imagine that they were building for all time; furthermore,

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it is not always necessary to pull down and rebuild a constitutional structure in order to repair part of its foundations.

As I view it, the outcry against President Roosevelt's attempts to reform the Supreme Court was the outcome of a misconception as to the precise nature of a constitutional principle. The President had certain social reforms in view. The Supreme Court, he knew, was likely to retard these reforms. Therefore, in order to put his programme upon a constitutional footing, the Supreme Court itself must be reformed. In brief, the time had come to repair part of the foundations of the American Constitution.

From two points of view the forcing of a constitutional issue in 1937 was untimely. First, it came at a time when every national leader was liable to be suspected of dictatorial ambitions. Second, it was forced in the year which marked the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the writing of the Constitution.

After the first Bill for reforming the Court had been defeated, another was drafted representing a compromise by which a Court of nine members should be provided, as formerly, and by which the President should have the right to appoint one justice a year where any member fails to retire upon reaching the age of seventy-five. In the debate upon this the Opposition declared that the Bill violated the spirit of the Constitution—(note here the resort to an ambiguous and arbitrary expression)—and that it opened the door to a possible dictatorship. But the Opposition leaders were careful to discredit the view that the President wanted to be dictator. Their fears were concerned not so much with Franklin

Roosevelt as with future Presidents of the United States.

From the President's point of view, the more serious obstacle to his proposed reform of the judiciary was the fact that the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Constitution would raise public sentiment on the subject to a high degree—sentiment would have been less warm and less influential, for example, had this been merely the hundred and forty-ninth anniversary. From another angle, however, it was possible to see this situation in another light, and to hold the opinion that at a time when the American people would be giving closer attention to the meaning of their Constitution, the President's proposed reform would be more likely to be examined on its merits.

After all, "the Constitution of the United States established and ordained by the People of the United States," unlike the Constitution of England, can be studied and interpreted by anyone who has the will and patience and ability to do so, for it is recorded in a document which is accessible to all. The logic of the American Constitution may be open to criticism as regards the arrangement of its component articles, and the meaning may not be absolutely clear in every clause; but in that document the basic law of the Union resides in a tangible form. The terms by which this law can be altered or repealed differ from those by which any other law can be altered or repealed. It stands, therefore, as a separate branch of jurisprudence. But any lawyer who undertakes to interpret the Constitution of the United States can base his interpretation upon a legal document.

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In theory, that is to say, there can be no two opinions as to what is and what is not constitutional law in the United States. And in practice also there can be no two opinions, provided that the lawyers are respecting the accepted canons of legal interpretation. It was not the law of the Constitution but its spirit which, in the opinion of his enemies, was being challenged by President Roosevelt's reform of the Supreme Court, and it is interesting to recall that Bryce foresaw just such a crisis as this. So also did President Wilson, who regarded the judiciary as the balance-wheel of the system. "It is meant," he wrote, "to establish that nice adjustment between individual rights and governmental powers which constitutes political liberty." The conviction of his successor, Franklin Roosevelt, was that the judiciary was no longer serving that nice purpose and that the time had come for an overhaul and a readjustment of the powers of government and the rights of the individual, if political liberty was still to be preserved.

Such was the crisis which arrived in July, 1937, and which brought about the defeat of Franklin Roosevelt in the Senate and his first important set-back since he had become President.

There was good hope among his opponents that this defeat of the President would be lasting, or at least that his easy control of Congress was ended. Among his supporters were those who were hoping that the President had now learnt his lesson, and that from now on the extremists would have less influence over him. In fact, they hoped to win him back to their own middle-way counsels. The division between these moderates among the Democrats and those others, "the little Machiavellis"

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as Hugh Johnson ¹ in a not very helpful phrase described them, was hardly less sharp than that between the Democrats as a whole and the Republicans. If the moderates were to be believed, Franklin Roosevelt was a man of such unsubstantial character that he could easily be moved to left or right, and especially to left, by any little group of schemers who could get near enough to whisper sweetly into his ear. Believing this, they could as easily persuade themselves that, if only they could gain that ear and coo sweetly enough, they might induce the President to swing his way with them down the primrose path of moderation.

Only intense party feeling could account for such blindness to realities. The crisis and its result served to show that Franklin Roosevelt's character had still to be rightly understood by many in his own country, by many, indeed, among his own supporters. Many Americans, it appears, had still to appreciate the fact that their President was a man who thrived on opposition, and that the stronger the opposition was, the better he gave of himself. They had still to learn that this man of peace was one of the most resourceful fighters of his time. They did not yet realize that, though he was no intellectual giant—had he been that his personality would probably have been the less vital and dynamic—President Roosevelt was nonetheless an extremely well-read man who knew well how to deploy his knowledge in facing problems.

At this point perhaps some of my own direct impressions of President Roosevelt would be apposite. One Sunday afternoon I was sitting with the President in his

¹ Publicist and zealous supporter of President Roosevelt.

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room at the White House talking in a general way about the relations between Great Britain and the United States. The conversation was interrupted by the President's grandchildren (the small daughters of his son, James) who had come to say "Good-bye" and to thank him for giving them a happy time. Meanwhile their mother was telling me that as long as the President was in Washington this Sunday afternoon visit was the event of the week for the children.

"For the President, too," would have been the thought of anyone who could have watched his genial and natural way with these children to whom he was just Grandfather and nothing else. Not that he had changed his manner specially for them. Both at the White House and a few days later at Hyde Park, I saw him in the company of all sorts of people, important and unimportant, clever, ordinarily intelligent and plain stupid, bold and shy, talkers and silent people, friends, acquaintances, neutral observers, members of the family and servants, and never knew him to be anything but spontaneous and wholly natural.

To explain his power as a leader no better reason need be sought than his complete naturalness. That is his secret. His influence is essentially personal and depends upon personal contact. The reader will have noted that whenever there have been signs of antagonism or waning popularity in any part of the country President Roosevelt, with immense confidence in the force of his own appeal, has taken thought as to how he could visit that region. If a visit could not be immediately planned, he has resorted to the radio. There is another secret of the far-reaching influence of his leadership. President Roose-

velt is blessed with a good broadcasting voice, but he has also taken the trouble to master the technique of broadcasting. He makes full use of the amenities of the age into which he has been born; without the greatest of them, radio, his power in the land would be more circumscribed.

Through radio the President has also been able to increase understanding and sympathy between Great Britain and America, for some of his more important speeches have been easily heard by listeners in the British Isles through the services of the British Broadcasting Corporation. As an East Anglian, I like to think that, were he to tour Great Britain, nowhere in the country would Franklin Roosevelt's qualities be better judged than in England's eastern province. East Anglian folk would be quick to appreciate the true value of a man who is completely possessed by democratic ideals and still is eminently a realist, who has resolutely set his face against the profiteer, who is determined to reconcile big business with fair dealings, who has a firm hold on the simple fundamentals of good living and who, above all, is a zealot without being a crank. Moreover, a man who, in the midst of unprecedented conflict of political and economic theories, maintains an independent outlook (a characteristic which not improbably has come to him from his Dutch ancestors), would find himself at home in those near-Holland counties of England where to know your own mind is among the first of the virtues.

Franklin Roosevelt not only knows his own mind; he is also careful to learn as much as one man can possibly learn about his country's mind. People of other countries wonder how he can possibly progress with his policy

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against the bitter opposition which he has provoked. They wonder because they fail to realize the nature of that opposition. It comes principally from those who are concerned first and foremost with their own financial affairs (irrespective of the well-being of America as a whole) or else from members of the President's own family. "I've always been a Republican and I always shall be," is a sentence often repeated by his relatives. Though it would be absurd to claim that all opposition to President Roosevelt springs from selfish motives, or that he has shown superlative judgment in every detail of his campaign, the fact remains that no one has yet been able to bring against his policy *as a whole* an argument at once comprehensive and eloquent enough to make a rallying-point for a convincing opposition.

On the other hand, President Roosevelt's argument is both eloquent and comprehensive. His view, expressed in various ways at various times, has always been that the United States is struggling for the maintenance of the integrity and influence of democracy. From the beginning he has been opposed to rule by class, because that kind of government cares only for its own counsels and advancement and ignores the problem and the good of all sorts and conditions of men. These are his own words: "In our nation to-day we have still the continuing menace of a comparatively small number of people who honestly believe in their superior right to influence and direct the government, and who are unable to see or are unwilling to admit that the practices by which they maintain their privileges are harmful to the body politic. This Administration seeks to curb only abuses of power and privilege by small minorities." Repeatedly President

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Roosevelt had drubbed those who misrepresent the Government's attack on minority abuses as attacks on all business, big and little, and on the whole system of private enterprise and profit. He has pointed out that the majority of local operating utility companies were owned by holding companies which were not operating but finance companies; also that whereas comparatively few investors in operating companies had lost money, great numbers had lost money buying holding-company securities. These again are his words: "We know there will be a few, a mere handful, who will fight to the last ditch to retain such autocratic controls over the industry and finances of the country as they now possess. With this handful it is going to be a fight—a cheerful fight on my part—but a fight in which there will be no compromise with evil and no let-up until the inevitable day of victory."

These impressions have been set down to show how ill-founded was the hope that, after so serious a defeat as President Roosevelt had suffered, he would go on his way, crestfallen and undefiant. Even those who entertained that hope were not allowed to congratulate themselves for long. After his well-managed retreat, the President, in speeches, soon made it evident that he was anything but crestfallen. He made plain that he was to continue to base his politics upon an appeal to the plain man; also that he had no intention of taking as final his set-back on the Supreme Court issue. He was still to go on fighting, sometimes cheerfully (for the sheer exhilaration of beating down opposition), sometimes with moral indignation, for higher wages and fewer hours of labour, for the sustenance and decent housing of the

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needy, for farmers' subsidies and for something in the nature of a dole. He still had the control of big sums of money for grants to unemployed persons.

Nor had the President yet done with those of his own party who had joined in Congress's rebellion against him. There were Democrats (Senator Guffey of Pennsylvania, for example) who believed that any person elected on the Democratic ticket must follow the President's policy in every detail and without reservation. There were others to whom such a belief was abhorrent and wholly at variance with American ideals. Between these two sections a war of hot words and intense feeling broke out.

The heat of angry words was not much helped by the season of the year. It was now the middle of August and, through a prolonged heat-wave, Congress was kept in session while the President hammered away at the opposition to his projects for a minimum wage, a maximum work-day, improved housing and the control of agricultural production. The battle at this time was between the President and some of the southerners in his party, and it was being fought over the question of loans to cotton farmers (to guard against a precipitous fall of prices as a result of big crops). These southerners were not willing to sanction any legislation that would give the President control of production. The President, for his part, refused to sanction the loans.

Meanwhile Labour became more and more menacing as a disruptive force. Although John L. Lewis had been checked in his ambition to gain control of Labour throughout the country, strikes and terrorizing continued. That there was little confidence in the National Labour Relations Board was brought home when

Senator Nye, a radical, attacked the Board as a partisan organization in league with John L. Lewis's C.I.O. (the Committee for Industrial Organization). Senator Nye declared that he would have been a whole-hearted supporter of any board which had given proof of its ability to manage the industrial labour situation, but he refused to go on shutting his eyes to facts. And, in his own words, these were some of the facts: "The Public Prosecutor for the Board is Mr. David J. Sapoos, a close friend of William Zebulon Foster, and author of a book *Left Wing Unionism*, which endorses Foster's and Stalin's doctrine of boring from within. Government partisanship must increase bitterness, promote discord, awaken cries of unfairness, and destroy the great hope of economic advancement at a time when such destruction would certainly bring disaster. If there is no other alternative, it is far better to scrap a Government bureau than to let that bureau make economic hash of our national welfare."

Coming from a reliable supporter of Labour policy, this setting forth of facts and of distinct opinion was strongly influential. From other quarters came equally sharp criticism of the Labour Relations Board—from a representative of the Ford Motor Company, for instance, who said that the Board's agents were judge, jury, prosecutor, witness and hangman on their own charges, and found their own verdict.

The President's attitude of serene toleration towards these bitter disputes could not last. John L. Lewis's aim was to use his power over Labour for political ends, and when the campaign for mayoralty opened in New York and Detroit, the Lewis forces were solid for the Labour-supporting candidates. The President could

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not remain aloof. John L. Lewis used every means at his disposal to drive him from the middle course over to the left, and reminded him that in the last election Labour's support was given to him as Franklin Delano Roosevelt, not as the candidate of the Democratic party. Labour, therefore, expected him to return the support and to take off the conservative brake and let go. Lewis's move, of course, was desperate and was already evidence that he knew the President was not the man to further his ambitions.

As serious as any of these disputes and machinations was the spreading of the Labour war to the maritime service. The seamen's unions were rebellious and were demanding unreasonable revisions of wage-scales. The effect of this was to check the plans for a new merchant marine which were to be carried out at a cost of over thirty million pounds. Mr. Kennedy, who happened to be chairman of the Maritime Commission at the time (just as he has happened to be in other posts at exactly the right moment), declared that no ships would be built while shipping was being threatened by strikes. Judicial proofs of mutinous outbreaks on American ships were brought by Senator Copeland who deplored the fact that the Department of Justice showed so little interest in these matters. He troubled himself to point out the simple fact that to spend money on the building of ships was useless unless they could be operated by seamen who were willing to obey the law of the sea. What use, he asked, would be new ships if the ship-decks were to be theatres for sit-down strikes and for mutiny?

It seemed that Labour was succeeding in muffling the propaganda which had been sonorously appealing for a

fleet of American merchant-men for each of the seven seas.

A further stage in the titanic political struggle between the President and Congress was reached in August when Roosevelt sprang a surprise by nominating Senator Black of Alabama to the Supreme Court. The obvious thing to say was that Senator Black's only qualification was that he was a whole-hearted New Dealer, and by almost everyone the obvious thing was said, not once but many times. The Senate refused to confirm the appointment immediately, but after a harsh and sharp-tongued debate, confirmation was given.

Once again the President had shocked his own supporters, and on this occasion even he must have been apprehensive as to the ultimate effect of the repercussions. For many it was enough that the man he had appointed to the Supreme Court had shown no sign of possessing the judicial temperament and was lacking in judicial experience. But the President's opponents seized on the fact that Black was elected to the Senate by the Ku Klux Klan and that, therefore, he was in sympathy with the Klansmen who were sworn enemies of the Catholics, the Negroes and the Jews. And while Mr. Roosevelt's enemies were busy fanning fires of indignation all over the country, Senator Borah and others were declaring that, since the retired Justice (Van Devanter) was still at hand, there was no vacancy to be filled, and that the appointment therefore was unconstitutional.

In spite of the first-class controversy which was raised by the President's Supreme Court plan, it had the merit of gaining the plain man's interest in matters which formerly were considered to be beyond his wit to under-

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stand. Thirty years earlier such a crisis would have been discussed with cold ingenuity by lawyers and legal-minded people, and their verdict either way would have been calmly accepted by the plain man, if by any chance it had come to his ear. In the fullest sense of that graphic phrase, it would have been O.K. by him.

President Roosevelt's peculiar achievement in this matter was that he had so presented the issue, had so stirred public imagination by it, that every man became his own lawyer. And not only in this one matter. When the question of Neutrality was raised later in the year, the President succeeded in making it everybody's business. His opponents, of course, did not lose the chance of criticizing his disconcerting way of staging one surprise after another. They spoke of shock tactics and snap judgments. But even among those who were not prepared to follow the President all the way, there were some who admitted the value of his provocative methods. They could not but admire a man who, alike by his theories and his deeds, could challenge the country so effectively that the opposition was forced into the open. They had to admit that Franklin Roosevelt was an excellent showman and that for the President of the United States to excel in showmanship was no bad thing. Some were wise enough to realize that an ignorant public is a danger to itself, and were impartial enough to concede that since he had been President, Franklin Roosevelt had kept the public alive to every problem of government. In that above all else, he had shown how true a democrat he was.

In the Supreme Court contest his statesmanship was tested to the full, and it can now be seen how well he came

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through the ordeal, especially in view of the disadvantageous position in which he was placed. It was a tremendous struggle, involving a great conflict of loyalties, much self-questioning among members of every group and party and a maze of adroit manoeuvring.

English politics can show nothing comparable with the hourly movements which take place on the American political field. I was in America at the beginning of October, 1937, when President Roosevelt was returning home after his tour of the Western States. At that time the Opposition Press was doing everything it could think of to force a statement from him on the subject of Mr. Black and the Supreme Court; and since the President had no intention of making any comment on the matter, some of the newspapers took the line of making the whole thing appear a conspiracy of silence. "Roosevelt bars talk of Black" was one headline; and another was "President refuses to discuss Supreme Court Issue or permit associates on trip to do so." One reporter, aboard the President's special train, wrote to his newspaper: "President Roosevelt kept silent on the subject to-day as Justice Hugo L. Black, a former member of the Ku Klux Klan, took his place in the Supreme Court. . . . Since Friday night when Mr. Black acknowledged his former Klan connection, Mr. Roosevelt and his official party have conducted themselves as though the new justice were farther from their minds than any subject. The President forbade his associates to discuss the matter, saying that, as regards Mr. Black, 'there are no news sources on this train.' "

(The reporter deserves to be interrupted and to be questioned as to what he or his editor expected the

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President to say on the subject at this stage. Was the President to apologize for a blunder, or was he to crow over an accomplished fact?)

After stating that Mr. Roosevelt did not hear Mr. Black's speech (as if he could not have read it later), the reporter continued: "The President's position is understood to be"—that is, the reporter understood it to be—"that no action on his part now would bear directly upon Mr. Black or his future tenure on the bench. If the President were displeased now with his selection for the Supreme Court, he might say so, or even suggest the propriety of Mr. Black's resigning. But Mr. Black would be no more compelled to act upon a suggestion from Mr. Roosevelt than upon one from any one else."

(Again the reporter invites interruption. Since the situation was as he said, it is difficult to see what purpose could have been served at that time by any statement from the President.)

Lacking direct information, the reporter then presents to his readers a personal opinion, thus: "There has been no indication that the President will ever say to the public what is in his mind. Neither is there any indication of what is in his mind, whether approbation or disapproval. But judging entirely from the occasionally revealed attitude of some of Mr. Roosevelt's associates and the fact that the President said originally that he did not know of Mr. Black's Klan background, some persons are convinced that the White House feeling towards the new justice is far from kindly."

This is an instance of the tactics which are employed daily by the American Press. President Roosevelt knew the Press too well to be deceived. One of the biggest

factors in the building up of his political power has been his success in managing the Press. Elsewhere in this book an account is given of one of Roosevelt's Press Conferences.¹ The feature that most impressed me was the unwritten code of honour by which the newspaper men were bound not to publish anything which the President thought it inexpedient to publish, even though he may have unofficially discussed the matter with them. There was one occasion when a reporter played false and sent his newspaper an item which was not for publication, but he was so stigmatized as a result that the instance became a warning to the others.

To continue this survey of the year 1937 in chronological fashion, we must return to the month of September when the Supreme Court issue became the Case of Justice Black. It was true, as that reporter wrote, that the President had been compelled to say that he knew nothing of Mr. Black's association with the Ku Klux Klan when the appointment was made. However poorly qualified Mr. Black may or may not have been from a judicial point of view, the Klan question appeared (at least in an Englishman's judgment) to be relatively unimportant. It was highly improbable (again to an Englishman's way of thinking) that the Klan could become of national significance again. It had been formed as a secret society in South Carolina after the Civil War; its purpose was to bring to an end the farce of negro equality, and to this end its members performed illegal police duty by punishing and murdering negroes. This was a reaction to the state of affairs in the South in which four million enfranchised negroes were in control

¹ See page 256.

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of the political life. It was difficult to see how a society with these origins and aims could be brought into relation with the United States of 1937. About seventeen years before, it is true, it had been revived with the object of securing the supremacy of Protestantism and to keep negroes and Jews and foreigners in their place in the free and democratic land of America. For a time it had some success, especially in the collecting of funds, but the American public soon grew weary of its fanaticism, its lawlessness and the callous crimes that were committed in its melodramatic name.

But President Roosevelt's opponents were not concerned with the question of whether a rebirth of the Klan was probable or not. They were interested in the matter only because of the new weapon which had unexpectedly been put into their hands. They did not omit to use the weapon in every possible way. In the newspapers appeared the facsimile of Mr. Black's resignation from the Klan in 1926, with editorial comments to the effect that the resignation was merely a formality, that Mr. Black, in fact, had accepted the gold passport which made him a life-member of the Klan.

The whole country, opponents and supporters alike, was now waiting for the President to reassert himself. For his part, the President was waiting for a certain day. On September 17, the people of the United States would be celebrating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the adoption of their Constitution, and he judged that no day would be more favourable for the renewal of his challenge.

The challenge was renewed in a speech in which Roosevelt touched the peak of his oratorical powers, a

speech also which will find a place among the world's great discourses on liberty. A recording was made of the speech which, in this form, was broadcast to Great Britain, and at a time when to many British people it seemed that the ideal of liberty was everywhere being laughed to scorn, how welcome was the message!

I well remember the effect of the speech when I heard it in my study at lunch-time on that September day. The eloquent phrases, like shafts of sunlight, streamed from the radio box into the room, bringing the warmth of hope and encouragement. The cold world outside, so full of bitterness and strife, needed such a message. The words must have found an echo in many hearts, but especially in England where freedom has always been the motive of government, even if it has not always worked with the fullest effect.

The President's words must also have had influence in other European countries, else (for instance) the following rejoinder would not have appeared in a German newspaper: "It might fill us with surprise that President Roosevelt in his speeches continually tries to widen the already existing gulf between the nations of the world by demagogic slogans and unfriendly assertions. Germany for some time has been watching with astonishment the President's methods, especially in view of his predecessor's endeavour to smooth the political ways. The wholly different attitude of President Roosevelt leads us to draw very grave conclusions regarding the internal crisis through which the United States has been passing for some time under the Roosevelt regime. Here we find the causes for President Roosevelt's repeated attacks. President Roosevelt has no cause to criticize 'dictatorial

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Government measures.' Mr. Roosevelt seemingly employs his attacks on foreign dictatorships only to divert his people's attention from his own dictatorial aspirations. We may well understand that a dictatorial will is needed in the confusion existing in the United States, but we fail to understand the dishonesty which attacks third persons in order to defend itself."

Clearly, President Roosevelt's Constitution Day address had made a stir in the world. But it did not, could not, solve the problem he was facing in his own country. That problem was bound up with the nature of the Constitution which was then being celebrated.

Since the year 1787, when the American Constitution was framed at Philadelphia, its strength and structure have been continually tested, and foreign observers cannot but admire the way it has come through its trials and the efficiency with which it has been repaired whenever a breach was imminent. The Constitution is comparable to a bridge which was built to lead from regional life to the national life, and with this image in mind we can see what weight that bridge has been required to bear, and against what a swift tide of political events it has been standing in its comparatively short existence. We can also appreciate how well the bridge has served its purpose.

The Constitution survived the violent storm of the Civil War, which in this connection can be seen as having been partly caused by the increased power which had become necessary to the central government. Since then authority has been more and more centralized, but the movement has not been fast enough to keep the constitutional machine in smooth running order. The crisis that arrived during Franklin Roosevelt's Presidency was in

some respects parallel with that of the Civil War. Indeed that crisis was, in all but name, another civil war, in which the issue was the new adjustment of federal and regional authority. The struggle between President Roosevelt and the Senate was fundamentally due to the fact that here was a President who had the imagination to envisage a newly adjusted Constitution for the America of the next few decades and, moreover, had the courage to begin without delay upon the work of readjustment. For that reason alone, Franklin Roosevelt, whatever may come of his Herculean labours, will stand as a pioneer among the Presidents of the United States.

Let the reader recall the fluctuations of fortune that President Roosevelt has experienced. When he first took office, the country was paralysed by unemployment and bankruptcy. The President called for unheard-of powers and the public, because no other way was open and also because of its faith in him, readily agreed that he should have them. Even the Supreme Court stood aside to let the President have his way in dealing with first things first. Then the President's fortune changed, when as a result of a new economic wave by which the slump was overcome, the opposition party with the support of the Supreme Court began to obstruct his path. But the people as a whole were with Roosevelt. That was confirmed beyond a doubt when he was re-elected President. That re-election was so striking a testimony to the man and his ideals that the only wonder is that he did not overcome all opposition and enforce his will.

At least an Englishman must wonder at this, for in Great Britain such a vote of confidence would have made

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all opposition ineffective. But in the United States an election triumph cannot be turned to so great an advantage as in Great Britain. An American President wields less and less power as the end of his term of office approaches. Furthermore, he is not supported by a party machine, nor can he use the threat of dissolving Congress.

His defeat over the Supreme Court question was proof that President Roosevelt had lost control over Congress and Senate. But the country was still behind him, and it is from this angle that we can see that the United States at that time was in a condition amounting to civil war.

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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S speech on Constitution Day made clear to the world what the civil war was about. If the reader heard it he will perhaps recall how Roosevelt on rhetorical wings carried himself to these words, and with what glee as well as force they were spoken: "For twenty years the odd man on the Supreme Court refused to admit that the State minimum wage laws for women were constitutional. A few months ago, after my message to Congress on the rejuvenation of the judiciary, the odd man admitted that the Court had been wrong for all those twenty years—and over-ruled, himself. On March 30 the Supreme Court gave judgement in favour of a law establishing a minimum wage for women in Washington State. It had previously declared invalid a similar law for New York State. We can no longer afford the luxury of twenty-year lags. We will no longer be permitted to sacrifice each generation in turn while the law catches up with life."

In those words lies the ultimate meaning of President Roosevelt's challenge. In its simplest terms it was the centuries-old struggle of needy man versus rich man. The environment of his childhood had stirred in Franklin Roosevelt a sincere and unpatronizing sympathy for poverty-stricken children. From his clear-minded, just-natured father he had learnt to see things as they were

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and gradually to see them in relation to life as a whole. From his Dutch ancestors he had derived the quality, so much needed in this clash between economic and constitutional affairs, of obstinate courage. Indeed, perhaps it could equally well be called courageous obstinacy.

No man, whether coward or hero, can escape Destiny—so runs the Homeric phrase; and those who believe it will have no trouble in believing that Franklin Roosevelt is a man of destiny. A man, moreover, whose achievements, whatever they may ultimately prove to be, are of vital interest to all Europeans, irrespective of their political creeds or the lack of such a creed. To give every man, woman and child in his country the chance to live a worth-while life—that is President Roosevelt's simple aim, and the peculiar virtue of his career as President is that he has not allowed his purpose to become obscured or made complicated by side-issues, although his opponents have done their best to keep such issues in the foreground. The President threw down his challenge in the name of common human justice; the Opposition, answering it, invoked the Constitution itself, hoping thereby to make Roosevelt appear a dangerous enemy to the time-honoured structure of American life and government. Roosevelt had no patience with such methods. It was not in his nature to respect anything merely because it was time-honoured. It was his habit to ask himself of everything, whether institution or law or custom: "What is its relation to conditions as they now are? Is it a benefit or a hindrance to the general well-being? If a hindrance, let us remove it; if a benefit, let us make it still more a benefit."

This is not to say that Roosevelt is an iconoclast. His is not the thoughtless, easy-going radicalism of the uncultured man. It is not that he has no respect for tradition and no place for sentiment. Rather is it that he is holding office at a time when the social and economic conditions of his country, and of the world, compel urgent action. In delay lies the increasing menace of revolution. "Is he himself not forcing a revolution?" complain his enemies. "Yes," answers the President, "but are you so blind as to be unable to see that, if I do not press on with my particular revolution, a far worse one, involving bloodshed and all the horrors of civil strife, will follow? Do you not realize that I must take the most direct road if the nation is not to be overtaken by this disaster? Can you not trust me to take this road without changing the spirit of our Constitution, even if I must over-ride some of the accepted practices? You call me dictator, but you know nothing of the conditions of life in countries where real dictatorships exist. Social revolution here would be followed by precisely that sort of tyranny, and, as long as I am President, I shall do my utmost to save America from that evil."

These are my own words, of course. I have put them into the President's mouth, not as a concession to those who prefer romantic biography, but because I believe that they faithfully represent the motives by which the President was actuated during the bitter struggle of his second term of office. Throughout that term he was fighting against time and against impending revolution. How desperately he was fighting could be felt in that Constitution Day speech when he spoke of the luxury of twenty-year lags and of the country being unable to

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afford such luxury and of the law's obligation to catch up with life.

On the one hand the President was contending with the anachronisms of constitutional practice, on the other with the malefactions of what was customarily called Big, but never Great, Business. The thing could not be called great because it was utterly lacking in the motive of national service; it could only be called big, and in the sense that a monster was big: that seems to have been the attitude of those who saw eye-to-eye with the President in this particular campaign. Those who disagreed with him had various points of view. Naturally, those who were engaged in Big Business were ready to fight the President tooth and nail. But there were others, hangers-on perhaps, or men who had hopes of making big their own business, who argued that Big Business could be reformed without being punished. What right had the President (they asked) to play the ruthless father determined to correct and chastise in order to get his own way?

Those who were of this mind could not pretend that the President had not made himself clear on the question. He had done so in speech after speech. He believed that his re-election to the Presidency justified his determination to eradicate the evils and abuses of the business world. He had been entrusted with the task by the majority of his countrymen.

His view was that there was enough common sense in the country to check recessions in industrial production. He saw no fear of a general paralysis, nor did he think that the recession would be prolonged. Indeed, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, he continued to have

faith in the country's power to bring about, with ordinary prudence, a complete recovery, and whenever, as a result of this faith, he was mocked as an optimist, it only increased the confidence of his declarations. Only a Big Business man could know how maddening an opponent he could be!

As the President saw it, the falling off in industrial production, though it had been continuing steadily for four years, had not reached serious proportions. It was obvious to him that they must undertake the task, and with no delay, of increasing the use of private capital to create employment. With the Government's co-operation, private enterprise could gradually lift the level of industrial activity. If private enterprise failed to respond, then the Government must find its own way of lifting the level. The President had brought forward proposals to encourage private capital to enter the field of new housing on a large scale. These and other plans he had recommended as practical solutions or part-solutions of the complicated economic problems which were facing all modern nations and which could not be overcome by the sounding brass of a facile slogan.

The President had also applied himself to the elimination of injustices in the tax laws, being always mindful of the difficulty of removing one injustice, where taxes are concerned, without creating another. Altogether unacceptable to him was any proposed revision of revenue laws which would involve a reduction in aggregate revenues or an increase in the aggregate tax burdens on those least able to support them. He was especially concerned that the enterprise of the small business man should not be throttled by inequitable taxation. Con-

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sistently he had aimed at giving this man a more real opportunity of competing with the bigger man in the field. At the same time he was alive to the abuses which might be attendant upon such a reform—the use, for example, of the corporate form for the purpose of hiding behind it to reduce or eliminate taxes in a way denied to the individual or a partnership. He was equally aware of the abuse whereby tax privileges could be extended to speculative profits on capital where the purpose of the original risk was pure speculation rather than the development of productive enterprise.

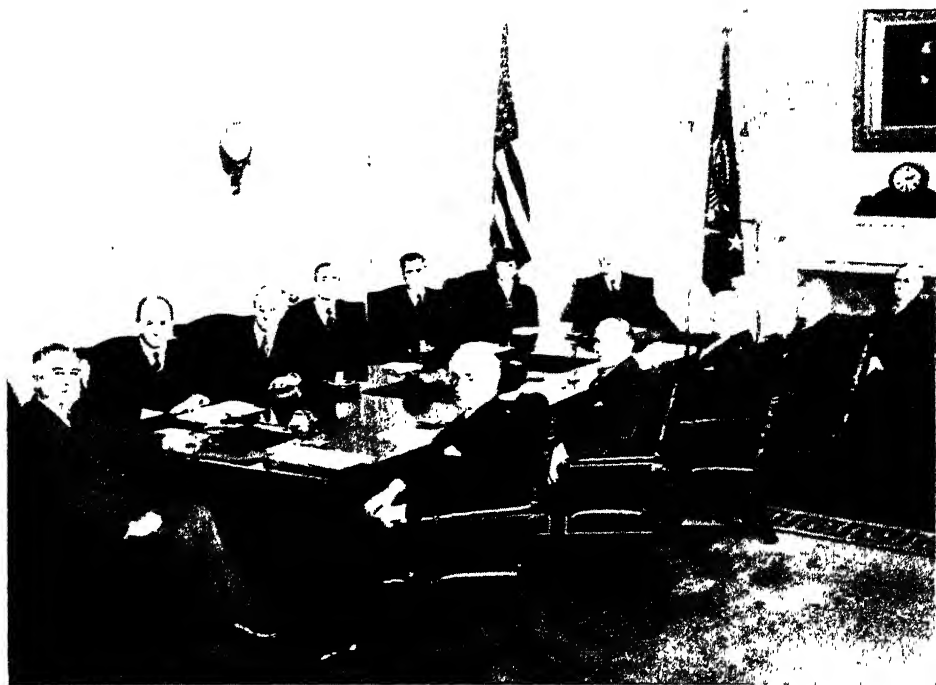
President Roosevelt was facing the problems that had accrued as a result of many years of unsound financing. The solution, he knew, would be proportionately difficult to hit upon. There was the problem of Government machinery, for instance. He himself advocated a reorganization of this in the interests of efficiency, and urged that the replanning should be on the lines of modern business, though not on the lines of modern Big Business! But a question arose. Government costs could only be reduced by cutting down or cutting out certain functions. "Which functions," he inquired of his critics, "do you suggest cutting off?"

His opponents knew well how single-minded and strong of purpose the President was in facing these particular problems. Even at moments when the Government was seeking industrial co-operation to end the set-back, he continued to shock business-interests by his pronouncements. Thus, at one of his Press Conferences, he denounced all holding companies of whatever character. His determination to destroy utilities holding companies had long been known, but on this

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occasion he told the newspaper men that he entertained the hope of wiping out all such "economic parasites" wherever they existed in business. These corporations, he told them, were particularly vicious in "chain banking," and it was only one step more to chain grocery, drug and other holding company concerns. This shell was timed to burst on the very day when the President was in conference at the White House with leaders of Big Business and of Labour in a renewed attempt to reach an understanding on industrial problems. Mr. Thomas Lamont was at this conference. So also were Mr. Owen D. Young of the General Electric, Mr. Philip Murray of the United Mine Workers' Union and Mr. John L. Lewis.

These are some of the views, expressed at various times in speeches, messages and conferences, that reveal the nature of President Roosevelt's fight for democracy. But it was his agricultural policy that best reflected his aims and policy. The President's Secretary of Agriculture was Mr. Henry A. Wallace, a farmer from Iowa, whose name is now associated with the plan which he evolved and called "the ever-normal granary." If human memory were not so lamentably short, the plan would be associated with the name of Wang An-shih, for, as Secretary Wallace acknowledged in an interview in the *New York Times*, it was from this eleventh-century Chinese economist that he borrowed the theory. The enlightenment of this ancient, if indeed his ideas have been correctly reported from age to age, puts present-day governments to shame. Since it was the State's duty to make sure that the people were clothed and fed and accommodated in comfort, it was also the State's



With Members of his Cabinet, The White House, 1937

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duty, according to Wang An-shih, to take control of industry and agriculture. Not everyone agreed with him, of course, but he overcame his opponents and established a State monopoly for the control and regulation of agriculture. Farmers were required to take State loans at a low rate of interest.

The twentieth-century Secretary of Agriculture encountered these old-time theories in a thesis written by a Chinese student for a university degree. But a thesis was one thing and, as Secretary Wallace fully appreciated, an active policy was another. There was also the possibility that a policy which was successful nine hundred years ago in China might not work so well in the United States during the extremely critical nineteen-thirties.

But Mr. Wallace's confidence was buoyed up by his experience as a farmer, and he drew up a plan which, in brief, would compel farmers to put something aside for a rainy day. In his own words, Secretary Wallace's purpose was "to provide for accumulating and maintaining reserves of certain crops in those years in which there is a big harvest for use during those years in which there is a scarcity."

According to Mr. Wallace, the plan was to be set working in this manner: since the consumer was to be protected against famine, something was due to the producer, that is the farmer, for giving this protection. Therefore, in return the farmer would receive loans guaranteeing him "a parity of income," a phrase which meant that the farmers' net income would bear a fixed relation to that of the non-farmers. For this protection the farmer would also pay, and the price would be

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worked out in terms of State regulation of the amounts of his production.

In the history of President Roosevelt's administration, the "ever-normal granary" stands out as one of the clearest indications of policy. It is true that Secretary Wallace did not visualize the compulsion of farmers to co-operate with his plan. Those who did not fall in would not receive loans—that was as far as he wanted to go. But as a whole and from a distance the plan can be seen to be an attempt to bend the bough of democratic government as far as possible in the direction of State control without breaking it from the tree. Only by training its branches and changing its outward form, only so, the President was convinced, could the tree of democracy be saved. The plan of his Secretary of Agriculture was after his own heart and mind, for the State, he believed, must not only be responsible for preserving internal peace but also for making sound and sure the economic foundations of the nation's life.

Criticism of "the ever-normal granary" came from those, in both parties, who saw in it another bid by the President for the extension of his personal control. It also came from the more prosperous and independent farmers. And the critics did not neglect to bolster up their objections with statistics. In 1933-34, they said, and they produced figures for proof, such a plan of agricultural control resulted in American growers losing a big share of the world's cotton market, and it would have the same effect again.

Such arguments could not turn a man of Mr. Wallace's mind. Indeed, it could be said of him that he was the very re-incarnation of the spirit of Wang An-shih, so

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utterly did he abhor the let-it-alone school of thought, so complete was his faith in human ability and skill to regulate life in the economic field. Moreover, he was a good campaigner and by the autumn of 1937 had made "the ever-normal granary" one of the most important issues before Congress.

The President referred to the subject in his message to Congress at the opening of the November session (1937), and pointed out that farmers were once again facing acute surpluses and the falling prices of cotton. "The farmers," he said, "are harvesting the largest cotton crop in history, and corn and potato farmers are harvesting crops that threaten to crush them for producing this plenty." Then he added, "Our programme should continue to be planned and administered so far as possible by the farmers themselves," and immediately his critics began to speculate as to the meaning of the saving phrase, "so far as possible."

The events of 1937 brought the Presidential office into a new light in the eyes of many who had not properly understood its nature. Americans were beginning to realize that by a true and convinced leader the Presidency could be used for new explorations, both in home and foreign affairs. The masses saw in Franklin Roosevelt a born leader and pioneer and approved the extensions of power which he was claiming. His opponents and the more cautious of his own party resented the assumption of new authority, the former because of bitter party or personal hatred, the latter because they feared that although Roosevelt might be able to use his new weapons with advantage, there would always be the danger of their being mishandled by a successor. This

partly explains the high feeling that was excited by "the ever-normal granary." It also explains the wave of opposition that rose when Japan pushed the question of neutrality to the front of American politics.

The American Neutrality Act had raised a pretty problem during Italy's conquest of Ethiopia. Japan's invasion of China brought the problem nearer home. The law required the President, if he found a state of war between two or more foreign countries, to say so plainly; and if at any time this fact has been found and proclaimed by America, no war materials can be sent to the countries at war.

In August, 1937, the pacifist group in the Senate was urging that this law should be enforced. But that which is lawful is not always expedient—and expediency, according to Mr. Roper, Cabinet Minister, was for the time being of far greater importance to America than the enforcing of a law which many had always considered unwise. If the letter of the Neutrality legislation were followed, Mr. Roper said, the result might well be the loss of all Sino-Japanese trade in the future and the passing of that trade to other nations. To drive home the point, Mr. Roper pointed out that American exports for the first half of the year had been valued at two hundred million dollars.

At this time discussion of the matter was comparatively cool. Then came the sinking of the American gunboat *Panay* by the Japanese and the question of neutrality could no longer be discussed with controlled feeling. With no thought of expediency or even of decency, films of the incident were shown to the American public while people were being carried fainting from the cinemas.

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President Roosevelt took command of the situation. He asked that the public and the newspapers should give him understanding and support on whatever decisions were made. Having obtained this he decided upon an unusual course: he swept aside all diplomatic formalities and courtesies and insisted that the American people's indignation and his own should be made known directly to the Emperor of Japan. The effect of this was stimulating, not only in America but also in Great Britain, where public opinion was becoming impatient with the hypocrisy of diplomatic protests and apologies. People were asking what meaning there could be in international exchanges if protests, ranging from mild to sharp, were apparently printed on various forms and chosen to match the offence, and if apologies, ranging from casual to abject, were apparently prepared on corresponding forms and chosen according to the temper of the protest. People were asking what kind of world it was where a war was not a war if it had not been declared, and where the sinking of a gunboat was to be regarded as an "incident."

President Roosevelt had no intention of allowing the sinking of the *Panay* to pass as a mere incident. The normal workings of international diplomacy were too soft and smooth for his present purpose. In this crisis, he can be visualized as a Brutus being followed by clamouring citizens. "We will be satisfied," they cry, "we will be satisfied."

"Then follow me," this Brutus replies, and his tone conveys that he desires them to follow not in this one matter alone but in the carrying out of the whole gigantic task which he has undertaken.

The *Panay* affair revealed to the American people what a real leader they had in their President. It was clear that by his declared attitude towards Japan he had greatly strengthened his position. Not that he was unanimously supported in his protest. Those who were in favour of America's isolation in international affairs took it upon them to question the need for the *Panay* to be in the fighting zone, and added a warning against Jingoism. One Senator warned America against undertaking the unpleasant jobs in the Far East that properly should be carried out by Great Britain. But these were speaking for minorities. The mass of public opinion was ranged behind the President, and in spite of the prominence given to Japan's official apology in the Press and in the news-reels of the film companies, the general feeling was that Japan had better avoid such "mistakes" in the future if she wished to count on America's neutrality.

The sequel to this crisis was the President's announcement at the beginning of 1938 that he would probably be asking Congress to expand the programme for naval armament. No country was named as being the object of this proposed revision. Roosevelt merely referred to "the facts" and said that America could not blink them. In his letter to the Congressional Navy Committee he intimated that possibly he would be asking for a number of ships in addition to the programme already prepared for the next fiscal year. (This programme had set aside five hundred and sixty-five million dollars for the building of two battleships, two light cruisers, eight destroyers and six submarines.)

One of two views could be taken as to the motive of these proposals. Either they had been brought forward

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because of increasing militancy in other nations; or they had been prompted by the economic situation. The latter opinion was favoured by most people.

But whether the one or the other opinion was correct (and there was always the possibility that each had a measure of truth), the net result of the *Panay* crisis, so far as home politics were concerned, was to enhance the authority of the President.

Not long after, his position was further fortified, when the House of Representatives voted against the proposal that the Ludlow Resolution should be debated. The resolution had been drawn up by Representative Ludlow of Indiana and proposed that an amendment to the Federal Constitution should be submitted to the States, an amendment which would make it necessary for the United States to take a national referendum before declaring war, except in the case of invasion. This, clearly, was an attempted encroachment upon the President's powers. But by a vote in the House of Representatives the resolution was killed at least for the rest of that session, and the vote was undoubtedly an indication of President Roosevelt's control over Congress.

It was most improbable that a two-thirds majority in the House of Representatives could have been obtained for the proposed measure even if it had been debated, and without such a majority no amendment of the Constitution can be submitted to the States. Nonetheless, the Ludlow Resolution was a pointer to the influences that were working among some sections of the public and to the manner of their working. Pacifist organizations had been increasing in strength for some time and were strongly supported by the clergy of various

Protestant denominations. Several leaders of religious thought had declared themselves in favour of the Ludlow Resolution and had issued the following statement: "We believe that the people who will be called on in war to sacrifice their sons and their own lives have an inalienable moral and religious right to participate in any decision as momentous as that by which war is determined." But not all who were in favour of a referendum on war could commit themselves to a precise pronouncement—there were some who could not call themselves pacifists and yet believed that the American people should not go to war without the matter being directly referred to them.

President Roosevelt had never been unsympathetic towards those who hated war, provided that their attitude was not negative, that is, provided that they were willing to work consistently and whole-heartedly for peace. In the autumn of 1937 the President spoke to me a little on this subject. He had often received pacifist delegations, he said, and listened carefully to their views. One delegate had recently come to tell him of a Peace Drive which was to be organized in the United States. Would the President give his blessing?

"There's no need for a Peace Drive in the United States," answered the President. "The people of this country are solid for peace." Then he asked, "Why don't you organize a Peace Drive in the war-minded countries?"

Roosevelt was equally convinced that there was no need for a Peace Drive in Congress, and he was careful to see that such a movement did not begin there. He interpreted the Ludlow Resolution as an attempted violation of America's representative form of government

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and stated this view in a letter to Congress. In this letter he also pointed out that the proposed amendment to the Constitution would cripple any President in his management of foreign affairs and would encourage other nations to think that they could violate American rights with impunity.

The President's letter did not endear him to the pacifist groups. Defeated and wounded they retired resentfully and let it be known that they would be returning to the attack at the first opportune moment.

To me, as a detached observer of the American scene, it seems that the pacifists' case would have been more convincing had President Roosevelt in any way attempted to veil the motives of his foreign policy. Since, on the contrary, he had always taken trouble to make them clear to the ordinary man, the pacifists could not argue that there was any danger of the nation being blindly led into war. A comment by an American journalist (Mr. Heywood Broun) expresses a balanced view. "It seems to me," he wrote in October, 1937, "that the threat of war is intensified at such times as our millions remain ignorant about the issues involved. Practically nobody in America was aware of the fact when the spark was struck which brought about the last world conflict. I do not want to commit myself right off as to whether the President's declarations in the existing international situation seem wise or unwise. Like many of my fellows, I wouldn't know. But, whatever occurs, none of us will have a right to say that the question has not been underlined and boldly put forward into the national forum."

At the opening of the previous chapter a certain opinion

was set down. It was to the effect that at the beginning of 1938 President Roosevelt had regained prestige as a result of his grasp of national and international affairs and as a result of his reliability in judging the general temper of his people in times of crisis. A survey has now been made of the troubles and set-backs he had to contend with during 1937 before prestige was recovered. The rest of the story is so near to the present moment of writing that it falls naturally into another and more speculative chapter.

Before this closing chapter is begun, it will be helpful to appraise President Roosevelt's position at the beginning of a year which had every promise of being a momentous one both for the President and his country. For this purpose an Englishman cannot do better than refer to those American writers whom he has found the most reasonable and illuminating in his studies of contemporary American affairs. Among these the general opinion at this time was that President Roosevelt had still to draw upon the full reserve of his power. For example, Mr. Arthur Krock, the Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, wrote: "The President has been hurt in prestige and in power. But he has enough remaining, and probably in a crisis could summon enough more, to make him a vital factor in the situation. A wounded lion is more dangerous to stalk than a lion with a whole skin."

This is hardly an over-statement. Indeed the guarded expression of the opinion possibly hides a higher estimation of the President's position at that time than is actually confessed. At the beginning of 1938 President Roosevelt was still telling the masses of the American

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people that he would not let them down, and still asserting faith in the principles of the New Deal. He was still the advocate of State control of agricultural production, and still the opponent of individual farming and the waste it encouraged. He was still a firm believer in the necessity to fix minimum wages and maximum hours by law. It was a necessity, he thought, because national recovery could not be brought about without it. He was still boldly declaring that there were more important things than the balancing of the Budget—he was as anxious as any banker or business man, he said, as anxious as any industrialist or investor or economist, that the Government Budget should be balanced as quickly as possible, but, whatever happened to the Budget, he was still determined to put first the policy of not allowing any needy American who could and was willing to work to starve. As strongly as ever he was still asserting that the Government had a final responsibility for the well-being of its citizens, that it was the duty and opportunity of all, of whatever party or opinion, to fall in with any programme which was sanctioned by Congress.

Moreover, although he was careful to make clear that he had never denied the good citizenship of the majority of business people, he was as vehement as ever in his denunciation of the dishonest practices of the minority. These business men, he repeated again and again, were the enemies of society, and to uproot their evil-doings continued to be an essential part of his policy.

When the President went to Florida for a fishing-trip towards the end of 1937, some of his critics suspected that the holiday was a pretext for the preparation of a new attack on Capital. New plans were being made,

they thought, and when they learnt that the President was accompanied on his holiday by Mr. Ickes, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Hopkins (respectively the Secretary of the Interior, the Assistant Attorney-General and the Relief Administrator) they wanted no more evidence. Perhaps they were right. Certainly, there was no sign of weakening in the Administration's war on Capital: it was being waged with the old determination. Soon after their return from Florida Mr. Ickes and Mr. Jackson delivered speeches and radio talks in which they pictured Capital as being on strike. It was, they said, part of the conspiracy against the New Deal.

All this is evidence that at the beginning of 1938 the New Deal was very much a live issue. It is also evidence that President Roosevelt, so far from being on the defensive, as some commentators remarked, was still leading the attack upon the people and iniquities which he held responsible for the recession. It is true that he was hampered by the wilful behaviour of statistics. A year earlier he had promised a balanced Budget in 1938. Nine months after that he had estimated that the deficit would be seven hundred million dollars. Now he was telling Congress that the deficit for the fiscal year ending on June 30, 1938, would be one thousand million dollars. But, in spite of this disconcerting, if not chaotic, state of financial affairs, the President was still stubbornly declaring his belief that his fundamental principles could be made to work. He would never go back on them, he said. He would never let the people down.

Many things had happened to Franklin Roosevelt since the days when he enjoyed the fun of offering himself as a candidate for a seat in the New York State

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Senate, since the days when, having been elected to that Senate, he rose against "Blue-eyed Billy" Sheehan. The man had ripened in experience and judgment since those days. But at heart and in motive he was the same man still. The fighting spirit was as strong in him now as ever it was in his youth. And it was directed against the same forces.

Of that time when he was elected to the Senate of New York State, he once wrote: "When the injustice was stated with simplicity and sincerity, I secured a majority in the election. . . . Now I was in politics, now I was a politician. This moment of first success is perhaps the most dangerous crisis in the career of anyone in politics. Up to this moment his action has been based on theory. Now he must act. . . . I found myself actively engaged with the details of government, and though I had studied these problems in the theoretical form, I found them even more absorbingly interesting because of their concreteness and their human application."

In other words, young Franklin Roosevelt was not the man to leave politics as he found them. It so happened that he found them falling far short of ordinary decency and honesty. It was for that reason that he led the protest against his party's nomination of the rich and, as he thought, too-much respected Mr. Sheehan. A lawyer and director of several companies, Sheehan had made handsome contributions to the Democratic Party's funds. His position also enabled him to apportion big contracts. In fact, he was in the fortunate (or unfortunate) position of being both a politician and a rich man.

Not because of personal envy, but because he saw the way open to protest against a potential source of political

injustice, State Senator Roosevelt stirred up a revolt against the nomination of Sheehan. The reader will recall that every kind of motive was imputed to the young Senator. The newspapers said that he was seeking publicity. Some said he was exercising an exuberant and highly melodramatic spirit which in a "college kid" was pardonable, if not exactly harmless. Others remarked that the fact that his renowned uncle had directed a similar rebellion in Albany years before was too obvious a cue for an ambitious young politician to miss. But a few believed in the single-mindedness of Franklin Roosevelt, in his honesty of purpose and in his fighting ability, and those few were enough to carry him to the most significant of his early triumphs. For (the reader will remember) the result of the insurgence was that the first nomination was dropped and another man was chosen and elected; and there followed as a more important result an amendment of the Constitution whereby Senators of the United States were in future to be directly elected by popular vote.

Between that first ordeal by battle and the tremendous ordeal of 1937, Franklin Roosevelt's character had been deepened and given a more secure foundation. But essentially the man was the same. In the speech which he delivered to Congress at the beginning of 1938, and in the manner of its delivery, could be recognized the courage and pugnacity, the burning indignation and elated self-confidence which, nearly thirty years before, had moved him to declare himself by saying: "From the ruins of the political machines we will reconstruct something more nearly conforming to a democratic conception of government."

13. Unfinished Chapter

AT the end of March, 1938, a measure called the Reorganization Bill came before Congress. The Bill, which provided for the reorganization of the various Federal Government departments, was attacked by the President's opponents on the grounds that it would virtually confer upon him a dictator's power. It had passed the Senate and had been sent to the House of Representatives when the President, late one night, or rather early one morning, thought fit to make a statement and to make it in as arresting a manner as possible. Opponents of the Bill had organized a mass protest and to this the President replied by routing the newspaper reporters out of bed and asking them to make clear to the country that he was opposed to a dictatorship in America and that, for his part, he had neither the inclination to be a dictator nor the qualifications to become a successful one.

The incident became known as the "One o'clock in the morning" Statement, a title which seems to reflect the newspaper men's disgust at having to get up from their beds to take down a piece of the President's dictation.

The Bill brought a violent storm into political affairs, a storm which, however, was not altogether unexpected, seeing how ominously calm the political weather had been for some little time. The President's enemies quickly took advantage of the surface implications of the Bill, and

in his own party were many sharp divisions. One of the Democrats who voted against him was Senator Walsh of Massachusetts who declared that the passing of the Bill into law would be "plunging a dagger into the very heart of Democracy."

Many ugly things were said—for example, that Senators had been induced to vote for the Bill by grants of public moneys to their States—before the Bill, in a greatly modified form, was passed by the Senate. Then came an unexpected blow to the President's prestige. The House of Representatives sent back the Bill by 204 votes to 196. Defying their leaders, who had been telling them that this, in effect, was to be a vote of confidence in the President, more than a hundred Democrats were in open rebellion. For the President, this defeat was hardly less serious than the earlier set-back over the reorganization of the Supreme Court.

Once again the President's remarkable resilience of spirit was in evidence. Having suffered severe defeat on one score, he immediately let it be known that he was about to ask Congress for six hundred million pounds to be devoted to plans for work relief. This sum was to be raised by bond issues and then loaned to the local authorities. Pump-priming was the description given to this new effort to overcome depression. It was a description which was used more often by way of disapproval than of approbation.

The President's decision ended a debate which had been carried on for six months by Henry Morgenthau, who was for balancing the Budget, and Harry Hopkins, who was the special advocate of the spending policy.

Hopkins was one of those who was admitted or was

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called into the inner circle of the White House after Roosevelt's second inauguration. His ability and worth have been proved by his outstanding work as head of the Works Project Administration, which must rank among the most important enterprises ever embarked upon by the American Government in peace-time. One American writer has recorded his dislike of Hopkins by remarking that he is "cynical, caustic, and excessively direct" (as though there could ever be excess of directness in a politician!). Whatever may be the truth about Hopkins's cynicism, whether it be deep-rooted or, as is so often the case with Americans, merely a mask to hide a sentimental nature, it is certain that he and the President understand one another very well. Harry Hopkins has something of the President's passion for big-scale thinking and for big-scale fighting. As a first-class administrator, Hopkins also shares Roosevelt's conviction that only through good government can the individual secure happiness. The policy of spending the country out of the depression was a direct result of their agreement on this point.

Controversy was bound to be stirred up by so bold an experiment. Governor Landon told the public that it should insist that every dollar of spending money should be raised by taxation. In his opinion uncontrolled inflation was certain to follow deficit financing. Mr. Henry Ford, whom the President had invited to the White House for a talk on the subject, also condemned the theory and still more the practice of depression-spending. American journals were quoting from Mr. Herbert Morrison who had been saying that the British Labour Party fully believed in the policy which the

President was carrying out, but, as against this, Professor Lutz of Princeton University held up the British Budget as the supreme and (as professors are wont to say) the final argument against President Roosevelt's policy. In his opinion there was "no question whatever" that the Government of the United States could have sufficiently met its obligations during the depression, if a determined effort had been made. "England," wrote Professor Lutz, "with far smaller national resources and a relief problem fully as great in relation to population and resources as our own, was able to maintain almost a complete balance during those difficult years."

Meanwhile observers in England, and they were by no means confined to the universities, were deeply interested in watching the effects of Roosevelt's experiment. The average opinion among them appeared to be that the venture involved too many unknown or indeterminate quantities. How far public spending could stimulate business enterprise was, in their general view, an extremely doubtful point, for, as some of them argued, whereas Roosevelt's earlier experiment was enhanced by the coincidence of a revival in world trade, the new venture was being embarked upon in a period of recession.

But while such comments as these were being made by English people, Americans were speculating on one simple point, namely, how big the deficit would be for the financial year 1937-38. Could it possibly be less than one thousand five hundred million dollars, they were asking, and would it not be doubled in another year?

The answers to those questions will not be known until

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after this study has appeared. In any case, to those who are primarily interested in Franklin Roosevelt as one of the important men of our time, a more far-reaching question is whether the President of the United States will be forced, by the very tenacity and idealism of his character, into the virtual role of dictator. That he has no inclination to play that part he has repeatedly made plain. But it must not be forgotten that there was a time when he had no idea of becoming President of his country; yet, when the moment for decision came, he shouldered the responsibility, in spite of all contrary arguments. We need not think that he ever regarded the responsibility with the pompous self-consciousness which is attributed to Stephen Grover Cleveland in one of the stories told in the Roosevelt family.¹ Nonetheless, taken in the midst of his struggle for the recovery of health, his decision was obviously of a momentous nature.

Therefore it is natural for people to ask, if it came to the point of assuming dictatorial powers or renouncing the cardinal points of the New Deal, whether he would not again undertake a role to which he believed himself to be called, however much it might go against the grain.

In a world where the unexpected happens almost as frequently as the expected, such a question as the above is bound to be considered, even by those who have followed Franklin Roosevelt throughout his career and have an unshakable faith in the man's quality. If it is

¹ The story is that Franklin Roosevelt at the age of five was presented by his father to President Cleveland who in turn presented the boy with this remarkable piece of self-revelation: "I'll give you a wish for the rest of your life: pray to God that He never lets you become President of the United States."

imperative, as serious devotees everywhere are asserting, that the arts, to survive, must be more closely related to daily life, how much more urgent is it for politics to be so related! The foremost of Roosevelt's virtues is that he has always been fully alive to this need. We have seen how, having embarked upon a lawyer's career, he swerved from that path and took the road leading to politics. We have also seen how, storming along that road, he has frequently taken some decisive action or issued some challenge as who should say, "Politics does not exist in its own right but must ever be the good servant of human nature." In Franklin Roosevelt there is something of the lawyer, something of the historian, something of the evangelist, a great deal of the politician, but above all he is the humanist. For my part, I believe that future events will have no power to change him in this respect.

The reader will not mistake the expression of this belief for an attempt to end the present study upon a prophetic note. What's to come is still unsure—that simple fact has always seemed to me a sufficient reason why a man should not spread himself in prophesy at the conclusion of a discourse. This book, therefore, ends where it must end, and without a peacock's tail. The question that I have raised regarding a dictatorship in America cannot be answered by anyone, not even by President Roosevelt himself. It is wise, however, to bear in mind that in America as elsewhere the ordinary man, that disillusioned soul, is apt at the present time to consent to any form of strong government in order to be saved from the responsibility of independent thought and action in the face of apparent chaos; it is wise, that is, to recognize

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the possibility of dictatorship, in some form or other, being thrust upon the present Administration in America. If such a thing came to pass within the next two years, I believe that the American people would count themselves blessed that it happened when Franklin Roosevelt, and not another, was President. For in his liberal hands, it is certain that "the thing" called dictatorship would have little in common with that order of government which is being so much admired and reviled at the present time. If it is possible for an Englishman to speak of a constitutional monarchy and be quite sure that the thing exists, that the "referent," indeed, is part of his daily experience, it ought also to be possible for an American to bring home to himself the meaning of a constitutional despotism. In any case the events which have been recorded in the last chapters indicate that something in the nature of a compromise must be hammered out before the present conflict can be ended.

Something in the nature of a compromise—whatever the ultimate organism may prove to be after the "jarring seeds" have been brought into agreement, it is certain that the American, with his genius for phrasing a definition, will have an apt and telling word for it.

14. Obiter Dicta

A FITTING prelude to my week-end at the White House in October, 1937, was the monologue of the taxi-driver who drove me to Pennsylvania Station, New York.

"Where are you from?" he jerked at me from a half-shut mouth, and the question seemed to imply that if I happened to come from one of the countries on his black list he would turn me out of his cab.

"England," I said.

"England? Oh, England's all right"—a statement which meant (as I found later) that he would permit himself to talk, to confess, to an Englishman, but not to just any random person who spoke English.

For twenty minutes or so he talked, and during that time I formed the opinion that he was not so discontented as his disgruntled voice at first suggested. He was nearly seventy, he had been a policeman, he had a pension of a hundred dollars a month. Some could live on that, but he couldn't. So he had taken to taxi-driving, first, because he liked spending money; secondly, because he liked driving; thirdly, to prevent himself going crazy. From money, he passed to Japan, and from Japan to dictators. "Look at Mussolini," he suddenly growled, and for the moment I thought he was pointing him out in the street. Then the whole hard-boiled conviction of the man was expressed in an angry, disjointed speech against dictatorships.

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During the week-end I spoke of this man and his opinions to President Roosevelt, and, laughingly, he told me of a foreign visitor who, noting that the President rarely rang a bell during his everyday work, was convinced, by that one sign alone, that he was anything but a dictator.

That visitor may be thought to have taken naïve evidence for his belief, but my own impressions of the President and his environment at the White House bear out the conclusion he reached. That house is indeed a house and a home—a home where a man is working, very hard, without show, completely absorbed; where his wife also does a full share of strictly useful work, and stands between her husband and unnecessary interferences. It is a house in which a guest, such as I was, is never for a moment worried by the things that are done or are not done, is never without something to do or to interest him, is never forgotten and never embarrassed.

That it is such a house is largely due to Mrs. Roosevelt. She has the secret of combining spontaneity with routine, so that nothing she does, whether she is giving notes to Mrs. Schreider (who has been her secretary for sixteen years) or suggestions to a committee or tea to an ambassador, is allowed to settle into formality. Born a Roosevelt herself, she has too much of the family spirit and eagerness to encourage "settling"; with her everything is on the move, and the wonder is, in the midst of a multitude of activities—in education, journalism, housing, work in hospitals and so forth—that so little of her energy is wasted. In the United States of course one is familiar with the façade of busy-ness which frequently is set up as a shop-front behind which is no shop. Mrs. Roose-

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velt does not impress me as needing any façade. What she is doing she is doing with all her heart, with ability and in a way which is peculiarly her own.

Originality, in fact, is the dominant note of everyday life at the White House, for no one needs to be reminded of the President's strong individuality. His force of character is felt in the first hand-shake.

I met him in the long hall when he was being wheeled from his room to go to dinner. In that hall is a sabre presented to the President by the French Government and placed under a portrait of George Washington. On one side of this sabre is a signed photograph of King George the Sixth, on the other, one of Queen Elizabeth.

It was to be a small, informal dinner-party, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, a young girl (one of the innumerable cousins of the family), another guest and myself. We all went into the lift and went down to the dining-room on the ground floor.

At dinner, conversation was easy. The President had just returned from his tour of the West to find a huge mail awaiting him, chiefly as a result of his Chicago speech. He spoke of this and other matters freely and naturally, not as one who was bearing the burden of State, but as one single, normal member of the community. With zest he told me of his train passing through Chicago and how one of his companions called his attention to the office windows thronged with people. At many of the windows, he said, were clerks and stenographers shouting, "Hullo, Mr. President"; at others were the directors, silent and glum.

With a sudden seriousness and a quick turn towards

me, he added, "You couldn't have a better picture of what things are like here at present."

Then, by some bridge which I cannot now recall, we passed on to talk of education. The President said that the present generation in America lacked great teachers and asked how it was in England. He recalled his own student days and that he was taught by men who got him really excited about art, literature and politics. "One of our professors outlined for us the various Governments of the world, big and small, important and otherwise, comparing each to each. Great fun!"

Of H. G. Wells he had a high opinion—a born teacher, he considered, and one who should be concentrating upon influencing the average man instead of attempting to lead the intelligentsia.

In such a friendly gathering I did not expect to hear the subject of Japan discussed, but there were points in the President's Chicago speech which his wife had not fully grasped, and she began to question him, not in any argumentative mood but quietly, as though she were confident that he would be able to clear away her doubts. Her confidence was justified. With great care the President explained his approach to this thorny question, showing how a problem which proved too stubborn as a whole might conceivably be solved by being divided into two separate parts. . . .

But of that no more. My purpose for the moment is to sketch a domestic scene, not to enlarge upon President Roosevelt's foreign policy.

After dinner we went up by lift to the hall again. The President waved to us, said "Good night," and by his negro attendant was wheeled into his room, where he

would be working, Mrs. Roosevelt told me, until eleven or later. Perhaps even then the day would not be finished, for usually he reads despatches and telegrams in bed.

That evening I was left to myself, I could read or I could wander round. I did both. First, while Mrs. Roosevelt was writing letters I dipped into a book called *Careers for Women*, and into another called *The New Education*; then I made a tour of the many portraits.

It is the custom for each President to leave behind a portrait of himself to be hung in the White House when the time for his departure comes. That which will be left of President Roosevelt has already been chosen. Most people agree that Salisbury's is the best portrait, but this other, by Mrs. Rand, has been preferred, probably because it is the work of an American artist.

It shows the fine, massive head to great advantage, and of all those I have seen it is the most successful in suggesting the sensitive mobility of the mouth, a feature which emphasizes the President's resemblance to his mother.

Next day, Sunday, the President had planned a river-trip, not to fish, but to work in quiet; but the day was cloudy and cold and the plan was changed, so Sunday became a day like any other, except that more people came to lunch and dinner. After dinner a film was shown to the guests in the hall. A news-reel was put on. Then the title of the film, "The Life of Zola."

"Seen it," the President exclaimed. Mrs. Roosevelt gave a sign for the film to be stopped and for the lights to be switched on. The President briefly took leave of

his guests and again was wheeled back to his work. The lights were put out and Zola's life was resumed.

During that week-end I saw the President from many angles and in touch with many sorts of people. My lasting impression is of a man who is essentially a real person. Moreover, to his people, whether opponents or supporters, he has made himself completely real; and if to the reader this should seem a simple achievement, let him reflect how rare it is for any public figure to remain a reality for long, and not become, even while he is in the public eye, a mere photograph or an unsubstantial silhouette.

I was allowed to spend a whole morning with the President, while he carried out a normal programme of work, and I saw nothing and heard nothing that suggested that dictatorial temper. The reader will be thinking that possibly this was a performance for my benefit, that, like the visitors to U.S.S.R. or to any other experimenting country, I was permitted to see only the fairest show of things. But in this matter, I claim my share of ordinary human judgment, and shall say that if that particular morning had been staged for my benefit, something, whether a voice-inflection or a sign of unreality or of self-consciousness, would have told me so. No, this was an average Monday morning for the President of the United States and I have not yet arrived at the stage where I am persuaded that my presence could have the smallest effect upon the manner in which State affairs are conducted.

The morning was passed in this way. First, I had breakfast with Mrs. Roosevelt at the eastern end of the long gallery which runs right through the first floor of

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the White House. The President, I was told, would be ready at about half-past ten, and, if I would meet him then outside his room (which was on the same floor), we could go to the Government Department together. At twenty minutes to eleven the President was ready, after having been attending to the morning mail since before breakfast. "Good morning," I heard him say. He had seen me first and I turned to be greeted with the renowned smile (which, for all that it lends itself so easily to caricature, is the most reassuring of all the smiles I have ever seen) and to feel that massive hand-grip. His negro attendant wheeled him into the lift and he began to tell me of the arrangements for the morning. "Not a very exciting schedule, I'm afraid," he added, "but perhaps it will give you an idea of how things go on here."

Many pictures of Franklin Roosevelt are fixed in my mind, but none clearer than the memory of those occasions when, as on this morning and before and after dinner, two or three of us stood beside him in the lift. His attitude was always the same, hands upon his knees, fingers moving as if for a keyboard exercise, the fine head thrown back, a cigarette in its holder sticking up at a sharp angle from the mouth. During the few seconds while we were moving from one floor to the next he would make brief, good-humoured inquiries of one or another of us. There was no waste of time or of words, yet I think of those interludes as being curiously intimate and revealing.

"I think you'd better go round the whole department first," the President suggested. So I was taken to see the secretaries' offices (including that of James Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, who has since been given a

new appointment), the File Room, the Sorting Office (whenever the President makes a speech, the order is "Clear the decks" for incoming letters), the switch-board room and various other offices, each adorned with two or three pictures painted under the auspices of the W.P.A. and chosen by Mrs. Roosevelt. I was surprised to learn that the White House is allowed to fill only thirty-six appointments to the Government Office staff. The rest are made by the various governmental departments.

This tour done, I returned to the room in which the President gives audiences, and faded into the background. This was the famous Oval Room. I sat there while all manner of business was done, interviews, the signing of documents and so forth, and had the queer sensation of having been transformed into something inanimate, as though I had become one of the flags or one of the marine pictures that were hanging there, or one of the toys that were piled up on a table behind the President's chair.

The interviews were seemingly quite informal. Quiet conversations they were, moving easily between official and personal matters. One man, having shown to the President the draft of a proposed report and having received from him suggestions as to its wording, suddenly brought from his pocket a photograph of himself and a large fish he had caught. Roosevelt beamed admiringly, spoke of one of his own recent catches and steered the man back to business. After two or three of these interviews, Mr. Marvin McIntyre appeared. His is the office adjoining the Oval Room, the last line of defence. Numbers of people who are hopeful of interviewing the President get as far as Mr. McIntyre's office and then, with good grace, retire, persuaded that, though they have

failed to reach their goal, they have achieved the next best thing in talking to Mr. McIntyre.

An ambassador came in, and it was then that I realized that I had not been forgotten after all. The President turned to me and said, "Afraid I'll have to ask you to leave us a moment while we talk foreign affairs." There was humour in his voice and I almost expected him to add: "Not that it would matter much if you stayed and listened."

I went into Mr. McIntyre's room and there waited. I saw with what smiling tact he turned away a busy-looking woman who seemed confident that she was about to break through the last line and talk to the President himself. I was looking at a picture that was hanging near me, and, while he was waiting for the next caller, Mr. McIntyre said, glancing at another picture on the wall behind him, "This is my favourite." He spoke with a southern drawl. "Not the best art, maybe; but it appeals to my sentiments." For a moment, I wondered why so well-favoured a picture had been placed behind his back, and then decided that perhaps it was the best position after all, for it might have been a distraction during working hours.

While I was considering these things, a message was brought to me. At twelve o'clock the President would be broadcasting a speech from the Diplomatic Reception Room, and it was suggested that I should accompany him there. So in a few minutes, the President was being wheeled again through the cloistered way that leads from the Government Offices to the room which is called "Diplomatic Reception" and which on this occasion was to be the origin of a diplomatic transmission to Poland.

That particular day was Pulaski Day, that is, it was set aside as a tribute to General Casimir Pulaski, the Polish hero of the American Revolutionary War. To mark the day, the remains of General Kryzanowski were removed from Brooklyn to Arlington National Cemetery. President Roosevelt's speech was a tribute to these Polish patriots "whose very names," he said, "are watchwords of liberty and whose deeds are part of the imperishable record of American independence." Being watchwords, these names had to be correctly pronounced, and, before broadcasting his speech, the President, with a laugh against himself, was making sure that he had them right.

The speech itself was not only a tribute; it was also a confirmation of the views he had expressed the previous week in that surprising oration in Chicago. In paying tribute to Poland's struggle for freedom, he compared the informing spirit of it with that which inspired the American ideal of free peoples. The words which, by emphasis and a slower pace, he made the keynote of his talk were these: "We as a nation seek spiritual union with all who love freedom. Of many bloods and of diverse national origins, we stand before the world to-day as one people united in a common determination. That determination is to uphold the ideal of human society which makes conscience superior to brute strength, the ideal which would substitute freedom for force in the governments of the world."

In the room were five or six press photographers (who could not have worked with more frenzy had this been their last chance of taking pictures of Franklin Roosevelt) and a little group of broadcasting people. Two companies were taking the speech, Columbia and the National

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Broadcasting Company. To one who is used to the orderly announcing at Broadcasting House, London, it was bewildering to hear two announcers at two microphones introducing the President at the same time. One made a longer introduction than the other, yet they finished exactly together. That, too, was a little bewildering. But President Roosevelt was taking all this in his stride. While he was being announced, he lit a cigarette and put his manuscript in order. Then he began. The presence of a few people did not tempt him to put on the orator's manner. This was to be a man-to-man affair, after the style of his famous fireside talks. It was an attractive piece of reading. Art and skill were there, yet were made subservient to the message. The effects of stress, pause and varied pace were not superimposed but came from the speaker's feeling for the words. For the most part, he played upon the upper register of a voice which could be described as agreeably baritone, played upon it tellingly with never a strident note. Intonation and diction were equal factors of his eloquence. The English proudly refer to King's English (even those who never attempt to speak it). If the Americans ever wanted to use the term "President's English" in the same way, they could not find it better exemplified than in the speaking of Franklin Roosevelt.

When the broadcast was finished, I walked by the President's side as he was being taken back to the Oval Room. For a moment he had a glimpse through the cloisters of the autumn sunshine, and the sight of it put sadness into his eyes. In fancy I saw the look of one who was thinking of what he would be doing on such a morning had he been a free man.



F. D. R. with his Stamp-collection, 1936
A Safe Retreat (Flint River), 1932

OBITER DICTA

From Washington I returned to New York, hoping that I would not be long in acquiring the habit of sleeping through the night in that city of alarms. But I was not given time to get used to the place. Next morning at nine o'clock, Mrs. James Roosevelt telephoned to invite me to her country house at Hyde Park. She told me that her son was coming there that morning for a few days' rest, and that I had better come as soon as possible before people began to track him down. I packed a bag and took the afternoon train to Poughkeepsie.

Just before five I was at Hyde Park. Mrs. James Roosevelt, leaning on a walking-stick to help an injured ankle, was in the hall to greet me. I had not seen her for several years but the admiration I had felt for her before was immediately stirred again as I heard with what zest she described incidents of her recent travels in Europe. Above all for her independence of opinion did I admire her.

"You'll find the President sitting by the fire," she said. "This is where he was born, you know. He loves the place. Go through. We'll have tea soon."

In the big room at the southern end of the hall, I found Franklin Roosevelt sitting alone by a log fire and giving all his attention to his collection of foreign stamps. It was the same figure that I had so recently seen at the White House, but another man. Even the greeting he gave me told me so. He seemed relaxed, unexcited. He was wearing country clothes and was sitting there quite calm and content. I also remained quiet and still thinking that it was a better way of coming to understand him at that moment than to talk for the sake of making sounds. My impression was that while he was turning

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over the leaves of his stamp-books, looking at old stamps, putting in new ones, he was waiting for all this environment of his boyhood to take possession of him. Every public man feels the need of going apart from time to time to recover his natural self. Whenever he feels that need, Franklin Roosevelt returns to Hyde Park.

Everyone there was telling me how much he loved the place. His mother took me to the garden to show me some of the associations of his boyhood. We came to a tall magnolia tree and I stopped to admire its big fleshy leaves and the yellow-green radiance which they were borrowing from the sun. "There was another magnolia tree like this one," she said. "It was Franklin's special tree. When he was a boy, he loved to play under its branches. We were very sad when it had to be cut down."

Another who told me of the President's affection for Hyde Park was his private secretary, Miss Le Hand. "Missie," as she is called in the family circle, is a completely natural person. I enjoyed talking with her. She spoke of the President's delight in driving his own car round the estate, in having new roads made and in planting new trees. (The gardener was then experimenting, not very hopefully, with the Californian Redwood.) Then, a little ruefully, she added, "The President even likes being here at the height of summer. And it can be intensely hot here in the valley."

So, from those who knew him best and with the help of my own eyes, I gathered in impressions of what the spirit of this place meant to Franklin Roosevelt and of how much a part of him it had become. From my bedroom on the west side I could look over tree-tops towards

the Hudson River—though its gleam would not be showing until more leaves had fallen—and towards the hills that flanked the opposite bank. I could see oaks and hemlock and also a small orchard. In the golden sunshine of morning or in the blue of evening shadow, it was a scene that would have spoken of solace and a safe retreat, but for one intrusion. Just below my window was a kind of sentry-box, a shelter for one of the men who formed the President's bodyguard. A shelter stood on each side of the house, and near each, placed on the ground and turned up at an angle of forty-five degrees, were floodlights which were switched on at dusk to illuminate all the immediate approaches to the house. Had I stayed there a few weeks, perhaps I should have become accustomed to those stark reminders of reality; perhaps they would have gradually become as picturesque and friendly as the sentry-boxes outside Buckingham Palace. As it was, I could only be thinking how hard it was for the President of the United States to call any place his home.

Yet at dinner that evening, one would have said that Franklin Roosevelt was completely at home, completely in possession of himself. He was in a remembering mood. He recalled the time when his keenest delight was the collecting of books. European travel was part of his education (he said) and when he came to London he haunted the bookstalls of St. Paul's Churchyard. Most of all he valued his copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.

"But, Franklin," his mother was saying, "you've always been a collector," and then she turned to ask me if I had seen the two small cannon and the convent bell in the porch of the house and the prints of naval battles hanging

in the hall. These, his stamps and many other things, she said, were evidence of his passion for collecting.

We talked on general matters for a while; then the President gave me a surprise. He began by asking me whether any progress was being made in the general appreciation of the arts in Great Britain. We discussed the influence of radio and the dangers of attempting to take short cuts to the fields of culture. Then he spoke of an idea which he had been fondly nursing for some time. "It's an idea," he said, "that would produce great good if I could find the right man to work it." His emphasis on "if" told me that he had no right man in mind. The plan was to provide for every town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants a weekly event, through the winter, at least, which would keep ordinary people in touch with "cultural values" (in the company of good Americans, one learns after a while not to mock at such phrases) without requiring them to become high-brows. "For example," the President said, "the little town of Poughkeepsie, where you got off the train, might have a string quartet one week, a recital by a well-known singer the next, a play not to be seen in a commercial theatre the next, a pianoforte recital the next and so on." "But, Franklin," said his mother, "we have three quite good concerts a season, you know, at Poughkeepsie."

"Ah! yes," he said. "I don't mean that kind of thing. I don't mean the sort of concert to which provincial Society comes in order to show off. That's all right in its way, but too expensive. I'm thinking of something worth while to occupy the minds of ordinary people during the winter months."

And I was thinking how badly such a plan was wanted

in England and how astonished we should be if it were conceived by one who held political power; also how little our radio service had done to defeat those two peculiarly British notions, first that the arts *belong* to one social class, second, that this vaunted thing called Appreciation is something to be worn, like a phylactery, upon the brow.

But I was not allowed to muse upon these discontents for long. President Roosevelt was turning to the past again and drawing upon some of his War-time memories. He laughed as he remembered the days when he flew between France and England in an utterly primitive and uncertain machine. A flight without a forced landing was exceptional. One night, fog compelled him to land in an English field (in Kent as they discovered later). Another plane which had started with them from France and had long since been lost to them and forgotten, also ran into fog, was compelled to land, and came down in the very same field. An excellent raconteur, Franklin Roosevelt can relate such an incident and charge it with dramatic force.

The story I liked best (it was superbly told) was of his motor accident in Brittany. This, too, was during the War, when he was sent to France to do Navy inspection. While he and some others were being driven through Brittany, they had the misfortune to knock down an old priest. They went back, carried the priest into a house, and began to undress him to discover his hurts. First they removed a cassock, then two waistcoats, then three shirts and a vest and there at last was the priest. Only a broken ankle. Franklin Roosevelt told the priest in French how sorry they all were that this had happened. He answered in dialect; but an interpreter was at hand

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and Roosevelt employed him to tell the priest that they would like to call it square and was there anything they could pay him? Oh, dear, no. What, nothing at all? No, no. Well, could they do anything for his church? Yes, indeed; they had some beautiful windows there and they needed re-leading. "Well," said President Roosevelt, rounding off his story, "that was a tall order, as you can imagine. So I asked the old fellow if it would help to contribute to the cost of re-leading one window. He seemed mighty pleased at that, and I wrote out a cheque; and from then on they've always lit a candle for the American Navy in that church."

A prominent Frenchman, who was one of our company that evening, was delighted with the story and with careful, solemn stress and gesture added to it this rider: "And, Mr. President, that candle will burn in that church for ever. You can be sure of that."

President Roosevelt likes a good story, likes to hear one, likes to tell one. That is one factor in the success of his Press Conferences. He invited me to one of these at Hyde Park while I was there. His mother thinks that the house at Hyde Park is not a very convenient place for such a gathering, especially as her son insists on holding the meeting in his little den on the ground floor. The conference I attended was a small one. About a dozen men filed in and stood round the President's desk with note-books ready. That morning he had no news for them and told them so at the outset. One or two attempted to draw him on the question of foreign policy, another, the comedian of the party, hoped to secure "a statement" by being familiar and as witty as possible. But it was soon realized that the President had nothing

of importance to say, and the awkward questions gradually died down. The Press men prepared to go. Then Mr. McIntyre remembered that one of them had a new funny story. "We must have that," said the President. But half-way through the story the man had bad stage-fright. An incident I like to recall is the friendliness with which President Roosevelt came to the man's rescue, bolstered him up with a discreet chuckle here and there and finally, when the last humorous point was nervously reached, rewarded him with a burst of laughter.

Appendix I

A SELECTION FROM FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT'S SPEECHES

THE OPENING OF THE ADDRESS OF HON. FRANKLIN DELANO
ROOSEVELT ACCEPTING THE PRESIDENTIAL NOMINATION

*(Delivered before the Democratic National Convention at the
Stadium, Chicago, Illinois, July 2, 1932)*

CHAIRMAN WALSH, MY FRIENDS OF THE DEMOCRATIC
NATIONAL CONVENTION OF 1932:
I appreciate your willingness after these six arduous days to remain here, for I know well the sleepless hours which you and I have had. I regret that I am late, but I have no control over the winds of Heaven and could only be thankful for my Navy training.

The appearance before a National Convention of its nominee for President, to be formally notified of his selection, is unprecedented and unusual, but these are unprecedented and unusual times. I have started out on the tasks that lie ahead by breaking the absurd traditions that the candidate should remain in professed ignorance of what has happened for weeks until he is formally notified of that event many weeks later.

My friends, may this be the symbol of my intention to be honest and to avoid all hypocrisy or sham, to avoid all silly shutting of the eyes to the truth in this campaign. You have nominated me and I know it, and I am here to thank you for the honour.

Let it also be symbolic that in so doing I broke traditions. Let it be from now on the task of our Party to break foolish traditions. We will break foolish traditions and leave it to the Republican leadership, far more skilled in that art, to break promises.

Let us now and here highly resolve to resume the country's

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interrupted march along the path of real progress, of real justice, of real equality for all of our citizens, great and small. Our indomitable leader in that interrupted march is no longer with us, but there still survives to-day his spirit. Many of his captains, thank God, are still with us, to give us wise counsel. Let us feel that in everything we do there still lives with us, if not the body, the great indomitable, unquenchable, progressive soul of our Commander-in-Chief, Woodrow Wilson.

I have many things on which I want to make my position clear at the earliest possible moment in this campaign. That admirable document, the platform which you have adopted, is clear. I accept it one hundred per cent.

And you can accept my pledge that I will leave no doubt or ambiguity on where I stand on any question of moment in this campaign.

As we enter this new battle, let us keep always present with us some of the ideals of the Party: The fact that the Democratic Party by tradition and by the continuing logic of history, past and present, is the bearer of liberalism and of progress and at the same time of safety to our institutions. And if this appeal fails, remember well, my friends, that a resentment against the failure of Republican leadership—and note well that in this campaign I shall not use the words “Republican Party,” but I shall use, day in and day out, the words, “Republican leadership”—the failure of Republican leaders to solve our troubles may degenerate into unreasoning radicalism.

The great social phenomenon of this depression, unlike others before it, is that it has produced but a few of the disorderly manifestations that too often attend upon such times.

Wild radicalism has made few converts and the greatest tribute that I can pay to my countrymen is that in these days of crushing want there persists an orderly and hopeful spirit on the part of the millions of our people who have suffered so much. To fail to offer them a new chance is not only to betray their hopes but to misunderstand their patience.

To meet by reaction that danger of radicalism is to invite disaster. Reaction is no barrier to the radical. It is a challenge,

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a provocation. The way to meet that danger is to offer a workable programme of reconstruction, and the Party to offer it is the party with clean hands.

This, and this only, is a proper protection against blind reaction on the one hand and an improvised hit-or-miss, irresponsible opportunism on the other.

There are two ways of viewing the government's duty in matters affecting economic and social life. The first sees to it that a favoured few are helped and hopes that some of their prosperity will leak through, sift through, to labour, to the farmer, to the small business-man. That theory belongs to the party of Toryism, and I had hoped that most of the Tories left this country in 1776.

But it is not and never will be the theory of the Democratic Party. This is no time for fear, for reaction or for timidity. And here and now I invite those nominal Republicans who find that their conscience cannot be squared with the groping and the failure of their party leaders to join hands with us; here and now, in equal measure, I warn those nominal Democrats who squint at the future with their faces turned towards the past, and who feel no responsibility to the demands of the new time, that they are out of step with their party.

Yes, the people of this country want a genuine choice this year, not a choice between two names for the same reactionary doctrine. Ours must be a Party of liberal thought, of planned action, of enlightened international outlook, and of the greatest good to the greatest number of our citizens.

Now it is inevitable—and the choice is that of the times—it is inevitable that the main issue of this campaign should revolve about the clear fact of our economic condition, a depression so deep that is without precedent in modern history. It will not do merely to state as do Republican leaders, to explain their broken promises of continued inaction, that the depression is world-wide. That was not their explanation of the apparent prosperity of 1928. The people will not forget the claim made by them then that prosperity was only a domestic product manufactured by a Republican President and a Republican Congress. If they claim paternity for the one they cannot deny paternity for the other.

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ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT BY RADIO, DELIVERED FROM THE PRESIDENT'S STUDY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(*March 12, 1933*)

I want to talk for a few minutes with the people of the United States about banking—with the comparatively few who understand the mechanics of banking but more particularly with the overwhelming majority who use banks for the making of deposits and the drawing of cheques. I want to tell you what has been done in the last few days, why it was done, and what the next steps are going to be. I recognize that the many proclamations from State Capitols and from Washington, the legislation, the Treasury regulations, etc., couched for the most part in banking and legal terms should be explained for the benefit of the average citizen. I owe this in particular because of the fortitude and good temper with which everybody had accepted the inconvenience and hardships of the banking holiday. I know that when you understand what we in Washington have been about I shall continue to have your co-operation as fully as I have had your sympathy and help during the past week.

First of all let me state the simple fact that when you deposit money in a bank the bank does not put the money into a safe-deposit vault. It invests your money in many different forms of credit—bonds, commercial paper, mortgages and many other kinds of loans. In other words, the bank puts your money to work to keep the wheels of industry and of agriculture turning around. A comparatively small part of the money you put into the bank is kept in currency—an amount which in normal times is wholly sufficient to cover the cash needs of the average citizen. In other words the total amount of all the currency in the country is only a small fraction of the total deposits in all of the banks.

What, then, happened during the last few days of February and the first few days of March? Because of undermined confidence on the part of the public, there was a general rush by a large portion of our population to turn bank deposits into currency or gold—a rush so great that the soundest banks could not get enough currency to meet the demand. The reason for this was that on

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the spur of the moment it was, of course, impossible to sell the perfectly sound assets of a bank and convert them into cash except at panic prices far below their real value.

By the afternoon of March 3 scarcely a bank in the country was open to do business. Proclamations temporarily closing them had been issued by the Governors in almost all the states.

It was then that I issued the proclamation providing for the nation-wide bank holiday, and this was the first step in the Government's reconstruction of our financial and economic fabric.

The second step was the legislation promptly and patriotically passed by the Congress confirming my proclamation and broadening my powers so that it became possible in view of the requirement of time to extend the holiday and lift the ban of that holiday gradually. This law also gave authority to develop a programme of rehabilitation of our banking facilities. I want to tell our citizens in every part of the Nation that the national Congress—Republicans and Democrats alike—showed by this action a devotion to public welfare and a realization of the emergency and the necessity for speed that it is difficult to match in our history.

The third stage has been the series of regulations permitting the banks to continue their functions to take care of the distribution of food and household necessities and the payment of pay-rolls.

This bank holiday, while resulting in many cases in great inconvenience, is affording us the opportunity to supply the currency necessary to meet the situation. No sound bank is a dollar worse off than it was when it closed its doors last Monday. Neither is any bank which may turn out not to be in a position for immediate opening. The new law allows the twelve Federal Reserve banks to issue additional currency on good assets and thus the banks which reopen will be able to meet every legitimate call. The new currency is being sent out by the Bureau of Engraving and Printing in large volume to every part of the country. It is sound currency because it is backed by actual, good assets.

A question you will ask is this—why are all the banks not to be reopened at the same time? The answer is simple. Your Government does not intend that the history of the past few years

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shall be repeated. We do not want and will not have another epidemic of bank failures.

As a result we start to-morrow, Monday, with the opening of banks in the twelve Federal Reserve bank cities—those banks which on first examination by the Treasury have already been found to be all right. This will be followed on Tuesday by the resumption of all their functions by banks already found to be sound in cities where there are recognized clearing-houses. That means about two hundred and fifty cities of the United States.

On Wednesday and succeeding days banks in smaller places all through the country will resume business, subject, of course, to the Government's physical ability to complete its survey. It is necessary that the reopening of banks be extended over a period in order to permit the banks to make applications for necessary loans, to obtain currency needed to meet their requirements and to enable the Government to make common-sense check-ups.

Let me make it clear to you that if your bank does not open the first day you are by no means justified in believing that it will not open. A bank that opens on one of the subsequent days is in exactly the same status as the bank that opens to-morrow.

I know that many people are worrying about State banks not members of the Federal Reserve System. These banks can and will receive assistance from members' banks and from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. These state banks are following the same course as the national banks except that they get their licences to resume business from the state authorities, and these authorities have been asked by the Secretary of the Treasury to permit their good banks to open up on the same schedule as the national banks. I am confident that the state banking departments will be as careful as the National Government in the policy relating to the opening of banks and will follow the same broad policy.

It is possible that when the banks resume a very few people who have not recovered from their fear may again begin withdrawals. Let me make it clear that the banks will take care of all needs—and it is my belief that hoarding during the past week has become an exceedingly unfashionable pastime. It needs no

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prophet to tell you that when the people find that they can get their money—that they can get it when they want it for all legitimate purposes—the phantom of fear will soon be laid. People will again be glad to have their money where it will be safely taken care of and where they can use it conveniently at any time. I can assure you that it is safer to keep your money in a reopened bank than under the mattress.

The success of our whole great national programme depends, of course, upon the co-operation of the public—on its intelligent support and use of a reliable system.

Remember that the essential accomplishment of the new legislation is that it makes it possible for banks more readily to convert their assets into cash than was the case before. More liberal provision has been made for banks to borrow on these assets at the Reserve Banks and more liberal provision has also been made for issuing currency on the security of those good assets. This currency is not fiat currency. It is issued only on adequate security—and every good bank has an abundance of such security.

One more point before I close. There will be, of course, some banks unable to reopen without being reorganized. The new law allows the Government to assist in making these reorganizations quickly and effectively and even allows the Government to subscribe to at least a part of new capital which may be required.

I hope you can see from this elemental recital of what your Government is doing that there is nothing complex or radical in the process.

We had a bad banking situation. Some of our bankers had shown themselves either incompetent or dishonest in their handling of the people's funds. They had used the money entrusted to them in speculations and unwise loans. This was of course not true in the vast majority of our banks, but it was true in enough of them to shock the people for a time into a sense of insecurity and to put them into a frame of mind where they did not differentiate but seemed to assume that the acts of a comparative few had tainted them all. It was the Government's job to straighten out this situation and do it as quickly as possible—and the job is being performed.

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I do not promise you that every bank will be reopened or that individual losses will not be suffered, but there will be no losses that possibly could be avoided; and there would have been more and greater losses had we continued to drift. I can even promise you salvation for some at least of the sorely pressed banks. We shall be engaged not merely in reopening sound banks but in the creation of sound banks through reorganization.

It has been wonderful to me to catch the note of confidence from all over the country. I can never be sufficiently grateful to the people for the loyal support they have given me in their acceptance of the judgment that has dictated our course, even though all of our processes may not have seemed clear to them.

After all there is an element in the readjustment of our financial system more important than currency, more important than gold, and that is the confidence of the people. Confidence and courage are the essentials of success in carrying out our plan. You people must have faith; you must not be stampeded by rumours or guesses. Let us unite in banishing fear. We have provided the machinery to restore our financial system; it is up to you to support and make it work.

It is your problem no less than it is mine. Together we cannot fail.

OPENING OF THE ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT IN MADISON SQUARE
GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY

October 31, 1936

On the eve of a national election, it is well for us to stop for a moment and analyse calmly and without prejudice the effect on our Nation of a victory by either of the major political parties. The problem of the electorate is far deeper, far more vital than the continuance in the Presidency of any individual. For the greater issue goes beyond units of humanity—it goes to humanity itself. In 1932 the issue was the restoration of American democracy; and the American people were in a mood to win. They did win. In 1936 the issue is the preservation of their victory. Again they are in a mood to win. Again they will win. More

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than four years ago in accepting the Democratic nomination in Chicago, I said: "Give me your help not to win votes alone, but to win in this crusade to restore America to its own people." The banners of that crusade still fly in the van of a Nation that is on the march. It is needless to repeat the details of the programme which this Administration has been hammering out on the anvils of experience. No amount of misrepresentation or statistical contortion can conceal or blur or smear that record. Neither the attacks of unscrupulous enemies nor the exaggerations of over-zealous friends will serve to mislead the American people.

What was our hope in 1932? Above all other things the American people wanted peace. They wanted peace of mind instead of gnawing fear. First, they sought escape from the personal terror which had stalked them for three years. They wanted the peace that comes from security in their homes—safety for their savings—permanence in their jobs—a fair profit from their enterprise. Next, they wanted peace in the community—the peace that springs from the ability to meet the needs of community life—schools, playgrounds, parks, sanitation, highways—those things which are expected of solvent local government. They sought escape from disintegration and bankruptcy in local and state affairs. They also sought peace within the Nation—protection of their currency, fairer wages, the ending of long hours of toil, the abolition of child labour, the elimination of wild-cat speculation, the safety of their children from kidnappers. And, finally, they sought peace with other Nations—peace in a world of unrest. The Nation knows that I hate war, and I know that the Nation hates war.

I submit to you a record of peace; and on that record a well-founded expectation for future peace—peace for the individual, peace for the community, peace for the Nation, and peace with the world. To-night I call the roll—the roll of honour of those who stood with us in 1932 and still stand with us to-day. Written on it are the names of millions who never had a chance—men at starvation wages, women in sweat-shops, children at looms. Written on it are the names of those who despaired, young men and young women for whom opportunity had become a will-o'-

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the-wisp. Written on it are the names of farmers whose acres yielded only bitterness, business men whose books were portents of disaster—home owners who were faced with eviction—frugal citizens whose savings were insecure. Written there in large letters are the names of countless other Americans of all parties and all faiths—Americans who had eyes to see and hearts to understand—whose consciences were burdened because too many of their fellows were burdened—who looked on these things four years ago and said, "This can be changed. We will change it." We still lead that army in 1936. They stood with us then because they believed. They stand with us to-day because they know. And with them stand millions of new recruits who have come to know. Their hopes have become our record. We have not come this far without a struggle and I assure you we cannot go further without a struggle.

For twelve years this Nation was afflicted with hear-nothing, see-nothing, do-nothing government. The Nation looked to the government but the government looked away. Nine mocking years with the golden calf and three long years of the scourge! Nine crazy years at the ticker and three long years in the bread-lines! Nine mad years of mirage and three long years of despair! Powerful influences strive to-day to restore that kind of government with its doctrine that that government is best which is most indifferent. For nearly four years you have had an Administration which instead of twirling its thumbs has rolled up its sleeves. We will keep our sleeves rolled up. We had to struggle with the old enemies of peace—business and financial monopoly, speculation, reckless banking, class antagonism, sectionalism, war profiteering. They had begun to consider the Government of the United States as a mere appendage to their own affairs. We know how that government by organized money is just as dangerous as government by organized mob. Never before in all our history have these forces been so united against one candidate as they stand to-day. They are unanimous in their hate for me—and I welcome their hatred.

I should like to have it said of my first Administration that in it the forces of selfishness and of lust for power met their match.

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I should like to have it said of my second Administration that in it these forces met their master.

OPENING OF THE ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
BEFORE THE INTER-AMERICAN CONFERENCE FOR THE MAIN-
TENANCE OF PEACE ASSEMBLED AT BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

December 1, 1936, at 6.00 p.m., Buenos Aires Time

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY OF NATIONS:

On the happy occasion of the convening of this conference I address you thus, because members of a family need no introduction or formalities when, in pursuance of excellent custom, they meet together for their common good.

As a family we appreciate the hospitality of our host, President Justo, and the government and people of Argentina; and all of us are happy that to our friend, Dr. Saavedra Lamas, has come the well-deserved award of the Nobel Prize for great service in the cause of world peace.

Three years ago the American family met in near-by Montevideo, the great capital of the republic of Uruguay. They were dark days. A shattering depression, unparalleled in its intensity, held us together with the rest of the world in its grasp. And on our own continent a tragic war was raging between two of our sister republics.

Yet at that conference there was born, not only hope for our common future, but a greater measure of mutual trust between the American democracies than had ever existed before. In this Western Hemisphere the night of fear has been dispelled. Many of the intolerable burdens of economic depression have been lightened and, due in no small part to our common efforts, every nation of this hemisphere is to-day at peace with its neighbours.

This is no conference to form alliances, to divide the spoils of war, to partition countries, to deal with human beings as though they were the pawns in a game of chance. Our purpose, under happy auspices, is to assure the continuance of the blessing of peace.

Three years ago, recognizing that a crisis was being thrust upon the New World, with splendid unanimity our twenty-one

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republics set an example to the whole world by proclaiming a new spirit, a new day in the affairs of this hemisphere.

While the succeeding period has justified in full measure all that was said and done at Montevideo, it has unfortunately emphasized the seriousness of the threat to peace among other nations. Events elsewhere have served only to strengthen our horror of war and all that war means. The men, women and children of the Americas know that warfare in this day and age means more than the mere clash of armies; they see the destruction of cities and of farms—they foresee that children and grandchildren, if they survive, will stagger for long years not only under the burden of poverty, but also amid the threat of broken society and the destruction of constitutional government.

I am profoundly convinced that the plain people everywhere in the civilized world to-day wish to live in peace one with another. And still leaders and governments resort to war. Truly, if the genius of mankind that has invented the weapons of death cannot discover the means of preserving peace, civilization as we know it lives in an evil day.

But we cannot now, especially in view of our common purpose, accept any defeatist attitude. We have learned by hard experience that peace is not to be had for the mere asking; that peace, like other great privileges, can be obtained only by hard and painstaking effort. We are here to dedicate ourselves and our countries to that work.

You who assemble to-day carry with you in your deliberations the hopes of millions of human beings in other less fortunate lands. Beyond the ocean we see continents rent asunder by old hatreds and new fanaticism. We hear the demand that injustice and inequality be corrected by resorting to the sword and not by resorting to reason and peaceful justice. We hear the cry that new markets can be achieved only through conquest. We read that the sanctity of treaties between nations is disregarded.

We know, too, that vast armaments are rising on every side and that the work of creating them employs men and women by the million. It is natural, however, for us to conclude that such employment is false employment, that it builds no permanent

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structures and creates no consumers' goods for the maintenance of a lasting prosperity. We know that nations guilty of these follies inevitably face the day either when their weapons of destruction must be used against their neighbours or when an unsound economy like a house of cards will fall apart.

In either case, even though the Americans become involved in no war, we must suffer too. The madness of a great war in other parts of the world would affect us and threaten our good in a hundred ways. And the economic collapse of any nation or nations must of necessity harm our own prosperity.

Can we, the Republics of the New World, help the Old World to avert the catastrophe which impends? Yes, I am confident that we can.

First, it is our duty by every honourable means to prevent any future war among ourselves. This can best be done through the strengthening of the processes of constitutional democratic government—to make these processes conform to the modern need for unity and efficiency and, at the same time, preserve the individual liberties of our citizens. By so doing, the people of our nations, unlike the people of many nations who live under other forms of government, can and will insist on their intention to live in peace. Thus will democratic government be justified throughout the world.

In the determination to live at peace among ourselves we in the Americas make it at the same time clear that we stand shoulder to shoulder in our final determination that others who, driven by war madness or land hunger might seek to commit acts of aggression against us, will find a hemisphere wholly prepared to consult together for our mutual safety and our mutual good. I repeat what I said in speaking before the Congress and the Supreme Court of Brazil, "Each one of us has learned the glories of independence. Let each one of us learn the glories of interdependence."

Secondly, and in addition to the perfecting of the mechanism of peace, we can strive even more strongly than in the past to prevent the creation of those conditions which give rise to war. Lack of social or political justice within the borders of any nation is always cause for concern. Through democratic processes we

APPENDIX I

can strive to achieve for the Americas the highest possible standard of living conditions for all our people. Men and women blessed with political freedom, willing to work and able to find work, rich enough to maintain their families and to educate their children, contented with their lot in life and on terms of friendship with their neighbours, will defend themselves to the utmost but will never consent to take up arms for a war of conquest.

Interwoven with these problems is the further self-evident fact that the welfare and prosperity of each of our nations depends in large part on the benefits derived from commerce among themselves and with other nations, for our present civilization rests on the basis of an international exchange of commodities. Every nation of the world has felt the evil effects of recent efforts to erect trade barriers of every known kind. Every individual citizen has suffered from them. It is no accident that the nations which have carried this process furthest are those which proclaim most loudly that they require war as an instrument of their policy. It is no accident that attempts to be self-sufficient have led to falling standards for their people and to ever-increasing loss of the democratic ideals in a mad race to pile armament on armament. It is no accident that because of these suicidal policies and the suffering attending them, many of their people have come to believe with despair that the price of war seems less than the price of peace.

This state of affairs we must refuse to accept with every instinct of defence, with every exhortation of enthusiastic hope, with every use of mind and skill.

I cannot refrain here from reiterating my gratification that in this, as in so many other achievements, the American Republics have given a salutary example to the world. The resolution adopted at the inter-American Conference at Montevideo endorsing the principles of liberal trade policies has shone forth like a beacon in the storm of economic madness which has been sweeping over the entire world during these later years. Truly, if the principles there embodied find still wider applications in your deliberations, it would be a noticable contribution to the cause of peace. For my own part I have done all in my power to sustain the

A SELECTION FROM ROOSEVELT'S SPEECHES

consistent efforts of my Secretary of State in negotiating agreements for reciprocal trade, and even though the individual results may seem small, the total of them is significant. These policies in recent weeks have received the approval of the people of the United States, and they have I am sure the sympathy of the other nations here assembled.

There are many other causes for war—among them, long festering feuds, unsettled frontiers, territorial rivalries. But these sources of danger which still exist in the Americas, I am thankful to say, are not only few in number, but already on the way to peaceful adjudication. While the settlement of such controversies may necessarily involve adjustments at home or in our relations with our neighbours which may appear to involve material sacrifice, let no man or woman forget that there is no profit in war. Sacrifices in the cause of peace are infinitely small compared with the holocaust of war.

Appendix 2

DEATH OF LOUIS HOWE

(This obituary appeared in the "Baltimore Sun," and is dated April 19, 1936)

WASHINGTON, Sunday, April 19—Louis McHenry Howe, long-time political adviser of President Roosevelt, died last night at 11.10 o'clock. Mr. Howe, who also was secretary to the President, died peacefully in his sleep at the Naval Hospital after an illness of more than a year. Death was caused by heart and chest complications.

President Roosevelt was informed of his old friend's death when he returned to the White House from the Gridiron Club dinner at the Willard Hotel. Mrs. Roosevelt immediately telephoned to Mrs. Howe, who is at the Howe home in Fall River, Mass. The announcement of Howe's death was made by Stephen Early, a secretary to the President, at 12.10 a.m. Without the intimate testimony of President Roosevelt, no true estimate of the place Louis McHenry Howe merits in the political annals of his country could be formed. No one but the President knows how often in dark hours it was the staunch faith, the limitless unselfish devotion of this old friend and keen counsellor that kept his own heart high, his own resolution to press on firm against every adversity.

For Franklin Roosevelt and "Louie" Howe came to the White House, the one as President, the other as secretary to the President, the least known, least seen and least understood secretary to the President, Washington ever has known. Twice in that double decade of their friendship it was Howe's fate to stand at the bedside of the man on whose ultimate elevation to the Presidency he had staked his very life and press unwaveringly on against seemingly

DEATH OF LOUIS HOWE

impossible odds. Then it was the President's turn, amid the rush and hurry of great affairs, to watch day by day the slow ebbtide of a life devoted to his service.

Mr. Howe has been dubbed "king-maker," "Warwick," "mystery man," "politician supreme" of the New Deal. That his shrewd insight into the practical politics, his keen sense for public reactions, his astute reading of men and their hidden motives helped make history none can doubt.

In the first flame of elation over his victory that election night, Mr. Roosevelt himself gave chief credit to two men, Howe and James A. Farley. Yet Mr. Howe's share was far the greater. It reached back through the years, where Mr. Farley's covered only the brief final laps of Mr. Roosevelt's march to the White House.

It included those hours that followed the stroke of infantile paralysis that cut Mr. Roosevelt down just when the chance actually to plan for a try for the Presidency seemed at hand.

Mr. Howe's knowledge of Mr. Roosevelt's own psychology, his understanding that it was the game of politics and the business of government that most engrossed the mind of his stricken friend, that the greatest lure to live Roosevelt could have was to convince him that a political future still was possible for him despite that blow, played a part in awakening the high courage that carried his friend triumphantly through that crisis in his own mind, sent him onward, ignoring every physical handicap.

Louis Howe was born in Indiana, January 14, 1871; but it was a lifetime spent in intimate observation of politics in New York State that fitted him for the rôle he was to play. He grew up in Saratoga, where New York politicians were wont to rally around the allurements of that resort in and out of season. His father ran a paper there and the son drifted naturally into the business and ultimately undertook the father's additional function of corresponding for the great New York dailies. . . .

Appendix 3

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND A LIAISON OFFICER

AFTER the death of Louis Howe, President Roosevelt was faced with the problem of finding a liaison officer to take his place. First he tried the plan of working with an executive co-ordinator, but it was found that the Cabinet officers were reluctant to do business with the President through an intermediary. It was not humanly possible, however, for the President to see everyone who sought an interview, even when interviews were granted only to those inside his own administration. Nor was it always a question of a personal interview; sometimes the President's attention was wanted for an urgent memorandum, or one that the head of some Government agency considered urgent.

Mr. Roosevelt was guarded and guided by an efficient group of secretaries, Mr. Marvin McIntyre, for example, was there to handle the appointments; Mr. Stephen Early was there to manage the Press; Miss Marguerite Le Hand was there as the President's personal secretary, and her fifteen years' work with him had given her a special insight into his mind and the right, on occasion, to insist on a thing being done in a particular way.

And there were several others co-operating with the President and each concentrating upon a particular field. But the problem of filling Howe's place still remained unsolved.

In October, 1937, as a step towards the solution, the President entrusted to his son, James, the task of meeting the delegates of the various Government agencies once a week. The appointment, of course, was criticized by those who felt that a Senator or Representative wanting to get into touch with the President would

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND A LIAISON OFFICER

dislike the idea of working through one of the President's family. But even among the President's political opponents were some who acknowledged that he must have every possible means of help in bearing his unprecedented responsibilities.

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